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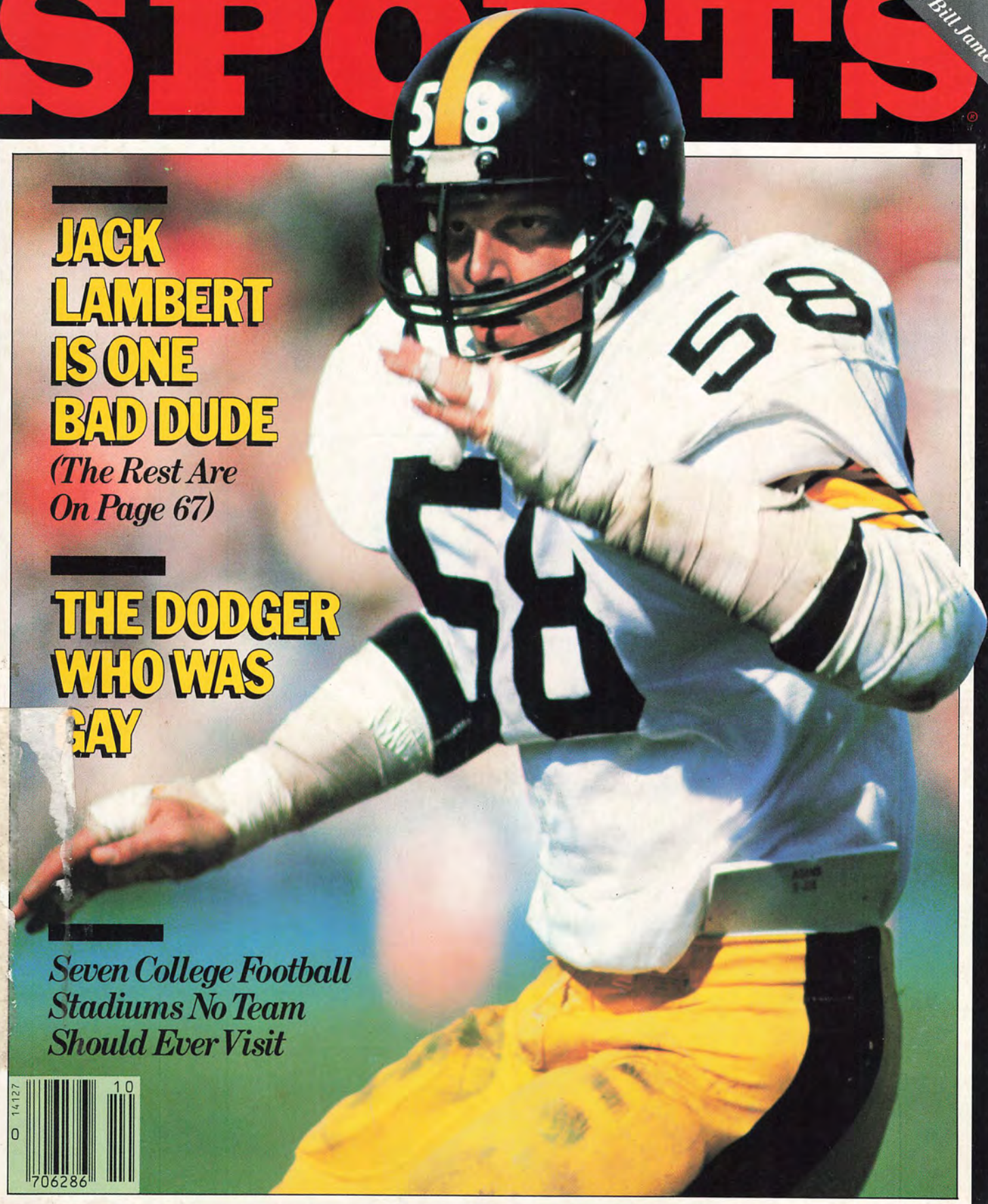
AND THE WORLD SERIES WINNER IS... ON PAGE 27
(An amazing formula by Bill James)



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(The Rest Are On Page 67)

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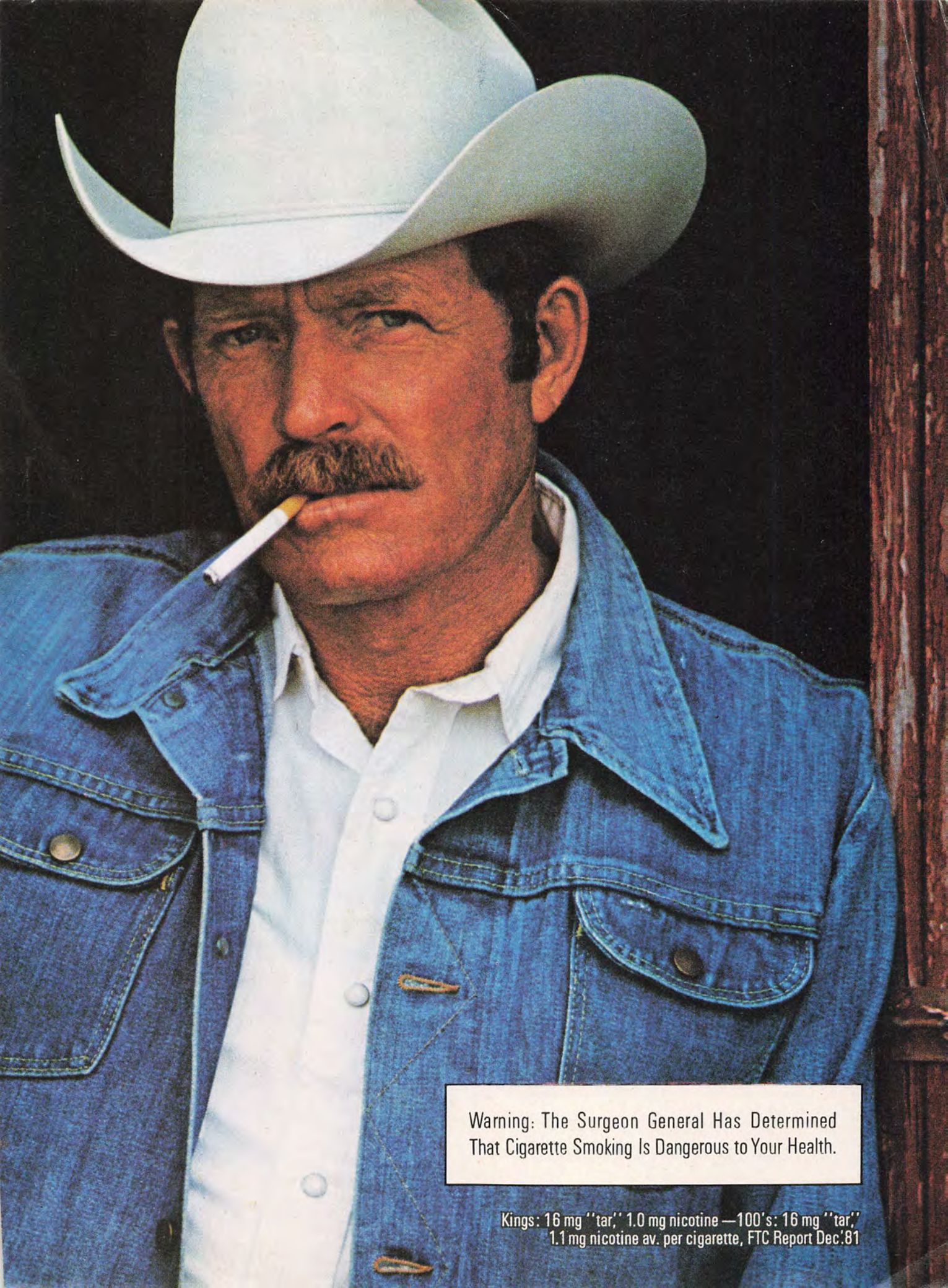
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VOLUME FOUR

INSIDE SPORTS

OCTOBER 1982

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NOTES

Even the casual sports fan is aware of the relationship between television and sports. Almost since the first trial telecast of an athletic event—a Columbia-Princeton baseball game in 1939 that was viewed by an estimated 300 people—there has been a curious kinship between the two.

Media columnist Ron Powers' forthcoming book, tentatively entitled *Super Tube* and scheduled to be published next year by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., will analyze the history of that kinship. "The Camera Calls All the Shots," beginning on page 84, is adapted from the book.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HONORÉE FLEMING

The Powers behind the tube

"The book explores how TV has the ability to prepackage our feelings about athletes," says Powers, "how sports producers—well-paid, highly competitive yet totally unknown technicians—can take a camera as close to an athlete today as a newspaper sports reporter used to be able to get with his pad and pencil."

Powers knows just how close that is from his days as a fledgling sportswriter at the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* under Bob Broeg some 20 years ago. "I started out answering phone calls from fans who seemed obsessed with sports statistics. Then I noticed how [sports editor] Broeg was able to get beyond the stats in his columns and bring out the human side of athletes. He was especially good at capturing the personality of Stan Musial."

Powers, a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, says there were days when he'd wonder how he was lucky enough to be making a living watching men play games. "It was a great innocent, pastoral adventure." But the adventure was interrupted by the social upheaval of the sixties. "I asked myself if it really wasn't self-indulgent to be writing sports when society was being stood on its head," Powers says. So he left sports and moved to Chicago to become a general-assignment reporter for the *Sun-Times* and later a radio-television columnist for that paper, winning a Pulitzer Prize for criticism in 1973. "I decided that I wanted to write about America, and if you're going to write about America, you're going to write about TV. When the seventies arrived, the country sort of unclenched its teeth and plunged into an age of self-absorption and it soon became obvious that TV sports had become a new kind of pop culture information. I decided to find out why that information was so compelling to Americans. To extract the drama, so to speak."

Powers, who now writes from New York City, has done commentary for WMAQ-TV in Chicago, *CBS Morning* and currently for *Entertainment Tonight*. He has written three other books.

Then we have Bill James. I love him. Any guy who took a job as a night watchman and boiler attendant at the local Stokely-Van Camp bean factory so he could spend his days poring over baseball statistics is my kind of fan. Starting on page 27, we offer the exclusive premiere of his World Series Prediction System. James has devised a method to determine the outcome of World Series and league playoffs, based on assigning points for a team's position in 13 statistical categories. If applied to the 77 World Series already played (not counting the 1919 Series), the theory indicates the winner 53 times.

Valerie B. Salembier

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COMEBACKS

EDITED BY MARY BRUNO

I've just finished reading Gary Smith's article on Russ Francis ["Wake Up, Russ, It's Time To Play Football," August] for the third time. It's good to read something about a truly sensitive man who lives by his convictions and not by the press. It broke my heart when he left football last year. I enjoyed his poetic way of playing, and regret that I can't afford to move across the country to watch him play again.

Best of everything, Russ. You'll be missed here. I'll send you some pictures of the October maples.

PATRICIA SANTOS
Roslindale, Massachusetts

You printed a letter from Bill Irvin ["Comebacks," August], which conjured up some disparaging images of the Dallas Cowboys, while applauding the Boston Celtics' "true class." Here are some remembrances of the Celtics from another sports fan: Red Auerbach blowing victory cigar smoke while his beaten opponent remained on the court, Tom Heinsohn belligerently baiting referees, Auerbach criticizing Ralph Sampson for staying in school. It should surprise no one that "true class" is in the eye of the beholder.

JIM JERUE
Chicago, Illinois

In your feature about the New York Giant mini-camp ["Send This Boy To Camp," August], there is a mistake in naming one of the athletes pictured. On pages 32-33, where two coaches are timing a player running the 40-yard dash, you incorrectly identify the player running as guard Gerry Raymond. Actually, he is linebacker Mike Gyetvay.

If you look on pages 40-41 of that same feature, you see two No. 66s. The one in the blue is Gyetvay; the one in white is Raymond. Maybe that accounts for the confusion.

Rookies don't usually get much publicity. With this correction, at least people who know both Mike and Gerry will know who that young Giant player really is.

SARAH GYETVAY *(Mike's mother)*
Orange, New Jersey

Which is the real Tooz?
Answer at end of page

About one year ago, after seeing *North Dallas Forty* and reading Pete Dexter's article in INSIDE SPORTS ["If This Is Wednesday, It Must Be TOOZDAY," October '81], we were told by many people that my husband John was identical to John Matuszak. We felt honored, so we watched the movie every chance we had, to see what was so alike.

My husband began collecting Oakland Raider shirts and other things, and also watching their games. His idol is Matuszak. His friends nicknamed him "Tooz." My husband is not 6-8 and 300 pounds, just 6-2 and 240. But his face, his hair and eyes are much like Matuszak's. The movie *Caveman* proved that they act alike, too. People told my husband to contact Matuszak, just to let him know how much they resemble each other. Maybe he would be interested.

Recently, in a Houston restaurant, I noticed one of the waitresses staring at my husband. At the time, he was wearing his Raider shirt with his name, John, on the back. She confronted our waitress. "Didn't you ask him? His name is John, maybe he is Matuszak." As we were leaving, the head waitress asked John if he was an Oakland player. Without thinking, he said, "No." She didn't believe him. Later, after having people stare at us all over Astroworld, he finally decided to play along. People would shake his hand, offer him beer, and tell him how great his movie was. He loved it. My husband's dream now is someday to meet Matuszak in person.

NADINE FELARISE
Cut Off, Louisiana

I read Jack Kroll's article entitled "Could Rocky KO Cagney?" [July] with great enthusiasm. I enjoyed every word. That is, every word I could decipher. Trying to read that article was like trying to read a Chinese novel. Here is an average sentence:

"What De Niro did was to intensify the primitive concentration, controlled desperation and orgasmic explosiveness of fighting into a kind of behavioral deep-focus."

What the hell is this man saying? Come on, IS, you are usually an easy-reading magazine designed for the sports enthusiasts, not the language professors at Harvard and Yale. Don't let your magazine be taken over by this high-priced "Howard Cosell" vocabulary.

DALE SUFFRIDGE
Kennesaw, Georgia

I got a big kick out of Sam Toperoff's "On The Loose" [August]. I've tried many times to sneak a vulgarity on the air, but was never successful. Big Vern is just the type of man I'd love to meet face-to-face. It would be great for once to see all those buttons not work so that guys like Big Vern could find out the truth.

GOEFF LEPSELTER
Summit, New Jersey

NFL Players Association president Gene Upshaw should familiarize himself with his rank and file membership. He states that no blacks start at center in the NFL ["Inside Track," July]. Ray Donaldson, Baltimore's center, is black and started all 16 games for the Colts in 1981. Dwight Stephenson was a part-time starter at center for the Dolphins in 1981.

JAY CAMP
Los Angeles, California

No wonder Phil Rizzuto thinks of the bunt as a ticket to a broken hand ["Haters Of The Lost Art," August]. Your photo of him laying one down shows all five of his fingers overlapping the bat.

PETER ORTON
Hollywood, California

Answer: The real Tooz is on the right.

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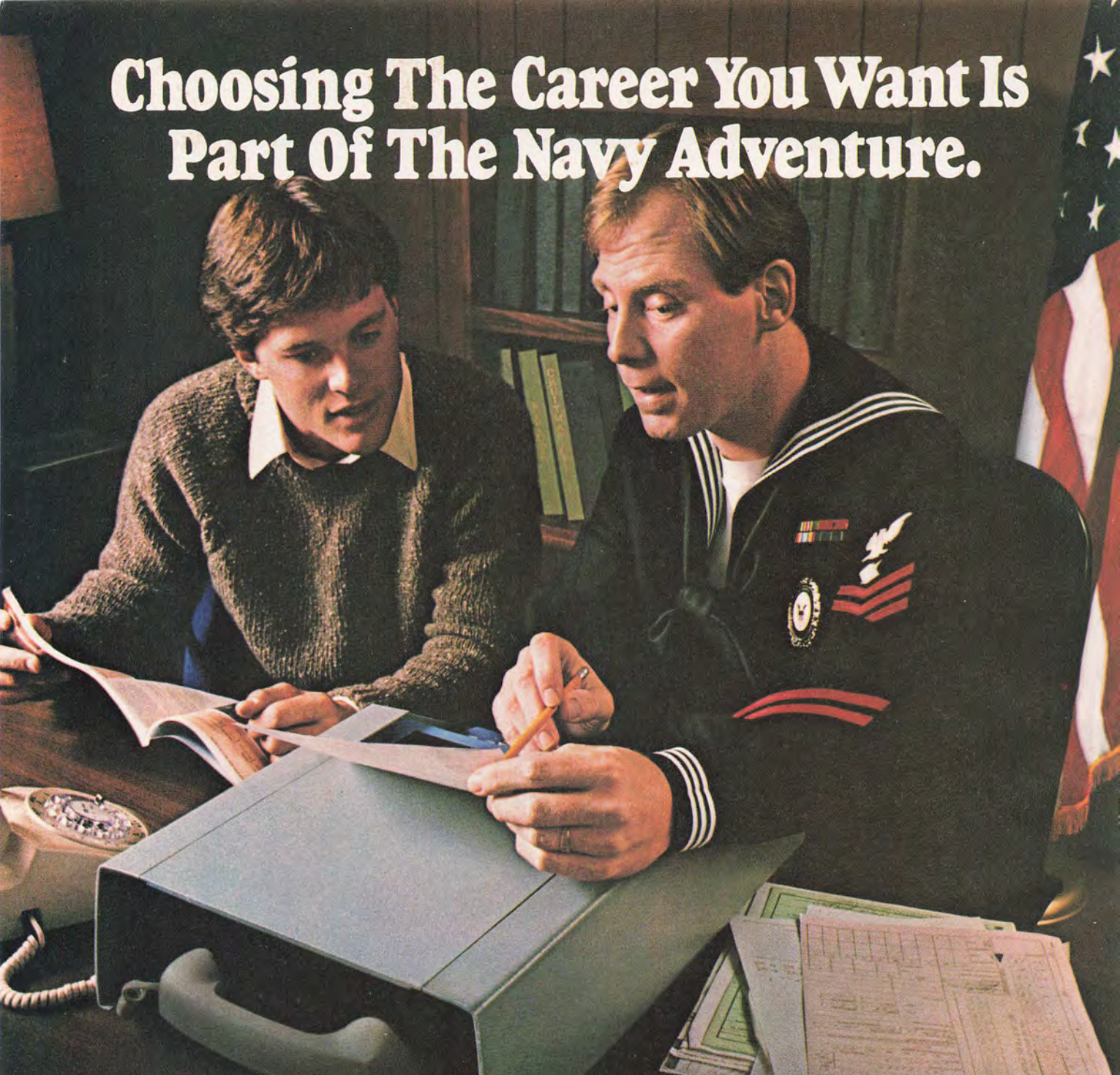

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THE INSIDER

Gretzky: Cut down to size, but still a doll

WIND IT UP and it hides behind Dave Semenko: Even as you read this, employees of a toy factory in the Far East are working as fast as they can to ensure that Canadian kids won't to have to spend another Christmas without a **Wayne Gretzky** doll. The hockey star's business manager, Michael Barnett, sold Mattel on the idea after discovering that most of Gretzky's fan mail comes from 4- to 14-year-old girls—"a group," he says, "that wasn't earning us any royalties." The Ken-and-Barbie-size doll will come dressed in an Edmonton Oiler home uniform, with a teeny away uniform, sweat suit, tuxedo and "casual ensemble" available separately. Although anatomically erroneous, the doll *will* reflect the fact that Gretzky recently cut out his perm and reverted to the straight locks he sported during the 1980-81 season. "It's scary seeing yourself shrunk down to 14 inches," the Great One told friends after viewing a prototype of the doll, which will be in Canadian stores by December and in the U.S. sometime in March. What's next? Well, it's still very hush-hush, but a major food manufacturer is currently test-marketing a Wayne Gretzky breakfast cereal that could be on supermarket shelves before the Stanley Cup playoffs. "The stuff is in the shape of Wayne's number, 99," says a source.

★ ★ ★

Thomas: Tones down charm, turns off Mavs

BASKETBALL SCRIBES quickly pegged Isiah Thomas as a media manipulator. The Detroit Pistons' 21-year-old guard can turn on his smile at will and fashion a quote (a commodity that is often quite different from the truth) at the drop of a locker-room question. But even the writers underestimate the young man's manipulative powers. NBA insiders contend that Thomas last year used a predraft interview to purposely (and skillfully) alienate coach **Dick Motta** of the Dallas Mavericks, the team that owned the No. 1 draft pick. These sources say that the usually lovable prospect acted cool and even a trifle arrogant in order to ensure that he would still be around for the Pistons, who picked second. Why? Thomas wanted to stay as close to his Chicago home as possible. He also got a kick out of elevating his boyhood friend **Mark Aguirre,** the man the Mavs ultimately chose, to a better bargaining position. Motta does say he was "surprised by the way the meeting with Isiah went." Once last season when Thomas was asked about this scenario, he averted his dreamy eyes and mumbled something about how the Mavs "weighed all the factors and made their own decision." But a basketball buddy winks broadly and notes, "That does sound a bit like Isiah."

★ ★ ★

Lemon: Not a big hit with his teammates

WHEN LIFE DEALS YOU A LEMON. . . . The first indication that **Meadowlark Lemon** is not universally loved came in 1978, when the former Harlem Globetrotter great was stabbed by his estranged wife on a New York street. But now a source who was close to the team is saying that the affection showered upon Lemon by his fans was more than offset by the feelings of rage he engendered in his former teammates. "It wasn't just the big money and special treatment he got," says the source. "What bothered them most was the way he presented himself as a great athlete. Some of the other 'Trotters didn't even consider him a ballplayer, and those knee bandages he wore—an affectation—really drove them wild." How wild, you say? Well, this insider says that several Globetrotters were driven to the point where they once discussed hiring a Mafia hitman, not entirely in jest. ■

GRETZKY: WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; THOMAS: UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL; LEMON: WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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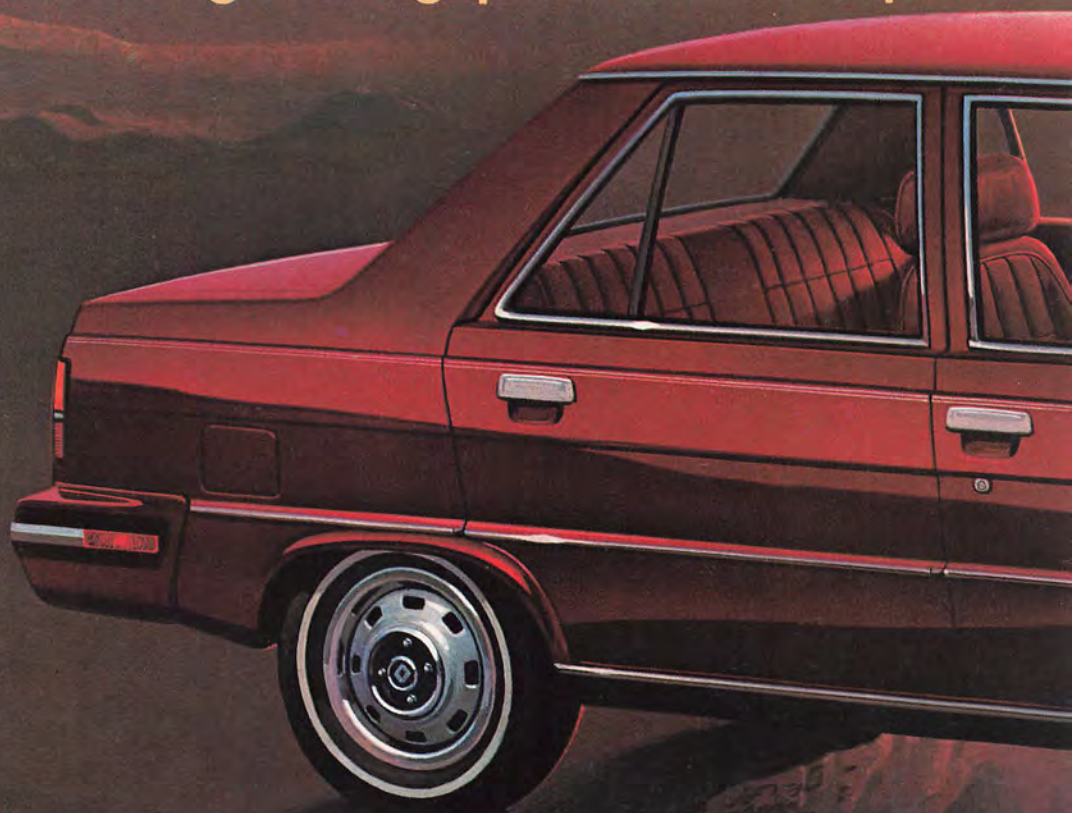

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Alliance 2-door. Price does not include tax, license, destination charges and other optional or regionally required equipment. **Compare 1983 EPA estimates with estimated MPG for other cars. Your actual mileage depends on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage and CA figures will probably be lower.

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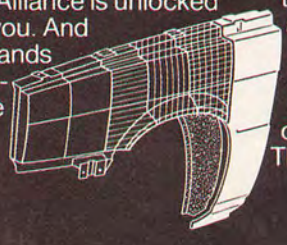

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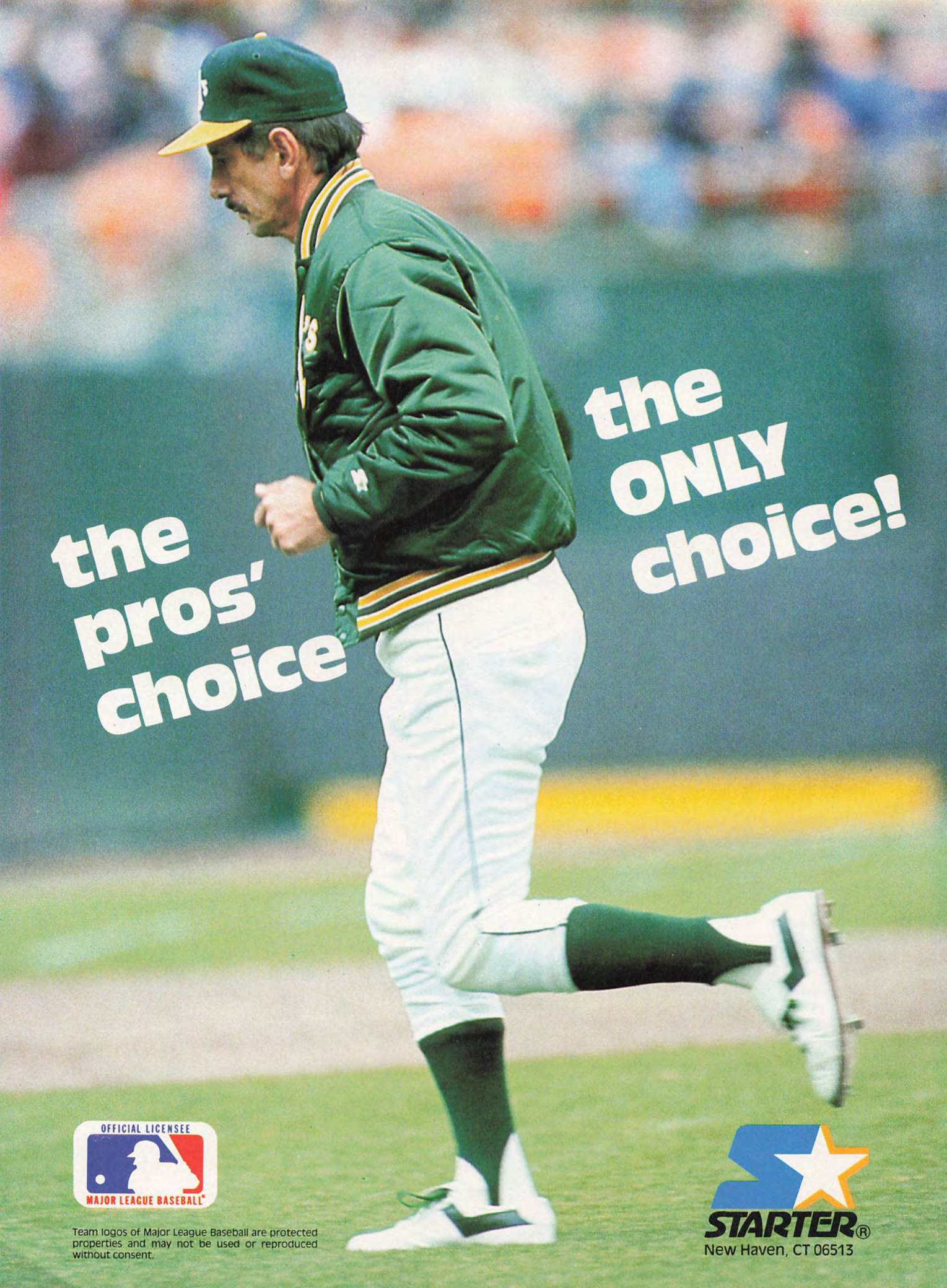
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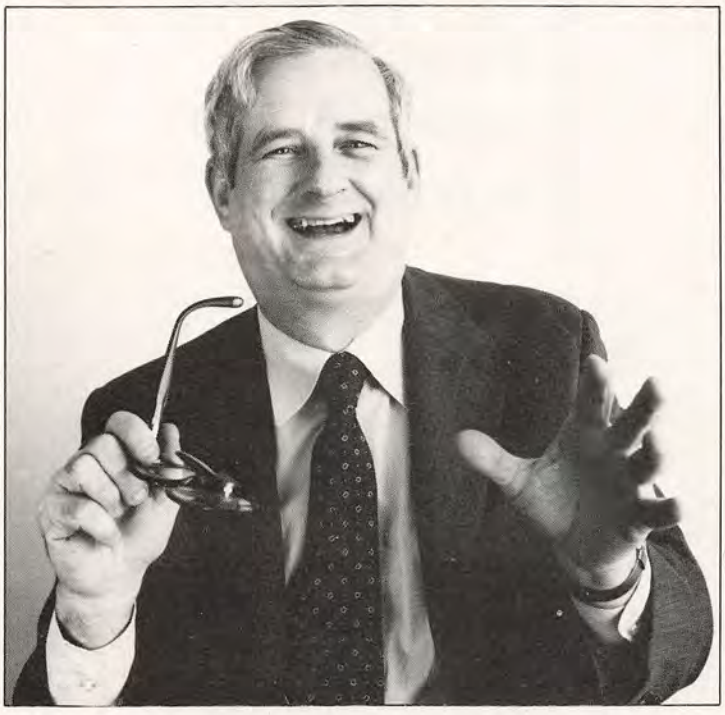
INSIDE TRACK

A conversation with ABC's new college football commentator, an overnight sensation at 51



Beano Cook

When Beano Cook steps in front of the TV cameras this fall, he will not be accused of being just another pretty face. "I describe myself as the Eric Sevareid of college football, but with a much bigger waist," jokes the 51-year-old bachelor who will be a commentator on the ABC-TV pregame and postgame shows this fall. "Look, if you're not good-looking and you're getting old, you've got to root for me. Nobody over 50 gets a break. The last guy who did was Casey Stengel."

Cook's wit has enlivened press boxes all over the country during a career that has included public-relations stops at the University of Pittsburgh, CBS, ABC and the Miami Dolphins, a reporter's job at the *St. Petersburg Times* and even a stint in VISTA. When the hostages were given lifetime baseball passes after being released from Iran, he cracked, "Haven't they suffered enough?" Cook, whose real first name is Carroll, although only his parents and a few grade-school teachers called him that, laments that "Nobody has any fun in sports anymore." He is going to try to have some doing college football, a game he loves but one he thinks is facing problems. INSIDE SPORTS sent Vito Stellino, a sports reporter with the Baltimore *News-American*, to talk with Cook.

INSIDE SPORTS: *You're noted for your irreverent comments in press boxes. Can you make the same type of remarks on network TV?*

BEANO COOK: Without the slang. Roone Arledge knows what he's getting. I worked for him eight years.

IS: *Why did you decide to go on the air?*

BC: I never had the idea until a couple of years ago when I went to CBS and started watching the studio shows, especially the Sunday shows. That isn't a knock against the people who are on, but I just figured, "Hey, these people are saying silly things." I understand the tradition of college football. In 1980, I wrote Arledge at ABC and suggested I'd like to go on. I never heard from him but I did get the word he seriously considered it. When CBS got the new package, I approached them about it. But it isn't CBS' nature to gamble; they're a conservative network. So I wrote Roone again in the fall of 1981 but never heard anything and thought it was dead. Then last January one of Roone's assistants called and said they liked the idea. It came as a shock.

IS: *Can you say things on TV now that you couldn't a decade ago?*

BC: Ten or 12 years ago, everything was apple pie. With what's happened in the last six or seven years in college sports, with so many players not graduating, the average fan has become more cynical about college athletics.

IS: *What is the game's biggest problem today?*

BC: Eighty per cent of all the problems would disappear if more players were graduating. Everybody knows I'm not a fan of Notre Dame, but it has very few problems and I'm convinced one reason is that its kids graduate. Everybody says Notre Dame doesn't have to cheat. I don't buy that. Father (Theodore) Hesburgh wouldn't cheat whether he was at Notre Dame or Northwestern.

IS: *Why has this problem gotten worse?*

BC: Too many college presidents have sacrificed the principles of what a university stands for because of the TV money.

IS: *College presidents are ultimately responsible?*

BC: Absolutely. When you lose a battle, you don't blame a private. The presidents dictate policy. But whether a president can stand up to the pressure of the alumni is something else. He might not want to. He might like the way he's living—a nice big house paid for by the university. He might not want to say, 'Hey, kids should be making progress toward a degree.' He might like his job too much. Who am I to say I might not be the same way. It's always easy to tell someone else to be Sir Thomas More.

IS: *San Francisco's president, the Rev. John Lo Schiavo, made a difficult decision. Do you think it was the right move or too drastic?*

BC: Too drastic, but that is certainly understandable. I don't think this was

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIMBERLY BUTLER

what Dr. Naismith had in mind.

IS: *Was San Francisco's action the start of a trend?*

BC: It was an isolated case, just as Harrison Williams resigning from the Senate was isolated. There is a lot of corruption in Congress, but seldom does anyone get booted out.

IS: *Do you think colleges should just start paying players?*

BC: As a fan, I would not like to see it come to that. But I'm afraid they might have to make that decision 10 or 15 years from now.

IS: *Are there alternatives?*

BC: It's either that or there's going to be a faculty revolt, the faculty saying enough is enough. They have tenure and they might get together. That's where the changes might come. For example, at one school, the grades of all the students are posted except those of the football players. They go directly to the football coach.

IS: *What about the recruiting of marginal students?*

BC: I don't mind if a player has a weak academic record in high school. I'm not against an individual getting a chance. But once he gets in college, he should go to class and make progress toward a degree. It's a theory of mine that the great alumni in this country are the C students, not the A students. The Phi Beta Kappas graduate and forget the school. It's the C student who struggles to get through who remembers it.

IS: *Are Walter Byers and the NCAA part of the problem or part of the solution?*

BC: At one time, Byers was very idealistic but he saw the threat of the College Football Association and I don't think he's as idealistic as he was 10 or 12 years ago. I don't think I would be either if I saw my power base evaporate. To allow five more minutes—from 23 to 28—of commercials this year was ridiculous. Some wars will be shorter than some of these games this year. Even some marriages will be shorter.

IS: *Are you pro-NCAA or anti-NCAA?*

BC: I'm still pro but not so much as I used to be. The NCAA should institute a penalty in scholarships awarded when so many athletes don't graduate. Schools should have to graduate X number of senior players or be penalized. I don't know what the percentage should be. And when a school is on probation, it should be allowed to be on television but not be allowed to get any TV revenue. That way you don't penalize the fans.

IS: *Should coaches who get caught cheating be fired?*

BC: No. There are very few coaches out there who are Caesar's Wife. The pressure to win is so intense. If a coach wins two and loses nine, he's an idiot. If 85 per cent of the class flunks a biology test, nobody gets on the teacher. I think cheating goes on but it's not one-fifth as bad as it is in basketball. That doesn't make it correct.

IS: *What do you think about Jackie Sherrill's multimillion-dollar deal with Texas A&M?*

BC: They offered it to him. He didn't come to them. Why not?

Schools should have to graduate X number of senior players or be penalized.

IS: *Isn't it a bad trend?*

BC: The trend started years ago. But Sherrill has to win. If he doesn't, the alumni'll buy him out. They hired him. Once you get the money from the alumni, they're going to have a say. And that's the problem.

IS: *Can Sherrill win there?*

BC: Texas will win more than he will. The big state school gets the athletes. But Sherrill's got to beat Texas and win the conference title. A&M alumni aren't patient. If Sherrill starts losing, he's going to feel like Rommel in Africa, with Hitler calling him all the time wondering what's going on.

IS: *Has the 30-95 scholarship system created parity?*

BC: Parity is a myth. The only reason people talk about it is that Iowa went to the Rose Bowl. People forget that Ohio State was still the Big 10 co-champion. Georgia and Alabama still went to major bowls. We'll have parity if Vanderbilt represents the SEC in the Sugar Bowl and Northwestern plays Oregon State in the Rose Bowl. But the Second Coming or Armageddon will happen before that.

IS: *What do you think of having a playoff after the bowl games to decide the national champion?*

BC: It's ridiculous that we don't have one. The colleges say these kids will be missing class, but 40 years ago teams played nine games. Then in the early seventies they played 11, and by the end of the decade they're going to play 12. It would be dynamite, especially if you have four teams in it. But the bowl people have killed the proposal. They're selfish. You could start with one game and if the bowl ratings are hurt you could drop the game. They keep adding new playoff games in pro football and they don't hurt the ratings.

IS: *Will the NCAA approve a playoff?*

BC: It will, for the money. But it could have done it years ago. They're going to give you all kinds of reasons, but everybody's going to say, "Who are they trying to kid? They're doing it for the money."

IS: *So this will be one case in which money will have a positive effect on the game on the field?*

BC: Yes, I was talking about this 25 years ago. Imagine the interest last New Year's Day if you knew there were going to be two or four teams playing for a national title. If there were four, you would have had Clemson, Penn State, Washington and Pitt. If there were just two teams, Clemson and Penn State or Washington.

IS: *When would you play a national championship game?*

BC: They keep talking about the Saturday before the Super Bowl but it should be in prime time the Tuesday night before the Super Bowl. I always say that if you have it on the day before the Super Bowl, you're not going to get the Jim Murrays, the columnists, to come.

IS: *Wouldn't a playoff increase the overemphasis on winning?*

BC: I'm not saying there shouldn't be emphasis on No. 1, but No. 2 should be remembered. There always should be an emphasis on trying to be No. 1. But it's how you get there.

IS: *Do you have any philosophical problems with universities in effect being a minor league for the NFL?*

BC: I don't think it's a farm system. The colleges were there before the NFL. If you would ask me which of the two will be around 100 years from now, I'd say college football. College football will always be there. College football's problems are off the field, not on. It's a more interesting game than pro football because the colleges play to win instead of not to lose. But as the stakes are getting higher, the games will become more conservative. It's like playing gin for an eighth of a cent. You keep all the high cards if they're dealt to you. At 10 cents a point, you unload them.

IS: *What about the four-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust teams?*

BC: It came to that point because there was an imbalance of power and one team could overpower another. It was a case in

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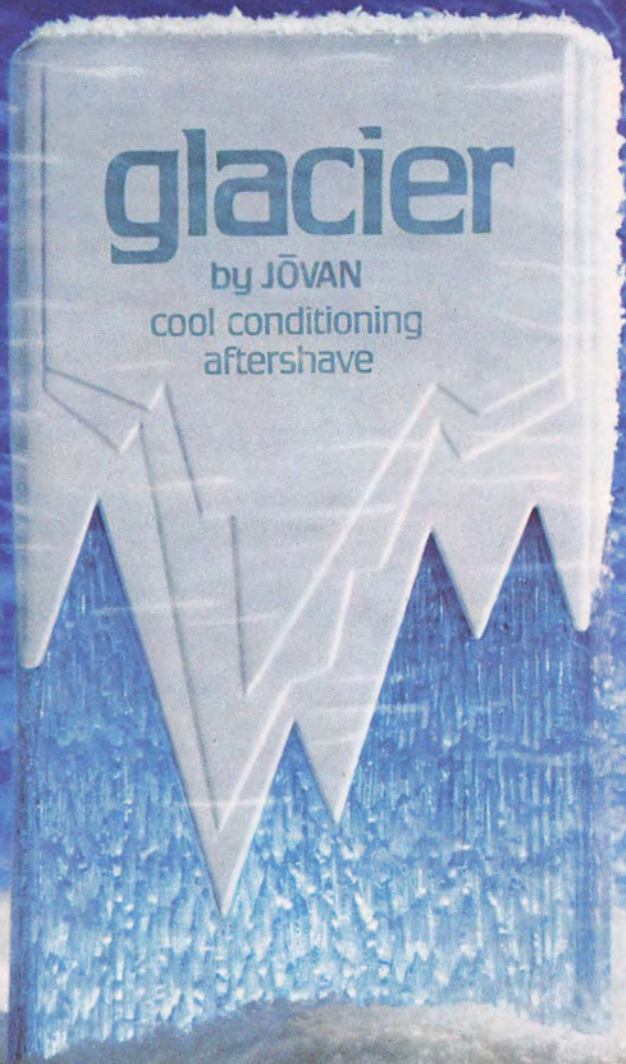

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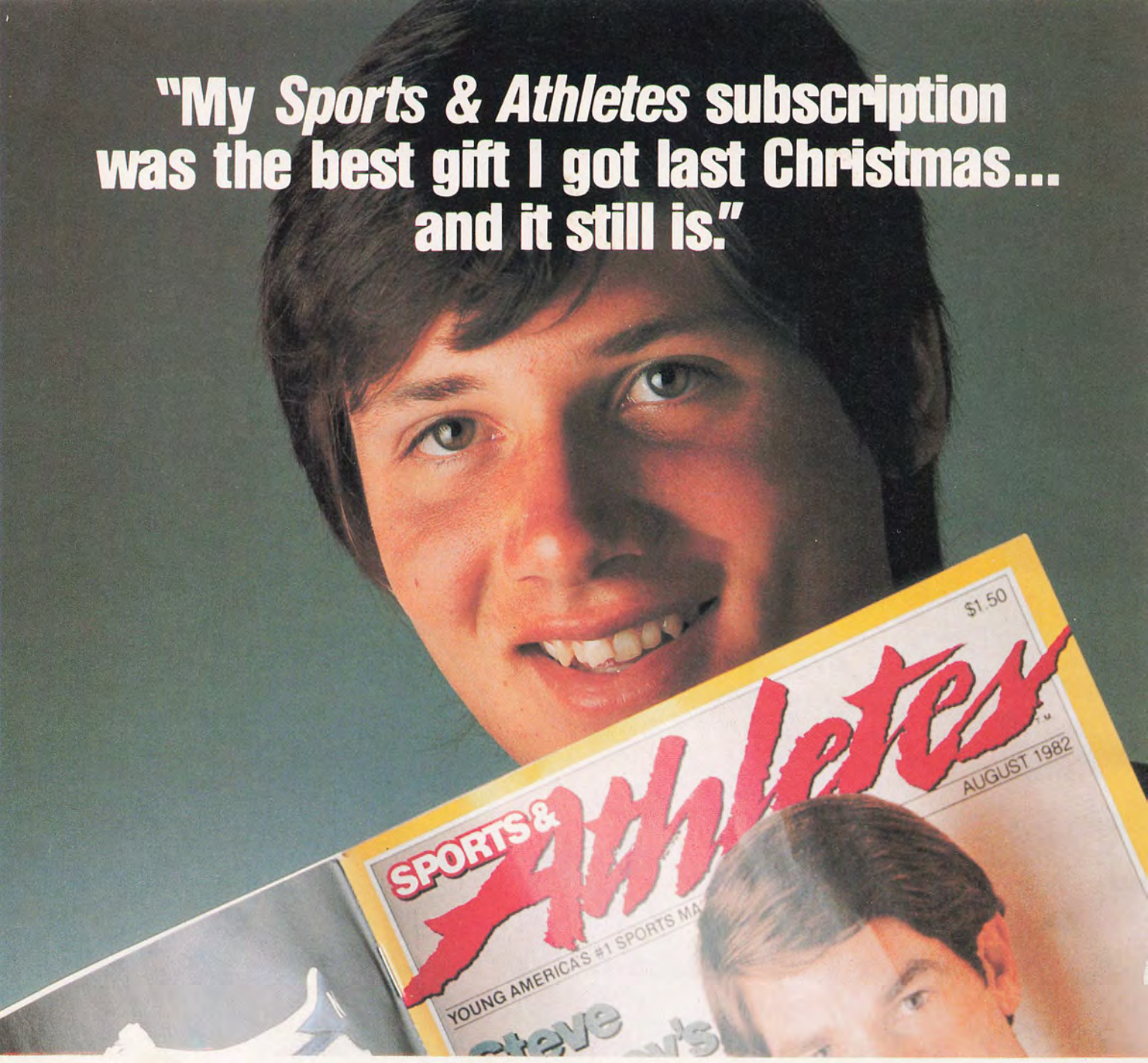

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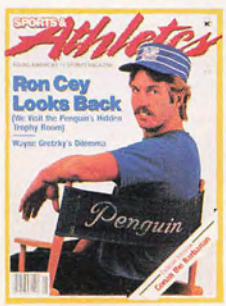

which one team had three aces and the other had one. The greatest play of the 1970s was the third-down pass from the end zone by Tommy Clements of Notre Dame in the 1973 Sugar Bowl. It preserved Notre Dame's 24–23 victory over Alabama and won the national championship. The play of the 1960s was the long pass by James Street of Texas on fourth-and-three against Arkansas in 1969 when Texas was behind 14–8 and was driving for a 15–14 victory. You might have seen the second play in pro football but never the first, except maybe by Johnny Unitas. The pro teams would have run the ball on third down and punted and let the defense do it.

IS: *Are you in favor of the polls?*

BC: They're fun. Everybody reads them. It's done a lot for the bar business. It'd be silly not to have the polls. They've added a lot. Everybody says they're silly but people don't think they're silly if they're No. 1. My only complaint is that the coaches won't vote for a team on probation in the UPI poll. And they don't want the networks to mention the AP poll during the telecast on Saturday if a team on probation is in the Top 10. That's hypocritical.

IS: *What started that?*

BC: It goes back to 1974. A certain group of coaches didn't like Barry Switzer and they wanted to get Oklahoma. They pushed for the rule that coaches couldn't vote for a team on probation. They made up the rule after the fact because when Oklahoma went on probation you could still vote for it. Oklahoma went 11–0 in 1974 and was No. 1 in the AP poll, but Southern Cal was No. 1 in the UPI poll with a loss and a tie. It's all right for coaches to lie and cheat, and that would fit a lot of coaches, but not all right to vote for a team in the Top 10 that's on probation.

IS: *What do you think about schools such as Villanova giving up football?*

BC: I hate to see them give it up but if it's draining the budget, it's a problem. I think more are going to give it up. You either have to go first class or third class. You can't go second. Schools could play club football and there's nothing wrong with that. The original idea was to play for fun but that idea evaporated a couple of decades ago.

IS: *Who are the best coaches of all time?*

BC: The great coaches since World War II are Bear Bryant and Frank Leahy. That would be the greatest matchup, if their teams were of equal strength.

IS: *Does Bryant get an edge for lasting longer?*

BC: One year at Notre Dame is like being coach for five at any other school.

IS: *But Father Hesburgh's administration doesn't put pressure on the coach, does it?*

BC: The pressure is self-inflicted. The ghosts are always there on Saturday afternoon. Basically, Bryant's critics are in one state and Joe Paterno's critics are in one state and Bo Schembechler's critics are in one state. But Gerry Faust has critics in 50 states.

IS: *Who's the second-best coach today to Bryant?*

> ***Betting doesn't help. . . . Fans become cynical when someone drops a pass.***

BC: Don James of Washington. Everybody knows it.

IS: *That's a surprising answer because he's not mentioned so often as some of the other coaches.*

BC: That's because he's in Seattle. But I've thought that about him the last five years.

IS: *Do you think Sherrill will replace Bryant at Alabama when he retires?*

BC: No.

IS: *Who will?*

BC: If I knew that, I would know the contents of the third letter of Fatima.

IS: *Who will make the decision?*

BC: If the Bear's alive, he will. I think it'll be somebody on his staff. But Bear's going to outlive us all, so it doesn't matter. Replacing him will be tough. It's like following Thomas Jefferson in the White House. Seldom does a winner follow a winner in sports, business or politics.

IS: *Pitt is being rated No. 1 a lot this year. Do you agree?*

BC: I think Pitt will lose two or three games because of its schedule.

IS: *Who do you think will win the title?*

BC: Florida. Just a gut feeling.

IS: *Do you agree with the scouts who say John Elway is a better quarterback than Dan Marino?*

BC: The difference is that when it's third-and-five, Marino's going to get the first down. If you hang around college athletics, you just know that certain kids are going to win. Elway might be better, but Marino will get the first down. Marino grew up in the streets of Pittsburgh. Marino is street-wise, Elway is beach-wise.

IS: *Do you think Herschel Walker will play four years at Georgia?*

BC: I thought he was going to leave after his sophomore year. Now I think he'll play four years, although it wouldn't shock me if he leaves. Who am I to say he shouldn't leave early to play pro ball? The sad part is that if Walker does, a lot of players will do the same and fail.

IS: *Do you think it bothers Joe Paterno that he's never been No. 1?*

BC: He's been obsessed with No. 1 since Pitt got it in 1976. He says he wanted Pitt to be competitive but not that competitive. No. 1 has become an obsession with him, his strawberries.

IS *The NCAA has sold a package of games to Ted Turner's SuperStation in Atlanta. Do you think there is big money for college football in cable TV?*

BC: There's not so much money in cable as many people think. Only for Notre Dame. I'd rather own Notre Dame than the whole NFL. If you told the networks they could just have Notre Dame or all the other schools, they'd take Notre Dame.

IS: *Will the games on Turner's station draw ratings even though most of the traditional powers won't be in his package?*

BC: Turner just has to hope there's a betting line on every game. If he has a line, people will watch. Vassar can play Smith and if somebody's favored by seven, it's going to be watched. You can put World War III on but if it doesn't have a line, nobody watches. Pete Rozelle once said that only 1½ per cent of the people watching TV football bet, and I said they all live on my block in New York.

IS: *How do you feel about betting on games?*

BC: They bet on the gladiators. It's part of it. Betting doesn't help the game overall. Fans become cynical when someone drops a pass. That's the bad part. It's like sin, it's always been with us.

IS: *Will you second-guess yourself for trying if you fail in your new job?*

BC: I'd rather try and fail than never know. I don't want to be 70 and sitting around saying I should have tried it. I'm apprehensive and nervous. I haven't been this scared since I had rabies shots when I was seven. But it's like when you go into a singles bar and the best-looking girl there looks like Stefanie Powers. You've got to try. ■

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GAMBLING

Turning the Tables On a Hustling Waiter

BY STANLEY COHEN

Jackie Silver was a mercurial type. He moved with the suddenness of a man who sensed danger at being too long in the same place, and when he spoke, his words came in a rapid staccato, as though the vowels had been replaced by apostrophes.

His accelerated tempo suited him well, because Jackie Silver—not his real name—covered a lot of ground. All through the school year he worked as a counterman in his father's candy store in Brooklyn. He went to the store each day after his last class at college and jerked sodas and dispensed ice cream and candy until 7 o'clock, and then he went home to prepare for his next day's classes. It was a tough grind, and through the long, bleak months of a Brooklyn winter he would tick off the weeks that remained until spring and then, finally, summer.

It was summer he really waited for. He would leave the steaming pavements of the city for the bucolic splendors of the Catskill Mountains, an upstate vacation resort for much of New York's middle class during those years just after World War II. He worked as a waiter in one of the many hotels there, lugging trays of food through the main dining room, three times a day, seven days a week, but the work didn't bother him. He enjoyed being in the country for two months, and the money he earned would help pay his way through law school.

He was extremely popular with the hotel's guests. They liked the quickness with which he served them, his brisk, friendly manner, the way he catered to their individual preferences.

"How about some more soup, mama?" he would ask. "An extra piece of kishka with your chicken?"

The other waiters did not resent his popularity. He was the senior member of the staff, and if most of the big tippers were drawn to his station, their largesse was shared to a degree, for the waiters and busboys pooled a portion of their tips. Each man kept half his tip money and the other half was placed in a metal box, to be divided up at summer's end.

Jackie accepted the arrangement in the spirit of noblesse oblige. He was of a generous nature and, besides, the sum of money involved would hardly make a difference. He would likely win or lose more than that during the summer, for Jackie liked to gamble, and there were few better places to indulge such a taste than at a Catskill hotel.

Big- and small-time gamblers worked the mountain circuit each summer, and rare was the year that Jackie did not return to Brooklyn with stories of conquest and ruin: an unsuspecting guest who got suckered and blew his vacation money the very first weekend; another who apparently ducked out on his hotel bill one night and the speculation that followed when, two days later, it was discovered that his car was still in the parking lot.

They were not just anecdotes to Jackie. Such tales, whether apocryphal or not, were part of gambling's folklore, a mystique which, for him, was nothing less than obsessive. He relished with lust even the smallest wager. The stakes were unimportant. With those disinclined to gamble for money he would bet a Hershey bar or a Coke, and no circumstance was so remote that it did not call to mind a possible wager.

"Betcha a Coke Ashburn steals on the next pitch," he would say. "A buck says Campanella gets the ball out of the infield." He listened to the game and each batter would suggest yet another wager. But mostly Jackie liked to bet on himself.

The Ping-Pong table on the rear porch was his private domain. He was an exceptionally good player and his relentless though unspectacular style engendered confidence in opponents who had little chance of winning. But as his reputation grew, he was often obliged to offer a spot of points, sometimes as many as 10 in a 21-point game, and such a situation was ideally suited for a hustle.

Generally, a hustler will have to lose a few games before he can get the stakes high enough to meet his needs, but when points are given, the same purpose can be accomplished by increasing the spread. It was a technique that Jackie had mastered. He would start the other player with a modest spot, win the game by two or three points and then boost the spread

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MEISEL

just beyond his margin of victory. If he started low enough, he could sometimes carry an opponent through as many as four games, raising the stakes each time until the spot reached its limit.

Jackie played the field that way all summer. The stakes never grew very high, but it was the action that stimulated him, and he especially prized his instinct for knowing his prey.

"I can spot a loser before he turns the corner," he would say. "You know the first thing I look for? Pride. That's a gambler's mortal sin, the one thing he can't afford. That's why these guys keep playing me Ping-Pong. I spot them points, they lose, and it hurts their pride, so they keep coming back. Cards, it's the same thing. You watch a guy losing all night, he stays in the game because he thinks he's due to win, the percentages are in his favor. He's conning himself. The cards don't understand percentages. What it comes down to is this: You can play for money or you can play for pride, but you can't mix them. It's one or the other, because it's pride that keeps you from knowing when to quit."

There were few to argue. After the first few weeks of summer, Jackie was effectively barred from all card games with the staff. He was simply out of their league. It was as if he and the cards had a private rapport, like a ventriloquist and his dummy; the cards spoke with their own voice, but the words were his.

Still, he was not at a loss when it came to finding a game. Cards were a regular pastime among the guests and, although the games were officially off limits to employees, no one minded if Jackie sat in. To the guests it was just an evening's entertainment, and the stakes were always friendly. This was one of the smaller hotels in the region. It catered mostly to working people looking to escape the city on their two-week vacations. The big spenders went elsewhere.

Thus it attracted no small bit of attention when a glittering black limousine rolled into the driveway late in the summer. There were two men and a boy in it. The driver was a big man with scrambled features. His nose lay flat against his face and his left ear, twice the size of the right, looked like a transplant that had been grafted onto the side of his head. The other man was much smaller and considerably older. He was almost entirely bald and slight of build, and his pale skin made him look out of place in the summer sun.

The three spent the afternoon around the pool. The boy, who was five, swam well. The bigger man was always with him in the water, but he never swam. He just watched him. The bald man sat in the shade. He never entered the water or walked in the sun. He moved his chair whenever the sun encroached and then sat back down, with the calm resignation of a man waiting for his train at a railroad station. He was waiting for evening, waiting for the card game to start.

Each day, the ritual was repeated, and the card game took on a new dimension. They played into the early-morning hours, and the stakes were rising. By midweek, the bald man had lost several hundred dollars, most of it to Jackie.

"He's a real pigeon," Jackie said after the third night. "He loses and loses and he never seems to mind. At the end of the night you wouldn't know whether he won or lost. I won over a hundred last night alone. We upped the stakes. We might up them again tonight."

By the end of the week Jackie was ahead almost $500. "The higher the stakes go, the faster he loses and the less he seems to care," Jackie said. "If this guy had been here all summer, he would have paid my way through law school."

But the next night, the Saturday of Labor Day weekend, his luck turned. The stakes had been raised again and the bald man held hot cards from the start. By midnight he had busted the game. Jackie had long since dipped into his own funds. When the game broke up, he was not yet ready to quit.

"You play gin rummy?"

"Occasionally," the bald man said.

They played gin for over an hour, but Jackie's luck did not change. By 2 a.m. he was broke. "Is my credit good?"

"Only if I see the money."

"I'll be right back," Jackie said.

The next morning, Jackie did not show up for breakfast. No one had seen him since the previous night. It was almost noon before the thought occurred to one of the other waiters. He went to the bunkroom and found the metal box in which the tip money was kept, lying there open. It was empty except for a note. The note was as brief as it was unnecessary. He had not even bothered to sign it. ■

STANLEY COHEN *is the author of* The Man in the Crowd: Confessions of a Sports Addict *and* The Game They Played.

The No. 1 That Wasn't

In this column, I have often featured the assorted schemes and scams that are a part of the gambling life. They are usually told for their humorous value. This is the story of yet another scam. Nobody here is laughing.

Last month I wrote my annual column about football touting services, featuring ratings compiled by freelance researcher Louis "The Lock" Aidala. The piece listed 13 services and said they achieved a profit for their followers last season. The service that placed first, *End Zone Sports*, achieved its remarkable record without being properly monitored. The *End Zone* entrepreneurs sprang to life at midseason and reportedly did well with a small group of subscribers. Aidala allowed them credit for completely unsubstantiated claims about their success.

This was a crushing betrayal of the credibility of this column and this magazine. We feel badly about Aidala's error in judgment because we have worked successfully with him on a number of projects in recent years and had good reason to trust his research. But our immediate responsibility is to our readers and any services who participated in our surveys. We have taken the swiftest and strongest possible action to rectify this situation.

End Zone Sports has promised us that they will cease to exist. They have agreed to close operations, disconnect phones and return all monies to subscribers. This agreement was made public days after the misleading article was printed, in an effort to prevent any readers from subscribing to the service.

Although we believe that the other services were rated fairly, we cannot verify all the information on which these ratings were based. But this scam was obviously a disservice to any bona fide handicapping services that fared well in the survey—including men I know such as Jerry Michaels of *Reno Sports Service* and Stephen Turner of *Texas Sports Wire*.

Funny thing about betting: Whether you deal with bookmakers, friends or services, even the wildest action depends largely on the element of trust. Perhaps that is the bleak lesson of this experience. Did I say "funny thing"? No, nobody here is laughing.

—PETE AXTHELM

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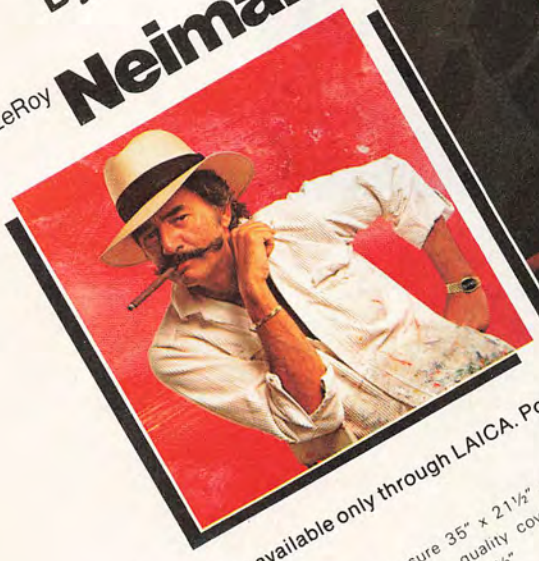

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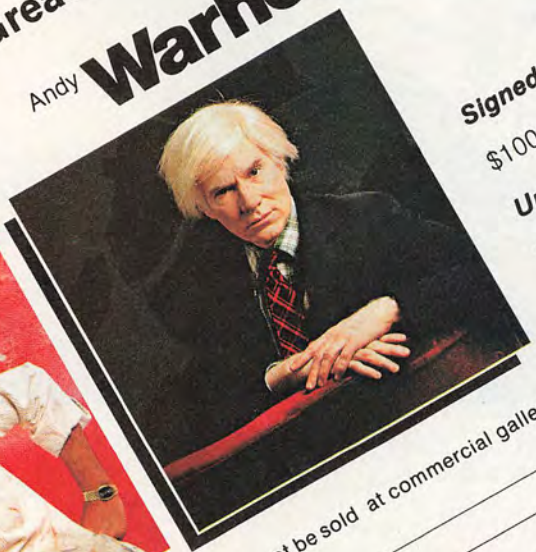

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STYLE

Who'll Throw Out the First Snowball?

BY VIC ZIEGEL

The broadcaster says: "Here we are, folks, opening game of the World Series, sixth inning, two out, runners at first and second. It's a little nippy tonight. I can see the runner on first jumping up and down to keep the circulation going. Funny, but the runner at second is just standing on the base. He's absolutely motionless. Well, I guess some people can handle miserable weather better than others. Right now, the catcher's coming out to talk to his pitcher."

The catcher says: "Okay, Lefty, don't worry about the guy on second. He just froze to death."

Maybe we exaggerate. The concession stands at the World Series have never had to carry chicken noodle soup. Bowie Kuhn probably will make it through another year without buying an overcoat. But let's face it. Anywhere in October, when the sun goes down, has a splendid chance of being too damn cold.

Take Montreal—please. Pitcher Steve Rogers was back in that city, attending to some business, a few days after the National League playoffs last season. By then, the Series was being played south of the border between the Yankees and Dodgers. But if the Expos had beaten Los Angeles in the fifth playoff game, Rogers couldn't help thinking he would still be in uniform and that this would have been the Series' first travel day. That the scene would be shifting from Yankee Stadium to Olympic Stadium.

"And the writers would have had a field day," Rogers says now, "because that was the day the year's first wet snow fell in Montreal."

This season's World Series begins in the National League city, October 12. And returns, if the trip is necessary, a week later. It c-c-c-could be Montreal.

This is no great chuckle for *les habitants*. "Do you think we're the iceberg of the league?" says Jerry Chapleau, who can't understand why people would think that way. Chapleau, the climatologist for the Quebec region, works for the Ministry of Environment. "Don't kid yourself. San Francisco, at that time of year, is no picnic either."

That's Chapleau, the weatherman, talking. Chapleau, the baseball fan, understands that San Francisco, at that time of year, will be calling football signals. The climatologist was rooting for Montreal's International League team more than 30 years ago, when Jackie Robinson was one of the Canadian boys of summer. This season, he's more concerned about Montreal's bullpen than Montreal's weather.

For one thing, he expects a reasonable October. Especially because last October was fairly dreadful. "Chances are it will not repeat itself," he says. How can he be sure? He can't. "That's a climatologist's opinion. Weather arrives in 20-year cycles. Don't you think we need somebody in the bullpen besides Jeff Reardon?" he worries.

October 12, 1981, the 8 p.m. temperature in Montreal was an uncomfortable 41°. Chapleau, making a strong case for his city, points out that the official thermometer is at the airport, and it's well known that a reading in the suburbs is usually cooler than the temperature at the almost-enclosed Olympic Stadium. "A half-degree or a full degree cooler," he says.

The city's mean temperature for October is 43°. That's Fahrenheit, by the way. Forget about Celsius; Ty Cobb never played in Celsius. Montreal's record high for October 12 is 76, the low 30. "But that's an overnight low," Chapleau is quick to add. "It would have been warmer at game time." And there would be almost no chance of rain, because October and May are the driest months in Montreal. But since the cylindrical opening in the stadium roof is a mere 300′ by 600′, it's only the players who get wet. And because of the roof, Chapleau says, "there's not much wind." But that's really not what bothers him. "Looks like old Woodie Fryman has finally had it," is his saddest forecast.

The American League city most likely to make everyone shiver is Milwaukee, if that's where the Series' middle three games take place, October 15–17. "It's not going to snow here in October," insists Tom Skibosh, the Brewer PR man. After a bit more grilling, he concedes, "Well, it might snow in October, but you've got a much better chance of it

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snowing in April. Believe me, our Octobers are better than our Aprils."

This is what we know about last April in Milwaukee: The Brewers were snowed out Opening Day and the day after. The weather history books give us this scouting report on October: The average daily maximum temperature is 61.4, the minimum 40.6. (The weather bureau folks call them "max" and "min," making them sound harmless, like your favorite aunt and uncle.) The average rainfall for the month is two inches, making it one of the drier months. Figure 10 clear days, 8 partly cloudy and 13 cloudy. There's no telling if the beer tastes any different. The average wind is 11.5 mph from the south-southwest. And that's the problem.

Milwaukee weather depends a great deal on Lake Michigan. During the summer, when the wind blows off the water, the city is cooled down. By October, though, the aid and comfort given by the lake are no longer available. And cold weather moves in to Milwaukee. Which is why a longtime fan such as Elroy Jagler, the meteorologist in charge of the Milwaukee forecast, remembers watching Warren Spahn in his longjohns. That's Jagler's longjohns. Who knows what Spahn was wearing.

Last year, when the Brewers were losing playoff games at home to the Yankees, October 7 and 8, the temperatures at game time were 47 and 51. October 16, according to the meteorologist, the temperature dropped to 37. On the 17th, it rained. A day later there was a trace of snow.

On the average, say the people at the National Climatic Center in Asheville, North Carolina, Milwaukee in October is 4° colder than Boston and 3° colder than Chicago and Detroit.

Detroit? Does the National Climatic Center know something about the pennant race that we don't?

The most frigid American League site, of course, would be Minnesota. But the Twins escaped the weather by moving into a domed stadium at the start of this season. And spent the rest of the season escaping from the Series.

Not everybody has a roof over his field. At Baltimore, for the 1979 Series, they weren't even sure they had a field. That Series began a day late because of rain. There it was, the afternoon of the day that wouldn't become Game One, and Pat Santarone, chief of the Baltimore ground crew, was sloshing through the outfield with a distinguished visitor. Bowie Kuhn asked Santarone if there was any way of getting the field into shape for that evening.

"Considering it was still raining," Santarone recalls, "and it was still cold, and the weather forecast was terrible. . . ."

Kuhn called off the game and went to dinner. Santarone and his crew of 20 dug shallow wells in the outfield and began pumping. The mayor's office was wonderful about sending people to the park with portable generators to run the pumps. "It damn near froze," Santarone says. "If you get cold weather and it's cloudy, you get zero drying, no evaporation. But if you get sunshine along with the cold weather, it's not quite so bad." What they had in Baltimore was cold weather and moon. The next day there was another pie in the face.

Cara Jennings, 5 years old, was spending the World Series with her Uncle Scott, the Oriole pitcher. She woke up the morning of the rescheduled first game, took one look out the window and ran into her uncle's room.

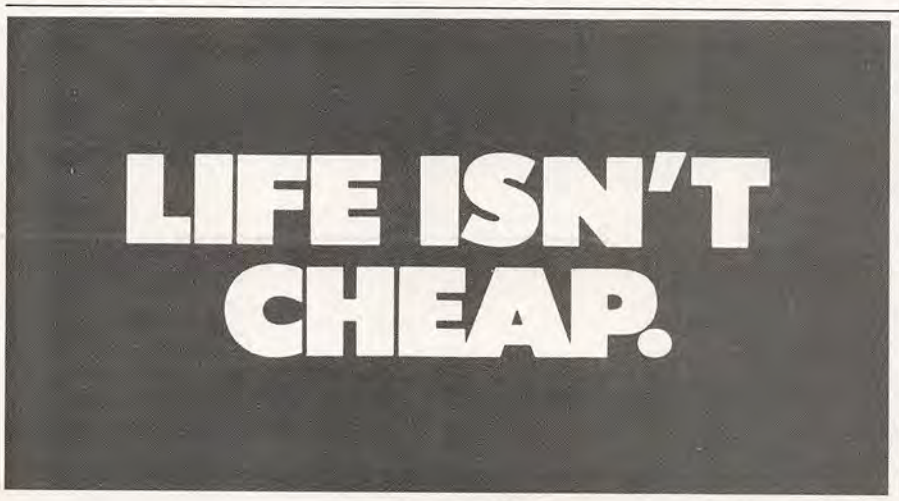
"I was still asleep," Scott McGregor remembers. "She woke me up and said, 'It's snowing.' I said, 'No, no, it's just dew.' I rolled over. Then she came back and said, 'But it's coming from the sky. It's snow.' I'm still saying, 'No, no, no, it can't be; it's rain.' I kept sending her away. But finally she grabbed me. And sure enough. . . ."

Mike Flanagan was to be Baltimore's starting pitcher for that game. The night before, after the postponement, he stayed at the stadium, "answering questions until almost two in the morning. When I got back home, I was tired." He slept late. And without a 5-year-old niece to tell him what was going on in the world, he glanced outside. Snow. "My first impression," Flanagan says, "was that I'd slept through the Series and it was December."

It's McGregor who says he doesn't mind the cruel October if he's out there pumping, pitching in a World Series. Besides, the loser's share can buy plenty of insulation. Flanagan does recall his outfielders asking him to "please work fast" in the '79 Series.

Baltimore's pitching coach, Ray Miller, has those memories and a few more. After the snowfall, Miller said, he was at the ballpark at 1 p.m. watching a television crew "and about 50 guys with snow shovels. They're clearing the snow and right behind them was a guy with two big cans of green dye, spraying the ground to make it look green."

Every so often, Miller gets a chance to watch the 1979 World Series film. Rain? Snow? Cold? Freezing temperature? Not on the film. It's green, nothing but green. "If you weren't there," the coach says, "you'd think it was glorious." ■



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INSIDE SPORTS

Have fun, make money and astound your friends. This amazing new formula will pick baseball's world champion.

AND THE WINNER OF THE WORLD SERIES IS...

BY BILL JAMES

THE FAN WHO TELLS YOU EACH NOVEMBER THAT HE KNEW ALL ALONG THAT the Robins would fade in September and that the young Stevedores would crush the Blues in the playoffs is a liar and a loudmouth. The cognoscenti in sports, with good reason, tend to look with suspicion, suspicion veering into contempt, on all claims to foresight. But I can predict which team will win the World Series. And with the statistics of the two teams involved, I can prove it.

My predictions are derived from an objective system, free of intuition and fudge factors. This method can be checked out by you, your bookie, or anybody else interested in the subject. The system is introduced and examined in three charts. The first chart on page 28 gives the rules of the system. The second chart on page 31 details the remarkable accuracy that the system has established. The last chart on page 34 applies the system to the seven postseason series of 1981.

How accurate is it? There have been 77 World Series played (excluding the 1919 fix); this system picks the winner 53 times with one tie. There have been 26 league championship series since 1969; the system picks the winner in 21. With the pickup of the four divisional championship series in 1981—easy ground balls, all four of them—the running total stands at 78 correct picks and 28 misses. But how in the world could such a record be possible?

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN TUTTLE

Who Says 13's Unlucky?

1. Compare the won/lost records of the two teams involved. Award 1 point per half-game difference to the team with the better record.
2. Give 3 points to the team that has scored more runs.
3. Give 14 points to the team that has hit *fewer* doubles.
4. Give 12 points to the team that has hit more triples.
5. Give 10 points to the team that has hit more home runs.
6. Give 8 points to the team with the *lower* batting average.
7. Give 8 points to the team that has committed fewer errors.
8. Give 7 points to the team that has turned more double plays.
9. Give 7 points to the team whose pitchers have walked *more* men.
10. Give 19 points to the team that has thrown more shutouts.
11. Give 15 points to the team whose ERA is farther below the league ERA.
12. Give 12 points to the team that has been in postseason play more recently. If both last appeared in postseason play in the same year, award the points to the team that was more successful at that time.
13. (League or divisional playoffs only) Give 12 points to the team that led in head-to-head competition during the season.

In all cases, adjust for any differences in games played. For instance, if both teams hit 120 home runs, but one team played three fewer games, award the 10 points for rule 5 to the team with fewer games.

THESE CHARTS TELL WHETHER or not I am fibbing about the accuracy of the system and leave hanging a hundred more questions. Where does the system come from? Why does it work? Why does it behave so irrationally, giving a team bonuses for having a lower batting average and other types of inferior performance? What advantage is there to having a lower batting average? Why so much emphasis on shutouts? Why on earth is the third-largest point award for the team that *doesn't* hit more doubles? Granted that the system works in retrospect, granted that it would have been useful had it existed in 1903 or 1969, will it sort out the winners in the 1980s?

To answer the questions, let us go back to the origins. I developed this method (not precisely as it is presented here, but nearly so) in the first days of October 1974. At that time I was pulling 12-hour shifts as a night watchman. The manager of the plant would not object too loudly, as the World Series grew near, if radios and even a few TVs began turning up around the plant as long as they were kept away from the production lines. In the first game of the American League playoffs, graphics were plastered on the screen showing that, while the Oakland A's had hit 132 homers and scored 689 runs in that season and the Baltimore Orioles had hit 116 HRs and scored 659 runs, the O's had "out-hit" the A's by .256–.247. "And that, of course," intoned the announcer dutifully, "is the important advantage in a series like this."

This is exactly the sort of everybody-in-the-know-agrees blather that makes my teeth boil. In view of the fact that the A's had scored 30 more runs, to credit the Birds with an "important advantage" in hitting was, on reflection, quite stupid. The goal of an offense is to score runs; it isn't to compile a high batting average. And, having little else to do until 6 in the morning, I set out to prove that the truly important advantage wasn't in batting average, but in runs scored.

I was going to prove this by going through the history of the World Series and making counts of:

- How many times the team with the higher batting average during the season had won the Series, and
- How many times the team that had scored more runs during the season had won the Series.

The second figure, I was convinced, would turn out to be much larger than the first. That would prove my point, justify my annoyance with the announcer, allow me to compose a letter to the idiot, and go on watching the night.

And it blew up on me. The second figure did, indeed, turn out to be the larger. The joke was that it was still under 50 per cent.

It is difficult to convey, to those of you to whom statistical research of any kind is not exciting, the sense of shock that this 3 a.m. discovery created. Having a higher batting average had turned out, on investigation, to be not an advantage at all. The team that brought in the higher batting average usually *lost* the Series—38 out of 70 times at that point.

Well then, if batting average was not the important advantage, what was? This called into question the bagful of ritual banalities that are a part of World Series lore. One especially sticky point was the cliché that "pitching is all-important in a short, crucial series." This was difficult to reconcile with the observation that the teams with the three greatest pitching staffs of the postwar era (the 1954 Indians, the 1966 Dodgers and the 1971 Orioles) all had been cremated in the World Series.

What *were* the crucial factors? Did the team with the better won-lost record usually win? (Teams with better in-season records had won 36 Series and lost 30, overlooking 1919 and ties.) Was ERA an indicator? (The team whose ERA was farther below the league ERA had won 40 Series and lost 29.)

There were two offensive categories in which a superiority seemed significant—triples and home runs. Teams having hit more triples during the season had won 42 World Series and lost 25; teams with more home runs had won 37 and lost 31. But an equally significant offensive category was doubles—only it indicated a loser. Another important indicator was shutouts. At that time, teams holding an advantage in shutouts had won 39 World Series and lost 24.

ALL OF THIS INFORMATION WAS intriguing. How, then, to put it together?

What I wanted to do, and what I have done in a sense, was to construct a model of the type of team that has historically been successful in World Series play, and then to check to see how well each of the two teams matched up against that model. My first attempt to do this, while the 1974 playoffs were being played, was a cumbersome calculator buster that took hours to work through, by a method which I couldn't have explained to anyone.

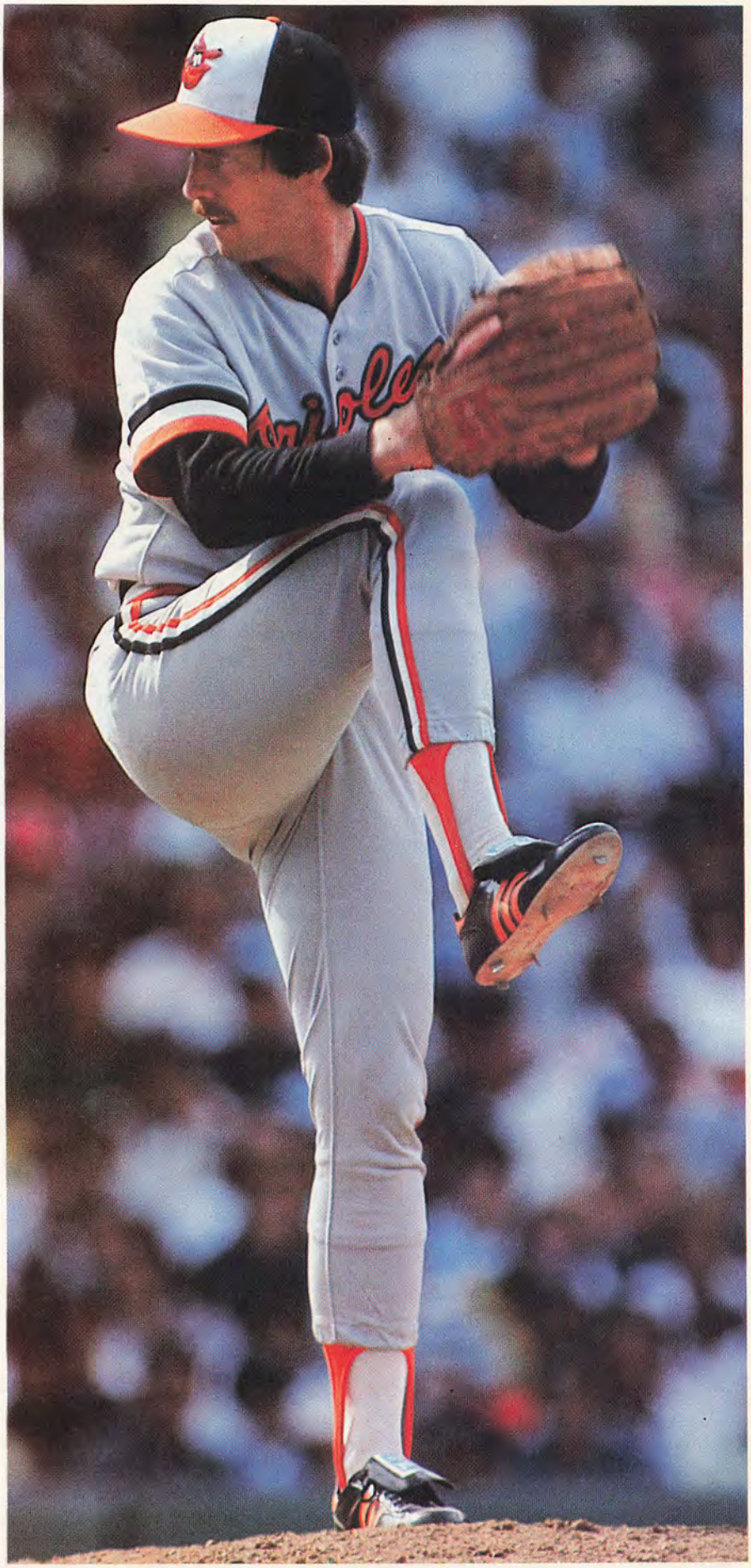
Yet, to my amazement, the damn thing worked. The system predicted that the A's should beat the Dodgers for the world championship—and they did.

That was enough to provoke me into playing around with the method, making it easier to use. I expanded the research to playoff series, which were fairly new. The count against batting average was even worse, 35–43. Runs scored shifted from a little under .500, 33–36, to a little over, 41–38. That's 35–43 or minus 8; 41–38, that's plus 3. As the system evolved the plus 3 became "award 3 points." Each of the 13 rules was based on the historical differences between winners and losers in postseason play.

It was devoid of logical underpinnings. Why does the system give points to the team that has walked more men? Answer: Because those teams have won more Series than they have lost. That answer remains the ultimate "why" for all the strange values. There was no supporting rationale. That answer, frankly, was hysterically unsatisfying.

Without any understanding of why the system worked, I could not believe that it would work. If you took two of the best teams in baseball, then you had, by definition, two teams comparable in levels of ability, and thus hard to distinguish from each other. I discovered that the system picked the correct winner 70 per cent of the time up to 1974 but retrospective predictions are easy and unconvincing. Suppose you studied the millions of pieces of information about the two teams and fed them into a computer. You might find that managers who tied their left shoes first in the morning were 61–8 in World Series play. You might find that teams whose third baseman had an even number of hits had performed dramatically better than teams whose third baseman had had an odd number of hits. It should be possible to put all of this information together and cobble up a system for the Series that had been played. There would be no reason to believe that the system would continue to work.

Three things have happened since 1974 to convince me that the system does work, that it will continue to work, that I am not making a fool of myself in putting it up for public scrutiny.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

When he is on, it's difficult to put together a long offensive sequence against Scott McGregor of Baltimore. The only way to beat him is the way that the Pirates did in Game 7 of the 1979 Series—get a man on and dial 9.

First, and most important, the system has continued to work. I froze the system in 1974, and have made only two small changes since then. There have been 28 postseason series played since then, including those first three in 1974. The system has been right 20 times and wrong 8. As the third chart on page 32 shows, you could have made a little money had you banked on the system since '74.

Second, I have realized that I was simply in error in my impression of the extent to which a short series might be predictable. Intuitively, I believed that the Series should not be predictable at a 65 or 70 per cent confidence level. Clearly it should be.

Third, I have learned to make sense of what the system is telling me. There is a perfectly good reason why the team that has had a higher batting average has usually lost the World Series, why high-average, low-power teams have been unable to contend with low-average teams that had more power.

A WORLD SERIES GAME IS DIFFERent from a regular-season game in several ways. The most important is that in a World Series game a team is almost always facing an above-average pitching staff, backed by an above-average defense. This makes all types of offense more difficult to generate—it makes it harder to hit singles, harder to get doubles, harder to draw a walk, harder to hit a home run. *This does not affect all types of offense equally.*

The key is that the offensive sequences that result in runs being scored by singles and stolen bases and such are much longer (they have more elements) than the offensive sequences that score runs with a home run. To get three runs from a singles-and-speed offense, the St. Louis Cardinals, for example, might well require 9 or 10 events:

L. Smith	single
	stolen base
Herr	sac bunt
Hernandez	walk
	stolen base
Hendrick	single
	Smith and
	Hernandez score
Porter	out, 4–3
	runner advances
McGee	single
	Hendrick scores

When this offense is moved to a World Series setting, each of those offensive maneuvers might become, let us say, 5 per cent more difficult to achieve. Not only is it harder to get the single and harder to get the stolen base, but it is also harder to get down the sacrifice bunt, harder to move the men along with a ground ball, harder to go from first to third on a single. Thus the long-sequence offense suffers in a World Series.

But the offense of a team like the Brewers has fewer elements:

Molitor	single
Yount	walk
Cooper	BOOM

Three runs. Each element might still be five per cent less common—but because there are fewer elements in the group, the short-sequence offense is damaged much less by the higher quality of the competition.

This may sound like esoterica or speculation. It is neither. There are a dozen facts which, taken as a whole, leave no doubt that this difference does exist, that it is important, and that it does explain why the World Series has always been dominated by power-hitting teams. A few examples:

1. The percentage of all runs that score on home runs is significantly and consistently higher in the Series than it is in the season. Since 1970, home runs (by themselves) have accounted for slightly less than 18 per cent of all regular-season runs—but slightly more than 21 per cent of all runs in World Series play. The percentage for the World Series has been higher in 9 of the 12 years.

2. Home-run-hitting teams achieve their normal production in a World Series much more often than do other types of offense. Since 1970, World Series teams that have hit more than 150 home runs during the season (adjusted for strike-shortened seasons) have retained 91 per cent of their normal offensive production in the Series. Teams hitting 121–150 home runs have achieved 81 per cent of their in-season offense. Teams hitting 120 or fewer home runs have accomplished only 80 per cent of their offense in World Series play.

3. The Big Bang theory holds that "In a significant majority of games, the winning team will score more runs in one inning than the loser will in all nine." While this theory has at all times much merit in explaining why some teams win and others bunt, the statement is not literally true when applied to all regular season games. But it is true when applied to World Series games. If the game *isn't* decided by a big bang, but by a series of one-run innings . . . well, you've got three chances to stop a team from hitting three singles in an inning. But why does the system discriminate so heavily against teams that hit a lot of doubles?

On the simplest level, it does so because teams that hit a lot of doubles have lost more World Series than they have won. If there is one point about which the history of postseason play speaks with one voice, it is this: Never put a dime on a team that hits a lot of doubles.

Suppose that we break the history of World Series play down into four eras:

- **The Dead Ball Era, 1903–1919.** The team with more doubles won six and lost eight (in 1915, the two teams had hit the same number of doubles).
- **The Era Between the Wars, 1920–1945.** The teams with more doubles won 10 and lost 16.
- **The Postwar Era, 1946–1960.** Another losing (7-8) record for teams that had an advantage in doubles.
- **The Expansion Era, 1961 to the present.** Teams with an edge in doubles won 10 and lost 11.

Like that consistency? Want to hear about the playoffs? In the National League the teams that had hit more doubles are 5-8 in the playoffs; in the American League, they have been 6-7. In 1981, the teams hitting more doubles lost all four first-round series.

Doubles are a sort of litmus test of aggressive baserunning. The Kansas City Royals in 1977 hit 299 doubles, then the most by any major league team since 1941; in 1978 they upped the count to 305. The Royals probably ran 100 ordinary singles into extra-base hits over those two seasons by the simple device of continuing to run after everyone in the park, including the fielder, assumed that they had come to a resting point. Also, they must have been thrown out on the basepaths, conservatively, 40 more times when this aggressiveness did not work.

After watching the Royals lose to the Yankees in the playoffs, 1976–1978, I saw that one of their problems was that their aggressiveness, successful during the season, was working against them in the playoffs. Calculated risks that were good gambles over the course of a season were *not* good gambles against a good defensive team. Gambles that needed to succeed 65 per cent of the time in order to be worthwhile went from succeeding 70 per cent (80 per cent against Toronto) to succeeding 50 per cent. And it hurt.

The Brooklyn Dodgers of Jackie's day, the most aggressive baserunners of their time, almost always hit more doubles in a season than the Yankees—and almost always got beat by them in the fall. The slashing Tigers of Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford were wiped out in three World Series. Joe McCarthy's great Yankee teams, on the other hand, were noted for their conservatism on the basepaths.

This theory, unfortunately, will not go to lunch with another factor in the system; + 12 for triples. I confess freely that there are no completely convincing

You Can't Argue With 74 Per Cent

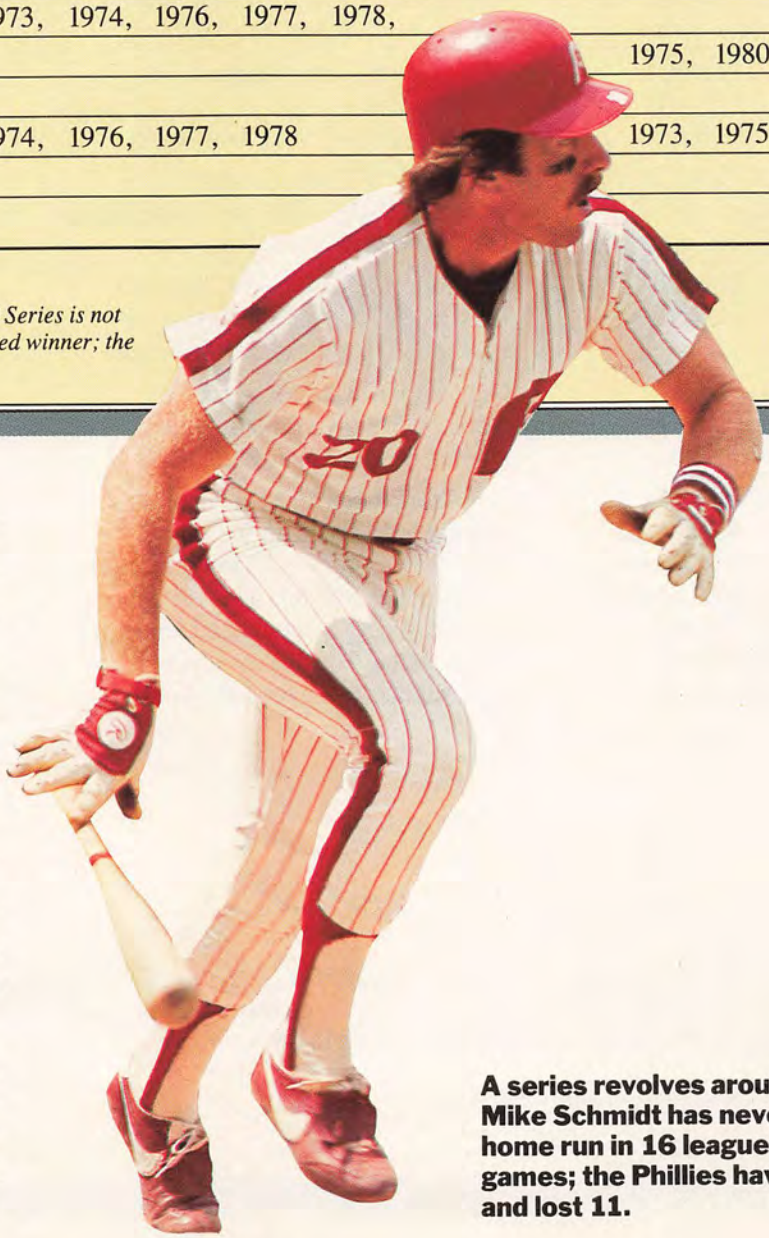
SYSTEM WORKS IN	DOES NOT WORK IN
World Series*	
1903, 1905, 1907, 1908, 1909	1906
1913, 1916, 1917, 1918,	1910, 1911, 1912, 1914, 1915
1921, 1923, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929	1920, 1925
1930, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939	1931
1940, 1941, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949	1942, 1943
1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1956, 1958, 1959	1955, 1957
1961, 1962, 1965, 1967, 1969	1960, 1963, 1964, 1966, 1968
1970, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1978	1971, 1977, 1979
	1980, 1981
League Playoffs	
American League	
1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1976, 1977, 1978,	
1979, 1981	1975, 1980
National League	
1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1977, 1978	1973, 1975, 1980,
1979, 1981	
1981 Divisional Playoffs	
Works in all four divisions	

**There was no Series in 1904. The 1919 Series is not included. In 1922, there was no predicted winner; the teams tied in points.*

explanations, but here's the reasoning:

If doubles indicate a team that runs the bases too aggressively, triples do not do the same. If doubles indicate aggressive baserunning, triples are more an indicator of raw speed. If you look at the list of players who have led the league in doubles and those who have led in triples, they are very different lists. One has line-drive hitters who play hard—Pete Rose, Cecil Cooper, Keith Hernandez, Hal McRae. The other has players who can flat-out move—Garry Templeton, Omar Moreno, Willie Wilson, Mickey Rivers. Triples are rather closer to home runs, the preferred offense in a World Series, than are doubles. The double distorts the offense, introduces considerations of giving up outs to move baserunners. The triple is uninterrupted offense.

For whatever reason, there have been 33 World Series in which the team that had hit more doubles and the team that had hit more triples were not the same team. In those World Series, the teams with the advantage in triples are 23–10. If a pitcher finished the season 23–10,



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK SOLOMON/FOCUS ON SPORTS

A series revolves around power. Mike Schmidt has never hit a home run in 16 league playoff games; the Phillies have won 5 and lost 11.

The Payoff

Still not convinced? Since Bill James devised his system in 1974, there have been 28 postseason series. James has correctly forecasted 20 winners. Better still, if the average fan were to have tested the principles with a 20-unit wager on James' predicted winners, he would be $990 richer today. Here's the proof:

		James Picks	You Win/Lose
'74 AL Playoffs	Oakland 6-7 over Baltimore*	Oakland	+ $100
'74 NL Playoffs	Los Angeles 6-7 over Pittsburgh	Los Angeles	+ $100
'74 World Series	Los Angeles even-6 over Oakland	*Oakland*	+ $100
'75 AL Playoffs	Oakland 5½-6½ over Boston	Oakland	− $130
'75 NL Playoffs	Cincinnati 6½-7½ over Pittsburgh	*Pittsburgh*	− $100
'75 World Series	Cincinnati 6½-7½ over Boston	Cincinnati	+ $100
'76 AL Playoffs	New York 5½-6½ over Kansas City	New York	+ $100
'76 NL Playoffs	Cincinnati 7-8 over Philadelphia	Cincinnati	+ $100
'76 World Series	Cincinnati 7-8 over New York	Cincinnati	+ $100
'77 AL Playoffs	New York 6-7 over Kansas City	New York	+ $100
'77 NL Playoffs	Philadelphia 5½-6½ over Los Angeles	*Los Angeles*	+ $110
'77 World Series	Los Angeles 6-7 over New York	Los Angeles	− $140
'78 AL Playoffs	New York 6-7 over Kansas City	New York	+ $100
'78 NL Playoffs	Los Angeles 6½-7½ over Philadelphia	Los Angeles	+ $100
'78 World Series	Los Angeles 6-7 over New York	*New York*	+ $120
'79 AL Playoffs	Baltimore 7½-8½ over California	Baltimore	+ $100
'79 NL Playoffs	Pittsburgh 7-8 over Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	+ $100
'79 World Series	Baltimore 7½-8½ over Pittsburgh	Baltimore	− $170
'80 AL Playoffs	New York 6-7 over Kansas City	New York	− $140
'80 NL Playoffs	Houston 6-7 over Philadelphia	Houston	− $140
'80 World Series	Kansas City 6-7 over Philadelphia	Kansas City	− $140
'81 AL East Series	New York 7-8 over Milwaukee	New York	+ $100
'81 AL West Series	Oakland 6½-7½ over Kansas City	Oakland	+ $100
'81 NL East Series	Philadelphia 6-7 over Montreal	*Montreal*	+ $120
'81 NL West Series	Los Angeles 5½-6½ over Houston	Los Angeles	+ $100
'81 AL Playoffs	New York 7½-8½ over Oakland	New York	+ $100
'81 NL Playoffs	Los Angeles 5½-6½ over Montreal	Los Angeles	+ $100
'81 World Series	Los Angeles 6-7 over New York	*New York*	− $100
		Gross Winnings	$2,050
		Less Losses	$1,060
		Net Winnings	$ 990

It must be noted that while James went 20-8 over the past eight years, favorites were 18-10. The big difference is James' 4-2 record in series in which his system picked the underdogs (teams indicated in italics). In those series, the net difference was $580 in James' favor.

*Odds supplied by Jimmy The Greek

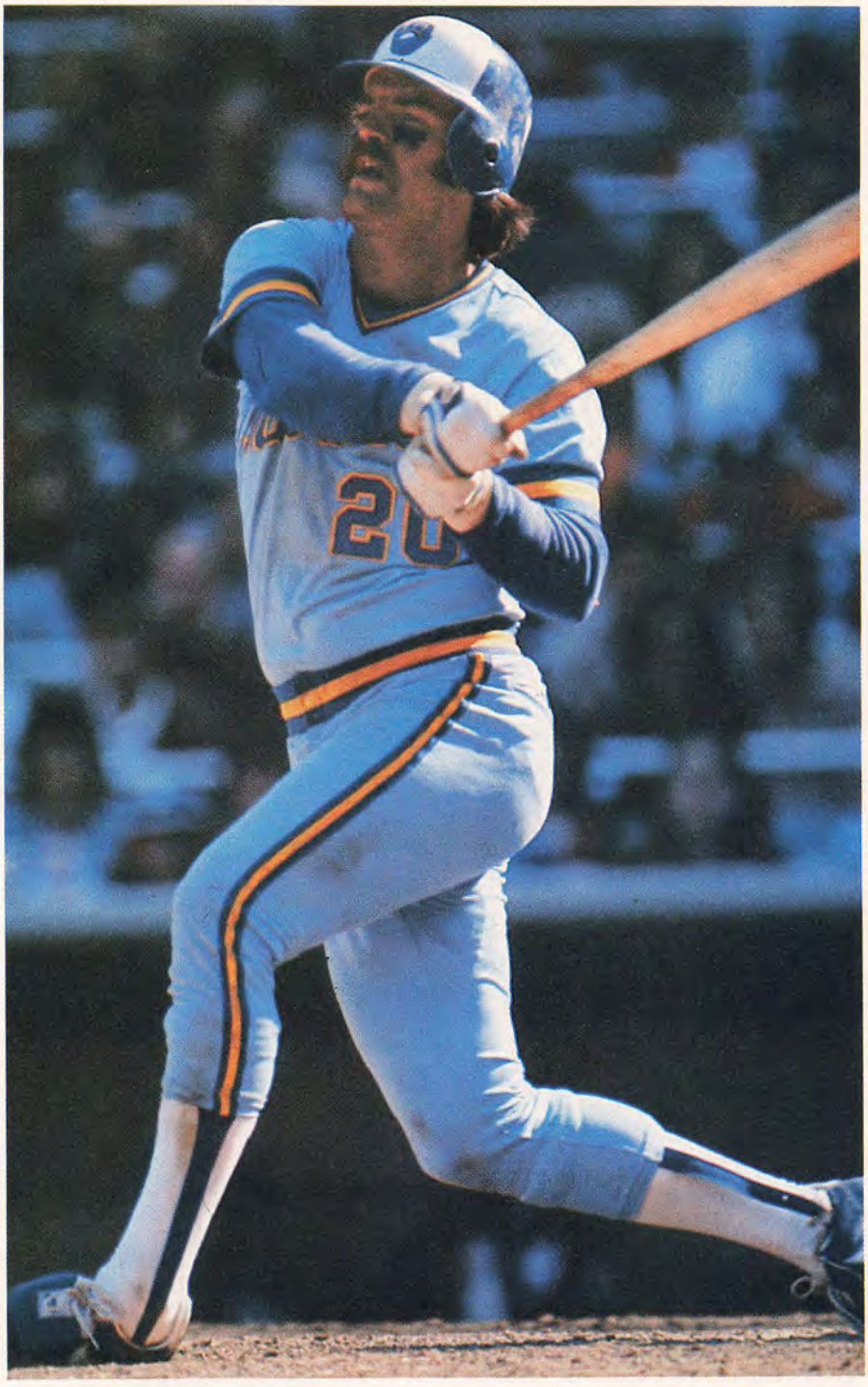
would you ever consider that he was just a .500 pitcher who got lucky?

There is one more case in which points are awarded for inferior performance. The system awards seven points to the pitching staff that has walked *more* men—again, on the most basic level, because those teams have won more Series than they have lost. The reason for this is that walks and home runs represent, in certain circumstances, "competing risks." On a 2-0 or 3-1 count, a pitcher has two options. He can put the ball over the plate and run the risk of a home run. Or he can refuse to give in, try to hit a corner and risk a walk. The second option means the pitcher would give up fewer home runs. That pitcher is then trying to shut off the offense that dominates a short, crucial series.

The reason for the other point awards are relatively straightforward. Why are shutouts so important? Probably because a few outstanding pitchers throw a greatly disproportionate share of a team's shutouts, and those same pitchers have a disproportionate impact on a World Series. In 1981 Fernando Valenzuela, Steve Carlton, Mario Soto and Steve Rogers accounted for only 7½ per cent of the National League's starts and only 8 per cent of the N.L.'s wins—but 15 per cent of the shutouts. If any of their teams should wind up in a World Series, you could bet on seeing that pitcher start three games, or 43 per cent, of a seven-game Series. His impact on the Series is the same as it would have been if he had started 69 regular-season games.

Any time a Series matches a veteran team with previous World Series experience and a younger team lacking same, someone is sure to rate the veteran team the edge on that basis. This is historically justifiable; hence rule 12.

In playoff series, it seems natural to assume that a team that held an edge in regular-season play might be a good bet to win in a rematch. This, again, is justified by the short history of the playoffs, and so is included in the system.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

Wallbanger Gorman Thomas. The Milwaukee offense is ideal for a short crucial series; fortunately the Brewer pitching staff could be counted on to keep it interesting.

MURPHY'S LAW (SUBSECTION 24, paragraph 211 C) decrees that the teams picked to win by this system will go 0-for-1982, October. With a little luck, we may see the revenge of 1961. In 1961, the system picked the Yankees to defeat the Reds, 139–0. The Series itself was equally convincing—four games to one. More likely, all the wrong teams will squirt across the wire because of four fewer errors.

I remain convinced that the system works, and that it will justify my confidence within five years. Still, it could be made to work even better. The research, and thus the point values, could be updated yearly. In view of the enormous gap that has developed between the two leagues, it might be wiser to league-adjust all stats. The Yankees in 1981 outhomered the Dodgers 100–82, but with 9 bats in the lineup and 4 home-run parks in the league (Fenway, Tiger Stadium, the old Met in Minnesota and the Kingdome), this was not necessarily an accurate comparison of their power. The Yanks homered 32 per cent more often than an average team in their league; the Dodgers, 37 per cent. It is worth noting that if you league-adjusted all stats for 1981, the system would reverse itself and pick the Dodgers. But, league-adjusting would not have overturned the unfortunate predictions the system produced for the 1979 and '80 World Series. With the DH rule and the National League's fondness for playing in parking lots, the

The Damn Thing Works!

1981 Championships

	POINTS AWARDED UNDER RULES														Predicted	Actual
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Total	Winner	Winner
A.L. EAST																
Milwaukee	4	3	–	–	–	–	–	7	7	–	–	–	x	21		
New York	–	–	14	12	10	8	8	–	–	19	15	12	x	98	NY	NY
A.L. WEST																
Kansas City	–	–	–	12	–	–	8	7	–	–	–	12	x	39		
Oakland	22	3	14	–	10	8	–	–	7	19	15	–	x	98	Oak	Oak
N.L. EAST																
Montreal	1	–	14	12	10	8	8	–	–	19	15	–	12	99		
Philadelphia	–	3	–	–	–	–	–	7	7	–	–	12	–	29	Mont	Mont
N.L. WEST																
Los Angeles	4	3	14	–	10	–	x	7	7	x	–	–	12	57		
Houston	–	–	–	12	–	8	x	–	–	x	15	12	–	47	LA	LA
A.L. CHAMPIONSHIP																
New York	–	–	–	–	–	–	8	7	–	19	15	12	12	73		
Oakland	8	3	14	12	10	8	–	–	7	–	–	–	–	62	NY	NY
N.L. CHAMPIONSHIP																
Montreal	–	3	–	12	10	8	8	–	–	–	–	–	–	41		
Los Angeles	4	–	14	–	–	–	–	7	7	19	15	12	12	90	LA	LA
WORLD SERIES																
New York	–	–	–	12	10	8	8	7	–	–	15	12		72	Oops!	
Los Angeles	5	3	14	–	–	–	–	–	7	19	–	–		48	NY	LA

"x" indicates a tie; no points awarded

Fernando Valenzuela will pitch about 20 per cent of the Dodgers' innings during the season; should they make it into the series that will be more like 40 per cent.

differences between the two leagues are almost certainly larger right now than they have ever been, and this might well explain why the system, death on the playoffs, has not been spectacularly accurate on the World Series the last few years.

The research could be expanded to include all manner of other information (Is there an advantage to a team that has played well in September?). You could experiment with sliding scales to adjust for larger differences (The current system gives 10 points to the team that has hit more home runs, whether it has hit one more or 50 more.). "Trigger Points" could be installed to render certain indicators obsolete, or to bring others into use (For example, during the dead-ball era, home runs had no value as an indicator. There is no sign that either stolen bases or saves are significant now.).

I have discovered many things about the World Series that I have not included in the Prediction Method. I have discovered, for example, that if you take the pitchers' individual win totals, square them all and add them together, the team with the higher total will win the Series more than 60 per cent of the time. This emphasizes front-line pitching strength. The home-field advantage, *per game*, is much larger in the World Series than it is in-season. Since 1955, the home team won nearly 60 per cent of all Series games. And yet, astonishingly, the team that would have the home-field edge if the Series went seven, has lost 20 of the 27 Series. There have been six Series since 1955 in which the home team won every game—except the last game (Somehow, I wouldn't want to bet too much on that pattern.). In that period, there have been 15 seven-game Series. The home team has lost the seventh game 12 times. A friend of mine says that the same thing happens in basketball.

The best and safest suggestion would be to set up a separate prediction system, making use of what we know but cannot use with this method. And then if the two disagree, don't make any bets. When they both agree, bet the farm. ■

BILL JAMES *is the author of* The Bill James Baseball Abstract 1982.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

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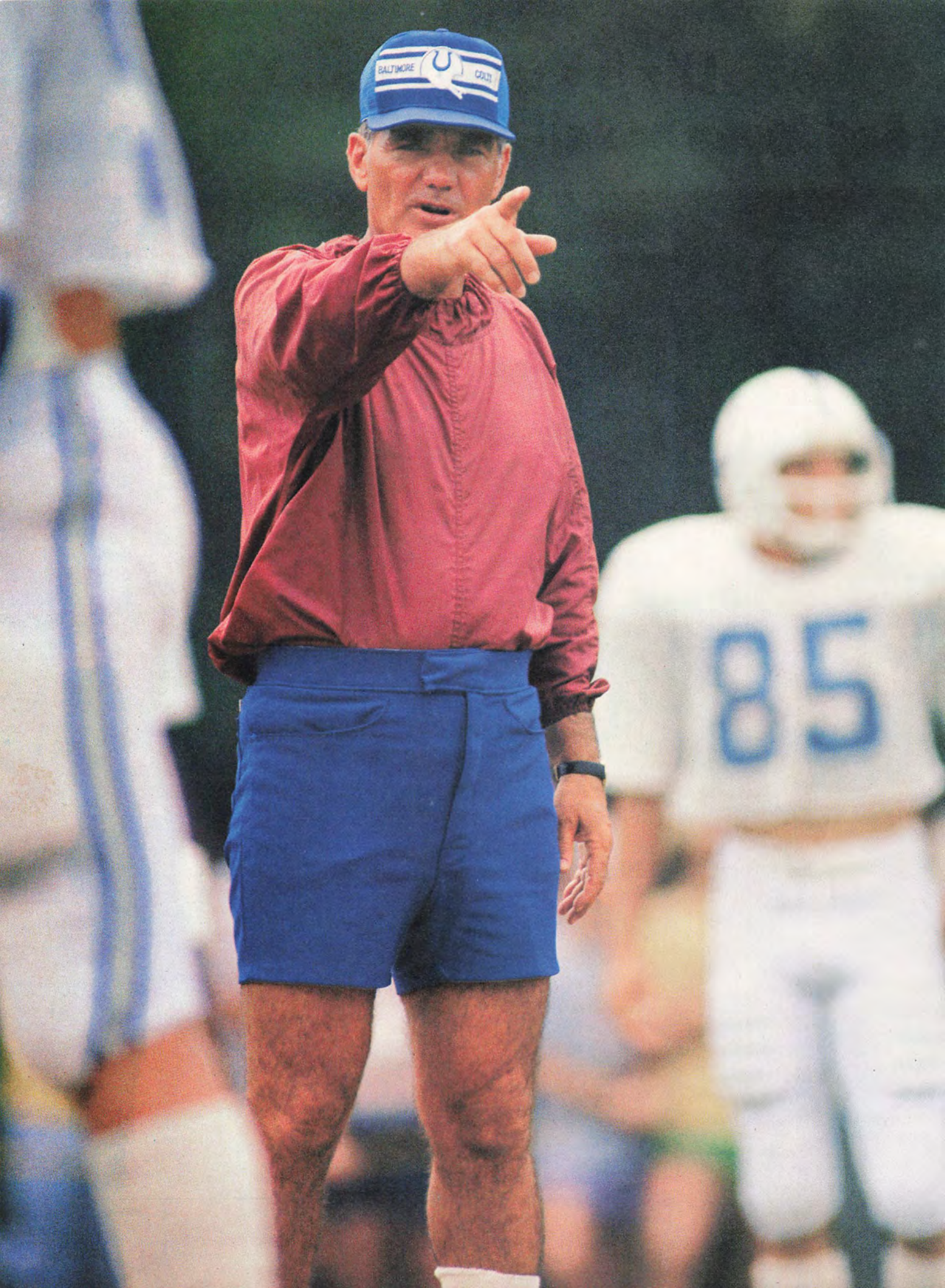

BALTIMORE
COLTS
85

FRANK KUSH DOESN'T WANT YOU

Unless you do it his way

IF NOT FOR football and war, there no longer would be a place for men like Frank Kush. He is not, of course, the first disciplinarian to hit the NFL. Lombardi, Shula, Vermeil all helped blaze that trail. But never before Kush has a man's reputation made so many large, powerful men so uncomfortable before he even arrived.

He whipped Arizona State into a perennial winner and the stories spread of his physical punishment of players, culminating in a $2.2 million lawsuit and his firing after allegedly punching his punter, Kevin Rutledge, and then trying to cover it up. Kush surfaced with the Canadian Football League in Hamilton, replaced two-thirds of the roster and had a record of 11-4-1.

Now he comes to Baltimore, knowing he needs young men whose attitude toward authority is out of the NFL of the '50s. Four starters ask to be traded, one backup retires. Then training camp opens and a daily conflict of values begins over whether all this is good or bad—or football.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WACHTER

BY GARY SMITH

DAY 1:
Friday, July 16

I stand on the stone steps of Froelicher Hall and peddle the rumor as the Colt rookies check in.

"*He's* decided to hold a workout tonight."

"You're kidding."

"No."

They stop, with their suitcases and hanging bags, investigating my face for a wink, a grin. "When—right after supper?"

"Yep."

"You're kidding, aren't you?" Pause. "Jesus, you're not kidding."

He hangs over this place. You can feel him in the humidity. Pressing on you, leaning on you, making you damp. It is only the first day of training camp at Goucher College in Towson, Maryland, the day you find a room and a roommate and decide whose music box shall have sovereignty, and already Frank Kush has achieved the psychological lever he seeks: fear.

On the front page of today's *Baltimore Evening Sun*, there is a color photo of Kush and his threat in bold black type: "If they haven't changed, they're going to change, because come Friday . . . this is the way it's going to be done." On the front page of the sports section is an 11-inch caricature of Kush whipping a spiked mace through the air. On the grass fields of Goucher, players are running voluntary laps.

"Right now he's dominating everything," says Ricky Jones, a sixth-year linebacker who has arrived a week earlier than most of the veterans to sign a contract. "It's not the team or the organization—it's *him*. Everybody's checking in here with that wild-eyed look, thinking, 'Are we going to survive?' How will we adjust to a coach with that approach? You tell me. Everybody's waiting to see."

Walking across the lawn toward the dormitory, like something risen from the sands of a luau, comes 341-pound Samoan Tony Loia. He is an offensive lineman who played 1½ years under Kush at Arizona State, until the day the coach was fired in 1979.

Loia is wearing a gray T-shirt and a green, yellow and blue *lava lava*, the wraparound skirt men wear on the South Pacific islands. His skin is coffee color, his mustache Fu Manchu, his hair a rambunctious black bush. His arms and legs are like four individual torsos. He was expected to report at 310 pounds and he is already in trouble.

"Everybody's asking me about him," he says. " 'Is he really that bad? Will he hit us?' I think there'll be some change in his approach because we're adults, but nothing drastic. I don't think he plans to hit us, but if it does happen, I won't be surprised."

DAY 2:
Saturday, July 17

Blue Colt hat tugged low over the eyes. Body solid, legs thigh-thick all the way down through the calves. Arms slung out away from the body as he walks, in an attitude of strength. Sleeves pushed halfway up his forearms. On a field where every other coach, player and ballboy wears blue shorts and a gray T-shirt, on a 95° day when Baltimore has been declared an Air Stagnation Area and doctors are warning heart and lung patients to stay in air-conditioned rooms, one man stalks the afternoon in a maroon plastic sweat jacket.

You don't need to know football to single out the boss of the Baltimore Colts. He strolls up and down the rows of athletes as they perform stretching exercises, his eyes on the grass. He reeks competence. Two free agents jog into the ranks five minutes late because someone failed to tell them that the printed schedule was changed. Kush beckons them immediately and sets their clocks straight: $100 fines each.

He orders the equipment boys to deploy the water tanks across the field. One pauses and takes a drink. "You don't need a drink, you rinky-dinks," Kush bellows.

The 40-yard dash drill begins, a series of sprints to test speed and stamina. Three players sit down when they finish. "Rule number one," Kush hollers. "You *do not* sit on the field." The three players are standing before the sentence is finished.

The tests conclude two hours later and Kush walks to the circle of media on the sidelines. A closeup now. Steel blue eyes, face rugged and handsome, neck deep-tanned. Hair on his head, arms and legs black but speckled with gray, and thinning on top. If you were casting for a football coach or marine sergeant, you would point and say, "This one." The director would snort and say, "Nah, a cliché."

Kush is asked why the third drill, a test of agility and stop-and-go speed, is called "Burma Road." His voice comes low and harsh from the throat, just as you'd expect, but there is mischief in his eyes. "I don't know. I guess some idiot in China ran up and down a road and sold the idea to some idiot in America."

"Will there be any red-flag days?" a reporter from a Baltimore radio station asks.

"What's that, when they have their periods once a month?" Kush replies.

"No, when it gets too hot to work out full speed."

"It will *never* get that hot here. I didn't think today was bad at all." Sweat steam has gotten inside the face of his wristwatch, blurring the time. "I ought to be wearing this sweat jacket around my butt," he says.

A neurosurgeon who has watched the workout approaches and pumps Kush's hand. "I really like that tough approach," the doctor says.

"Well, thank you."

"What do you run, 10 miles a day, Frank?"

"I just wish I ran half as far as some people say I do. I'll run about five miles this evening."

"Good for that leg strength, hey?"

"Look at me," Kush says, pointing to the two fire hydrants that support him. "All I got is leg strength. Sure as hell don't have any head strength."

The self-deprecation comes out comfortably. "I was expecting an automaton," admits Rick Ostrow, Colt beat writer for *The Morning Sun*. "It stunned me."

DAY 3:
Sunday, July 18

He sits on the steps at half-past noon, sweat jacket and hat gone, clean, dry T-shirt on, hair combed. "I suppose my father had more of an influence on me than anyone," he says. "He was disciplined and yet he was very compassionate in his own way. My brother broke his leg clowning around once. He came home on crutches—and my father still kicked his butt. Then there was Gump Polansky, my junior varsity coach. He taught us that you're never hurt until there's a bone sticking out. That was all part of my indoctrination."

He chuckles, looking down at the sidewalk. "Mine No. 35," he says, referring to the coal mine his father worked to support 15 children, before dying of black lung disease. "Windber, Pennsylvania. Good ol' Gump. He was a janitor at the high school." He chuckles again, and his eyes aren't with us anymore. Tough times were good times.

"The media has created an image of Frank Kush," he says. "They say, 'tough, hard-nosed, drill sergeant.' I don't think it's true at all."

Five hours later he stands on the field again, plastic jacket on, hat jerked low

over the eyes, hands and clipboard behind his back, ready for the 11-on-11 scrimmage at the end of his first practice in the NFL. The preceding drills have crackled with contact and crisp organization. Kush has remained a silent supervisor through most of them, giving one demonstration on the blocking sled that pops his hat off his head.

At the first practice session of training camp—hell, in some camps, *every* day—players are often instructed to make brief, initial contact during scrimmage and then hold off. No. 39, a third-year fullback named Marvin Sims, gets the ball on the first play and the pads pop like plastic cluster bombs. Marvin Sims vanishes under an avalanche of grunts.

The sound that comes out of the 600 people gathered to watch Camp Kush is the one a crowd makes when the first truly spectacular fireworks display spiderwebs across a Fourth of July night. It segues into applause.

Midway through the scrimmage, Kush steps up into the pocket, a few feet in front of the quarterback, the line combat swirling all around him. "Fight 'em, fight 'em," he shouts. "Don't come back here!"

The crowd laughs and cheers for the 5-9, 53-year-old general in the midst of the monsters.

"Goddamn, look at him!"

"Bet those poor suckers weren't expecting this. McCormack had 'em shaking hands last year."

At 5:30 the scrimmage finally ends. The players have spent the day being timed in the mile and a half, undergoing strength tests in the weight-lifting room and practicing 2½ hours in full gear. The temperature is 95. The humidity is 60 per cent. The sky is a haze. The effect is hallucinogenic.

Kush orders them to the goal line for sprints.

When it all ends, the crowd applauds. Baltimore is a blue-collar town, and it's damn cathartic these days to see a pro athlete suffer.

Linebacker Ricky Jones, still an observer, walks to the shade shaking his head. "Did you believe that?" he asks. "Somebody get to him. Somebody tell him. It's a long [he spreads his hands a yard apart], looong [two yards apart], looooooooong [full wingspan] season.

"Nice light workout," a writer says to Kush.

"Ah, you guys are a bunch of pussies," he replies. There is a gleam in the steel blue eyes.

"Did the enthusiasm please you?" a reporter asks.

"I don't think they were overly enthused."

"Is the quarterback fair game in these scrimmages?"

Casual now, flip. "I would imagine so. They hit quarterbacks in games, don't they?"

"Will you have that much live hitting in your scrimmages every day?"

Feigning surprise. "That wasn't *live*," he says. "No way. Live is 25 minutes hitting all out all the way. The difference between this and live? I hope that when they're live, they're kicking the hell out of each other."

He looks you straight on, searching for winces or wide eyes. He is feeding off that media image he says is not true at all. He wants to make sure you have it in your notepad. Nobody is sure how to react, so everybody smiles and the press conference breaks up. A Colt public-relations man assures a writer that the coach didn't really mean that part about kicking the hell out of each other.

Ken Huff, guard, in his eighth season: "I'm trying to adjust to his philosophy. I want to stay."

DAY 4: Monday, July 19

Most teams put red jerseys on their quarterbacks, meaning don't hit this poor bastard. No. 1 draft choice Johnie Cooks runs a 4.6 40 and weighs 243 and all of it hits Greg Landry on the first play of the afternoon's "live" scrimmage.

Cooks drives Landry into a thicket of players watching from behind the line of scrimmage, and stretches him out. Landry, 35, with more gray hair than any coach on the team, comes up swinging. The players separate them. A murmur runs through the ranks. Cooks gets two more sacks on different quarterbacks. "This is not a normal football camp," observes visiting linebacker Stan White, a 10-year vet and former Colt now with the Lions. "This wouldn't do much for my career."

Landry comes to the sidelines when the three-hour practice ends and picks up his baby. "Give me a break," says his wife, referring to Cooks' tackle.

A few minutes later, Kush reacts. "If he [Landry] can't stand in there and get hit, he shouldn't be out there. Christ Almighty. We're trying to develop a little toughness out here. Let 'em get the hell out of there if they can't take that. That's football."

He is queried about the whereabouts of fullback Sims, who departed in mid-practice.

"The trainers say he was hyperventilating," Kush scoffs. "What the hell does that mean? He was panting hard. He was tired."

PHOTOGRAPH BY NFL PROPERTIES

DAY 5:
Tuesday, July 20

Goucher College will be a cleaner place to earn a degree this fall because Frank Kush has been here. "If I was president of the college," he says, pointing to trash scattered on the grass, "I'd have all of this cleaned up." He isn't president, but he cleans it up anyway.

On the lawns outside the dormitories, Kush pulls weeds, rocks and clumps of discarded tape out of the grass. "Junky pigpen," he says upon entering the press room, and immediately a radio reporter scurries to gather remnants of yesterday's newspapers.

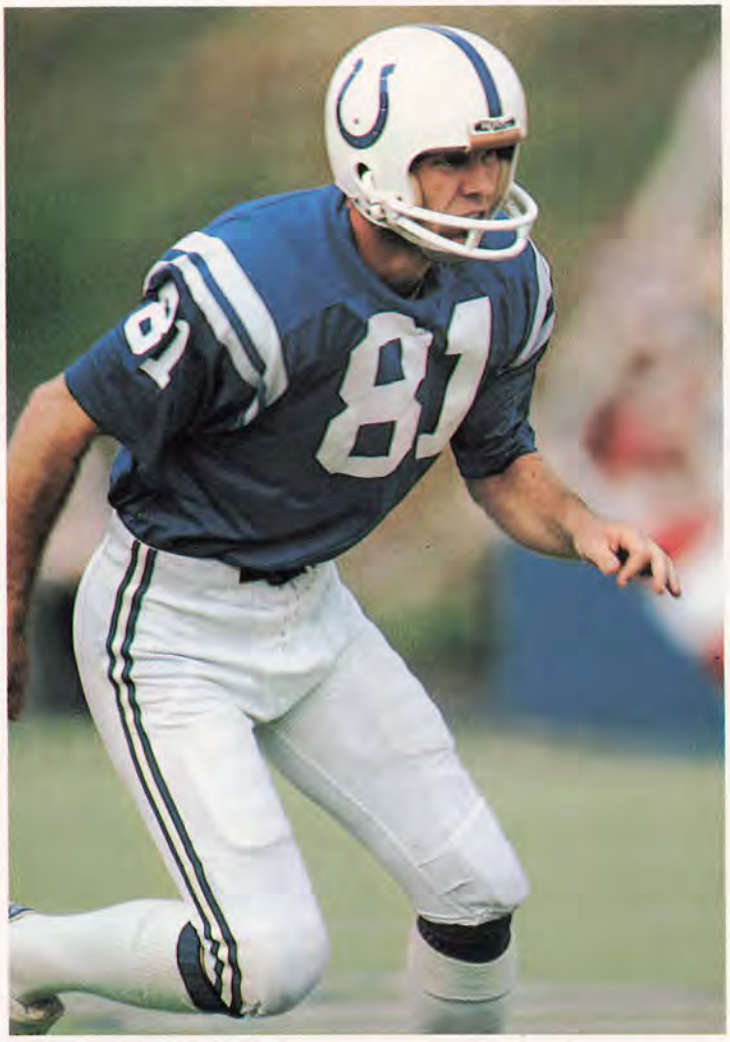
In the morning he has been seen carrying a plastic trash bag, picking up litter. A ballboy has the misfortune to wander by, and in seconds he is down on his hands and knees, raking cigarette butts with his fingers.

Already this week the coach has attacked the Baltimore Zoo. "A disgrace," he says. "I'd have the people who are on welfare out there picking up garbage."

Take care of the little things and the big things take care of themselves. That Slurpee cup over there on the sidelines—see it? Let that go and next thing you know you'll be littering footballs on the five-yard line in the fourth quarter against Dallas. Cleanliness plants the seeds of discipline. Discipline begets mental toughness, mental toughness begets pride, pride begets victory. These are classic old-fashioned football values that have succeeded before. George Allen still picks up litter as he jogs the opulent hills of Southern California. The question, as with all of Kush's tactics, is whether they will work with the wealthy young professionals who comprise the NFL of the '80s.

One of the first things Kush did upon arriving at the Colts' three-year-old practice site in Owings Mills was purchase mulch, flowers and shrubbery, and, along with his assistants, re-landscape the grounds himself. He got GM Ernie Accorsi on a walking-running program and scolded one front-office member for using two towels instead of one to dry himself off after a workout.

At the close of today's afternoon practice, free-agent defensive end Cleveland Crosby—the rap against him in Cleveland and Buffalo was that he didn't hustle—motions all his teammates together for a quick sideline meeting. "Let's keep our locker room clean, guys," he implores. "I don't want to run no 3½ miles."



Roger Carr, wide receiver, in his ninth season; led the NFL in receiving yardage in '76 when he was a Pro Bowl selection: "His program is asinine. It's like a college program—only worse."

DAY 6:
Wednesday, July 21

The dissenter sits on a hill overlooking the morning practice session, wearing bib overalls, a white T-shirt and a green hat advertising Bert Jones' lumber company. He looks more like a tobacco farmer than the only player on the current Colts ever to play in the Pro Bowl. He wants no part of a year with Frank Kush. He has arrived two days before the rest of the veterans in hopes of pressuring the coach into trading him.

"Let me out," 30-year-old wide receiver Roger Carr says. "My heart is 2,000 miles away. Laird and Jones and Pratt all wanted out, and they got their wishes. Kush says, 'It's my way or the highway.' I took him at his word. I told him I wanted the highway. He hung up on me twice.

"I think his program is asinine. It's like a college program—only worse. You can have all the hitting and conditioning and discipline you want, when the bell rings in the NFL, every team is in shape. I worked out an hour and a half a day last year and I was in great shape."

Carr says the same thing over and over for six members of the print media and four from the electronic. "Irsay [owner Robert Irsay] is supposed to be here this evening," Carr says. "I'll talk to him too if Frank doesn't punch me out first. Or am I supposed to call him 'Coach Kush'?"

In the pre-showdown press conference, Kush barely tries to bite back his sarcasm. Because of Carr's public outcry, the trade offers have been pitiful and the Colts are trying to prove they are in no stampede to swap him. "I could write down what I'm going to tell him right now," Kush says.

Carr walks into Froelicher Hall, bristling to have it out with the coach. "Where is he?" he asks. "Just went down that hall," points a reporter. The Pro Bowl vet breaks into a trot. The rookie NFL coach opens his door.

Four minutes later Carr exits, a moth that has bounced off a mountainside. "He never said a word," Carr says. "He just sat there and listened and grinned."

DAY 7:
Thursday, July 22

Frank Kush's two-a-days are exacting their toll. Stairways have become architectural sabotage; the players use the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

railings as pulleys to hoist themselves up. Who was the fiend that put the cafeteria on the second floor, anyway?

The contact is vicious, the whistles are slow, the pileups are deepening. Fistfights are becoming a daily event. "It is the most intense hitting I've ever seen," admits assistant coach Gunther Cunningham. Judging by the chorus of animal sounds the players produce each play from scrimmage, the poor stiffs are convinced that Kush is charting the number of *grrrrs*.

At the end of the practice, they shed their shells and trudge to the goal line for sprints. The disciple begins roaming up and down the long line of men, clapping his hands. "Let's hear some chatter," he cries, and he does not stop until there is chatter and clapping. "Guys tell me if I don't make the team, I can always go out for cheerleading."

His name is Gary Padjen, a 246-pound linebacker. He is one of nine here who played under Kush at Arizona State; the coach hopes that seeding his camp roster with Sun Devils will hasten the pollination of his principles.

"It is an honor to be on a Frank Kush team," Padjen says. "He's just like Patton. You love him or you hate him, but deep inside you love him. He pushes you beyond what you think you can do. You have to be a tough son of a bitch to play here. I'm sure a lot of players won't respond to it. There's guys here whose minds are blown at what we're having to do.

"This is the only method there is to coaching football. Football is a violent game. If you're not tough enough, forget it. I had one training camp under Tom Landry, and this is a much more physical approach. You have the feeling Coach Kush would go out there and fight with us.

"Is that enough?" he asks, rolling his shoulders to loosen his muscles. "I've got to go now."

He walks toward the weight-lifting room, where snorts and clangs burst out the open windows for 45 minutes until the afternoon practice begins.

Randy McMillan, fullback, in his second season; was a first-round draft pick whose 1,063 yards rushing and receiving in '81 were second-highest ever by a Colt rookie: "Everyone's going to be better prepared. We won't run out of gas in the fourth quarter."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON ROSS

DAY 8:
Friday, July 23

The vets checking in, cradling portable TV sets in their arms like babies, get the news. Greg Landry, "Pops," the team's father figure, has just been cut. "I've heard," growls running back Zach Dixon. "And I don't like it."

The offensive linemen gather at the end of the field to watch the afternoon workout, talking quietly, their arms folded, their faces skeptical. The consensus: Kush canned Pops because he was afraid the veteran would show up the two rookie QBs, first-rounder Art Schlichter and fourth-rounder Mike Pagel. One lineman says he's putting his house up for sale now. They plot strategy on how to beat the system in the 40-yard-dash tests they must undergo the next day. The plan: Since anyone running 70 per cent of his 10 dashes within .4 seconds of his best time does not have to stay after practice for extra conditioning drills the rest of the training camp, don't run a fast 40 early so it will be easier to remain 70 per cent consistent. Halfway through practice, the linemen adjourn the meeting to a local tavern.

Kush, the author of all this anxiety, leaves his noon press conference whistling. From the beginning he has refused to pay reverence to the NFL laws for building a team. "I don't get concerned with what the myths or images are about needing to have a veteran quarterback around," he says.

Only two members of his coaching staff—offensive coordinator Zeke Bratkowski, who played under Lombardi, and defensive coordinator Bud Carson, who supervised two Super Bowl defensive units in Pittsburgh—have ever coached in an NFL game. The other six were college coaches and include a 34- and 36-year-old. He has traded three of his most respected players—Bert Jones, Bruce Laird and Robert Pratt. He refuses to trade Carr, who walks around campus today wearing a Ram T-shirt and shouting, "Get me out of here! I may go berserk and start shooting people!" And now, by cutting Landry, he has sent a message to the second wave of players entering camp that is as obvious as the spiked mace was to the first wave: I don't *have* to keep any of you. You have to play it my way.

The most striking Kush quality as camp unfolds is this calm cocksuredness. He rarely needs to scream. He is untroubled, unhurried, unworried. Off the field, amiable even. "Can I get anybody a soda?" he asks as he enters the press lounge, and then he stretches out his legs and talks as long as anyone cares to listen. He is not a wristwatch watcher. If he is trying to cultivate the media as his messenger, he is doing a damn fine job.

He skips lunch today and runs five miles in his plastic jacket at the apex of

the day's 90° heat. He is a work-ethic warrior, like Dick Vermeil and Allen, and yet something different ticks here. There are none of Vermeil's self-doubts that he could always be doing something more, nor Allen's paranoia that someone somewhere might be getting an edge on him. The Kush work ethic has perimeters. The work hours are sane. "You won't find us working at 11 p.m.," he says. A week before camp, he went fishing in Canada and didn't call the office once.

The experience last year in Hamilton, where Kush entered a strange league with new rules, rebuilt the roster in his image and won big, has cemented his certainty. "It was after the [Kevin Rutledge] trial, and people kept bombarding me with 'you're too tough,' " he says. "The first few days at Hamilton, guys were starting to stand around. The third practice, I said, 'Hell, I'm going to coach the way I always have.' If it doesn't succeed, then I'm not cut out for it. Canada assured me it can work and will work."

By discipline and force of personality, he will *make* any football team win, even the Baltimore Colts. "If I had one word to describe him," Schlichter says, "it would be 'strong.' He is a *strong* man."

Wade Griffin, tackle, a five-year veteran; retired after one week of camp because of physical problems: "If I started thinking about all the guys who left, I'd get depressed."

DAY 9:
Saturday, July 24

Herb Orvis has checked into camp carrying shaving gear and a change of underwear. He is the player rep, he is 35, he is a figurehead of the old Colts. Inevitably, he knows, he is one other thing: gone.

Kush wants young, impressionable minds. The assistant coaches, either through order from Kush or through intimation, seem to be keeping their distance from the veterans. No "welcome backs" or "glad to have yas." "They hand us our playbooks," says one, "and walk away." Orvis seethes.

At mealtime he sits near the coaches' table, talking loudly enough for all of them to hear. "If these coaches had any balls," he announces, "they would come up and introduce themselves to us."

By nightfall, Orvis is cut.

"Didn't you say everyone would have a fair shot at making the team?" Kush is asked.

"That's right."

"Was that a fair shot?"

"Yes. I'm the one who makes the decisions and it was fair to me."

One more showdown is done with. Now everyone waits for the first few times Curtis Dickey gets splattered by one of the Kush disciples during the daily live scrimmages. Dickey has a thoroughbred's reputation, fast but fragile.

"If they hit Curtis Dickey like they're hitting these free agents, that's cool?" a reporter asks.

"That's *football*," corrects Kush.

"But aren't some athletes more delicate than others?"

"You mean they have a lower threshold of pain? Sure. And we've got to get them accustomed to getting hit. I have no compassion for anybody playing football being hit. Why are they even out there? They're going to get hurt and get hurt bad. To be even talking about it amazes me. If they get injured and can't make the team, that's their problem.

"If I lose players because of my toughness, I don't care. I don't want them anyway. I'm not saying that they're wrong, I'm saying you've got to adhere to a certain philosophy. Conditioning is like going to church—you just do it."

It is evening and Kush has just received the results of the veterans' conditioning tests. Roger Carr has run 5.7 40s and managed zero bench presses in protest.

Even worse, the veterans have not lived up to his expectations. Kush is disturbed that his reputation has not frightened more of them into coming to camp prepared, the way it did with the rookies.

"Their attitude is just plain horsecrap," he snaps between bites of his Waldorf salad. "They are what they were: losers."

DAY 10:
Sunday, July 25

Everyone talks in low voices that get lower anytime anyone walks by. The vets stick together. Kush's boys might be spies. Everything is off the record.

"Last night he told us we were losers," says one lineman. "No beer on the team planes. No smoking, no tobacco-chewing in the locker room or at meetings. We have to call every assistant 'coach' instead of their first name. He even threatened an assistant coach during one of the practices. He got mad and told him, 'I'll get rid of your ass, too.' "

"The assistants are as scared as we are," says a receiver. "He's got them running all over this place. The veterans are getting treated like dirt. I'll try to put in one good year here and get out. How long can your career last doing what

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON ROSS

we're doing out there? Hell, no, we can't talk to him about it. He's military, man. He's brainwashed. He's like one of those dudes who goes to The Citadel.

"He thinks pain is just a state of mind. Everyone's just praying they don't get that mediocre injury, that two-three-weeker, like a hamstring. Get a big one and they have to put you on injured reserve and you get paid. Get a mediocre one and you get cut. Or you try to run on it because you know he doesn't want to hear about it, and it'll really get bad."

Curtis Dickey, so far at least, is bending to the new laws. "I don't mind the hitting," he says. "I'm hurting, but so is everybody else."

A ballboy mopes by. "He's told us if he sees another piece of trash on the ground, we're going to get fined, just like the players. The oldest one of us is 20 and the youngest is 14. We're scared to death, man."

DAY 11: Monday, July 26

"I'm in shock," says defensive line coach Gunther Cunningham. He is sitting on a tired green sofa in the dormitory lobby after lunch, watching players scatter for catnaps before the afternoon practice. He is 36, coached at four colleges before spending last year with Kush in Canada, and never played in the NFL. Kush might be one of the league's few head coaches with the self-assurance to hire him.

"I'm in shock that so many players here want explanations for the moves we're making. The problems we've had in this country over the last 10 years stem from the fact that we haven't had enough tough leaders like coach Kush to make decisions and take the responsibility on themselves. Too many people give in. Coach Kush is tough all the time. Last year we beat British Columbia when they were 5-0, flew back all night and coach had them run 3½ miles of wind sprints at 8 a.m. so they wouldn't forget what got them there. The older you get in professional football, the more shortcuts you learn. It may take awhile, but we'll find the right group of people here."

On the field, Gump Polansky stabs a stubby finger in a writer's chest and says that public backlash against million-dollar contracts and free-agent crybabies could spawn a renaissance of Kush-like coaches. Not in those words, exactly. Gump, in camp for three days visiting his old protege, wears a Genesee cap and a blue short-sleeve shirt about to bust from the swell of either his pride or his belly. "He don't take no bullcrap," Gump thunders. "It's all been going the players' way the last 10 years or so. Let 'em pay for what they're getting paid for. We're sick of 'em not puttin' out."

A few yards away, the fans encircle Kush as he is video-taped for a TV interview. They listen politely and then cheer loudly for Kush, the guardian of their ticket dollar. Sitting a few yards from Kush's feet, staring up with the leer of a mocking pupil, sits Roger Carr. As Kush becomes the champion of the frustrated 10-bucker, Carr becomes his foil. Carr refuses to enter any contact drills, loitering off to the side in an attempt to enrage Kush. The fans jeer every move the villain makes. Kush says nothing.

During the afternoon session, starting wide receiver Ray Butler extends himself for a pass and takes a savage shot in the stomach from starting defensive back Nesby Glasgow. The crowd whoops for Kush. Butler goes to one knee and vomits twice.

DAY 12: Tuesday, July 27

Shortly after sunrise, Roger Carr is gone. Three weeks' suspension without pay, plus a fine the equivalent of one week's salary. "The player will never be in a position to dictate to us," declares Kush. "No individual is going to make a difference in our football team."

Those who saw TV film clips of Kush bullying players at Arizona State, where he had the second-best record of any coach then active, are once more disappointed. If he was going to slug anybody, it would have been Carr yesterday, when the receiver tried to embarrass him during the TV interview.

Has he learned from the incident at Arizona State that led to his firing? Kush shakes his head no, like a bulldog with a pantleg in his teeth.

"At Arizona State," he explains, "I felt personally responsible to the player and to his parents to make him succeed. I felt it was my responsibility to assume the father role. I was the extension of the father's arm. So I'd treat the player the same way I'd treated my kids, and my father treated me. If they had personal problems, I'd help them the way a father would. I didn't allow them to stay in a separate athletic dorm, because I wanted them to grow socially as well as athletically and academically. But here, my role is football coach, and my responsibility is to win. If the player is not doing the job here, I just cut him.

"All I really learned from the firing is that people are people. I was disappointed in the lack of loyalty. I hadn't changed in 22 years. It was 'Frank Kush this, Frank Kush that,' and they had my picture plastered up on big billboards—all crap as far as I'm concerned—and suddenly the tide changed. I pinched myself—I mean that, I literally pinched myself—to see if it was all a dream. I got a job two months later at a plant that manufactures metal detectors. I *had* to work even though I was pretty well set financially. Psychologically, because of how tough it was when I was growing up, I *had* to have that paycheck coming in to survive.

"I started in sales and PR, but I told the owner, 'Let me learn something on the assembly line,' and I worked with my hands. I would sweep the floor and the owner would tell me it was too demeaning. I worked there six months. When Hamilton offered me the job, I felt like a person escaping from behind the Iron Curtain. I felt like a bird."

DAY 13: Wednesday, July 28

The distance Frank Kush must travel becomes painfully clear today. The Eagles, playing without any veterans, thrash the Colts' full-roster squad in a controlled scrimmage, five touchdowns to one.

Dick Vermeil remembers the pain of pouring the foundation and consoles Kush as they walk off the field, even though Kush needs no such nonsense as consolation. "He'll win here," Vermeil says. It is an amazing thing, the certainty which is common to men like these. "He'll have to get rid of the prima donnas and the guys who want to play in semi-retirement, and he'll have to take a lot of crap from people who don't know what they're talking about. I went through the same thing in Philadelphia. I know."

Vermeil, of course, is the freshest proof that the authoritarian approach still works in the NFL, but he balances his tyranny by hugging players during good times and draping an arm around their shoulders in bad. Kush cannot. He has drawn the lines of life too harshly. He must depend on his assistants for the human touch that separates discipline from degradation.

"I won't put my arm around a player," Kush says. "It's just not me. I'm not a close person to anybody, not even my wife. In my world, it was survival. You were brought up to be completely independent of other people."

His world now is professional football, where to survive is to win. Frank Kush is a survivor. It remains to be seen how many of his players are. ■

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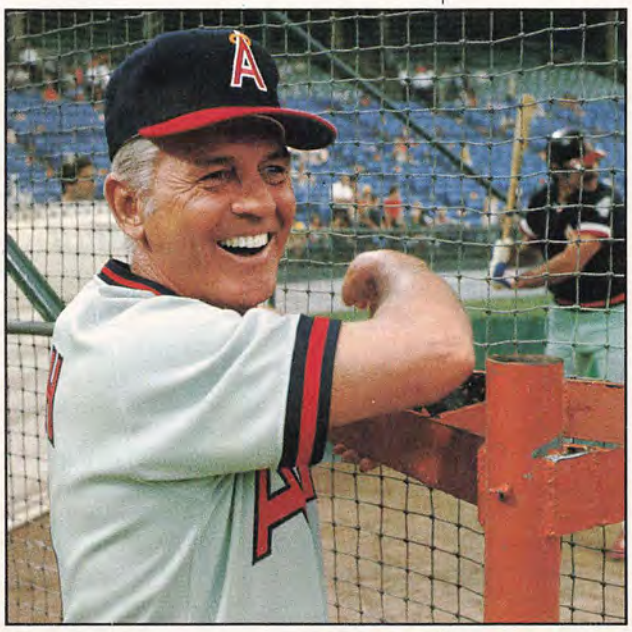
WHY GENE MAUCH DESERVES TO WIN

BY SANDY GRADY

AH, YES, HOW SWEET IT IS. This is one of those magic moments for which Gene Mauch would sell his soul. An old ballpark coming to life on a summer night. The thwock-thwock of batting practice. A passing thunderstorm that has left a gaudy sunset. All this bounty—and a pennant race that will test a manager's guile and guts to the limit.

Mauch doesn't see the sunset, and the only music he hears is in the California Angel bats. He's standing behind the batting cage, the blue-and-red cap low across his intense, aquiline face. His feet are braced wide like the old shortstop he is. He watches Fred Lynn rattle the fence, Rod Carew use the bat like a Stradivarius. Then Reggie Jackson lofts a half-dozen shots into the sunset to end the 1812 Overture crescendo.



"Some people think that 1964 was the only year I managed"

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

"That's downtown, Reg," says Mauch. "I'll take just one of those."

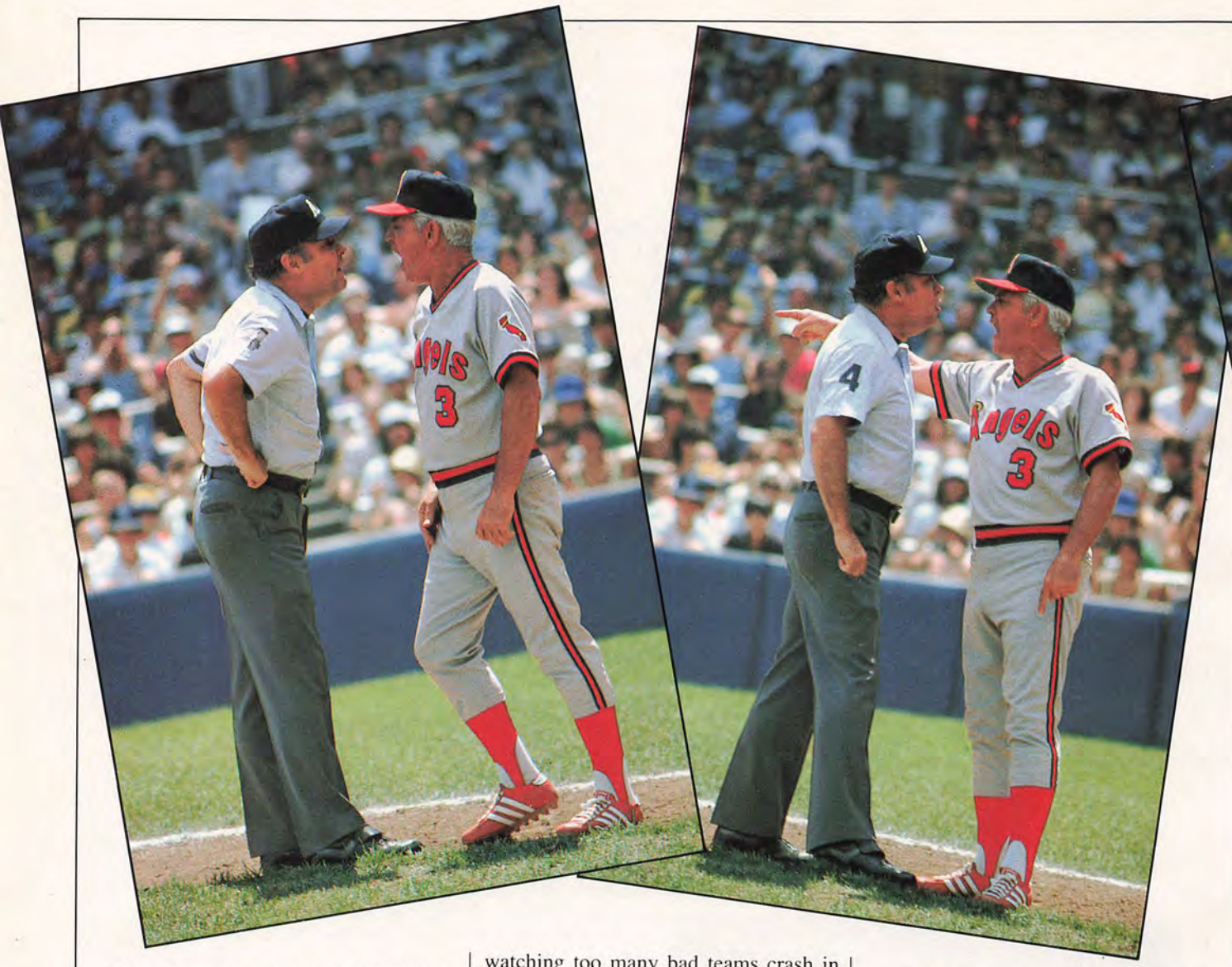
Mauch spits, turns on his heel and walks away, with the happy glint of an orchestra conductor satisfied that the brass section is tuned up.

"Awesome, huh?" he says. "Aren't they a joy to watch?"

No, what *is* awesome is that 56-year-old Gene Mauch can still tingle to the rituals of a game that has lanced him with so much pain. No other manager has endured 22 straight summers without winning a title of any kind. One third-place finish, one second place. Mauch is one of baseball's long-running enigmas, a man who burns to win, who runs a team with the cunning and ferocity Cagney and Bogart once brought to the screen. Yet Mauch's World Series roles have been that of a frustrated spectator. He was there in 1964 after his Phils blew that haunting 6½-game lead in the last 14 days. Mauch watched the St. Louis Cardinals line up for the Series introductions and the pain hit him—*goddammit, that should be my team down there*—and he left his seat to stand in a runway, trying not to throw up.

Would October ever come for Mauch? Sympathizers hoped 1982 would be the year he could finally shake the title that has nagged him—Smartest Manager Who Never Won A Pennant. At last he had a team equal to his own shrewd abilities. Gene Autry had paid $15 million in the free-agent Rialto for this collection of ex-MVPs, All-Stars (four were voted 1982 starters) and wealthy supernovas. The Angels had more talent on the bench than some other Mauch teams put on the field. After years of driving second-hand pickup trucks, Mauch had a Ferrari.

Okay, if there is justice and logic, Mauch deserves to sit in a World Series dugout this year. "I want so badly for Mauch to win this one after all he's been through," said 77-year-old Leo Dur-



ocher, who was managing the Dodgers in 1943 when 17-year-old Mauch signed a Brooklyn contract. That's probably a baseball consensus, even among ex-Mauch players who chafed under his driving style. "Gene's too smart to hold back," says Rex Barney, the old Dodger fireballer, a contemporary who has known Mauch 35 years. "If he wins this one, he could win a bundle of them."

But as Mauch nursed an unpredictable Angel pitching staff through a tough September Western Division race, Mauch-watchers wondered nervously: Could he succeed with a team that was *talented enough* to win? For his part, Mauch squirmed to divert the spotlight from his own career troubles.

"All that losing crap has been overplayed," he said. "I never backed up to a pay window anywhere I managed. These players don't want to hear about Mauch doing this and that. They don't want to hear about 'Mauch ball.' Neither do I."

He is flat-bellied and grim, but the hair is silver and the eyes seem bruised from watching too many bad teams crash in flames. Mauch is sitting in the visiting manager's office in Baltimore, a room as bare as a small-town jail. He has spent half his life in such lonely cells. He is a complex mixture—testy, aloof, charming, mercurial, driven, manipulative. But those futile years with the Phils, Expos and Twins have affected the 1982 Mauch. He's changed—in part, tempering his combustible style to mesh with the stately, middle-age Angel powerhouse. A mature, autumnal Mauch.

"After all those years I'd hate to think I couldn't adjust to suit a team," he said. "But I still burn inside when I lose, and I'll do whatever it takes to prevent it."

Wherever baseball men make late-night talk, some of those Mauch explosions are legendary: Mauch dropkicking a table of barbecue and watermelon into a maelstrom after a Phillie defeat. Mauch storming into the umpires' quarters after being ejected in a "dustoff" controversy. Mauch karate-chopping Jerry Grote's forearms when Grote dared catch a pop foul in Mauch's dugout.

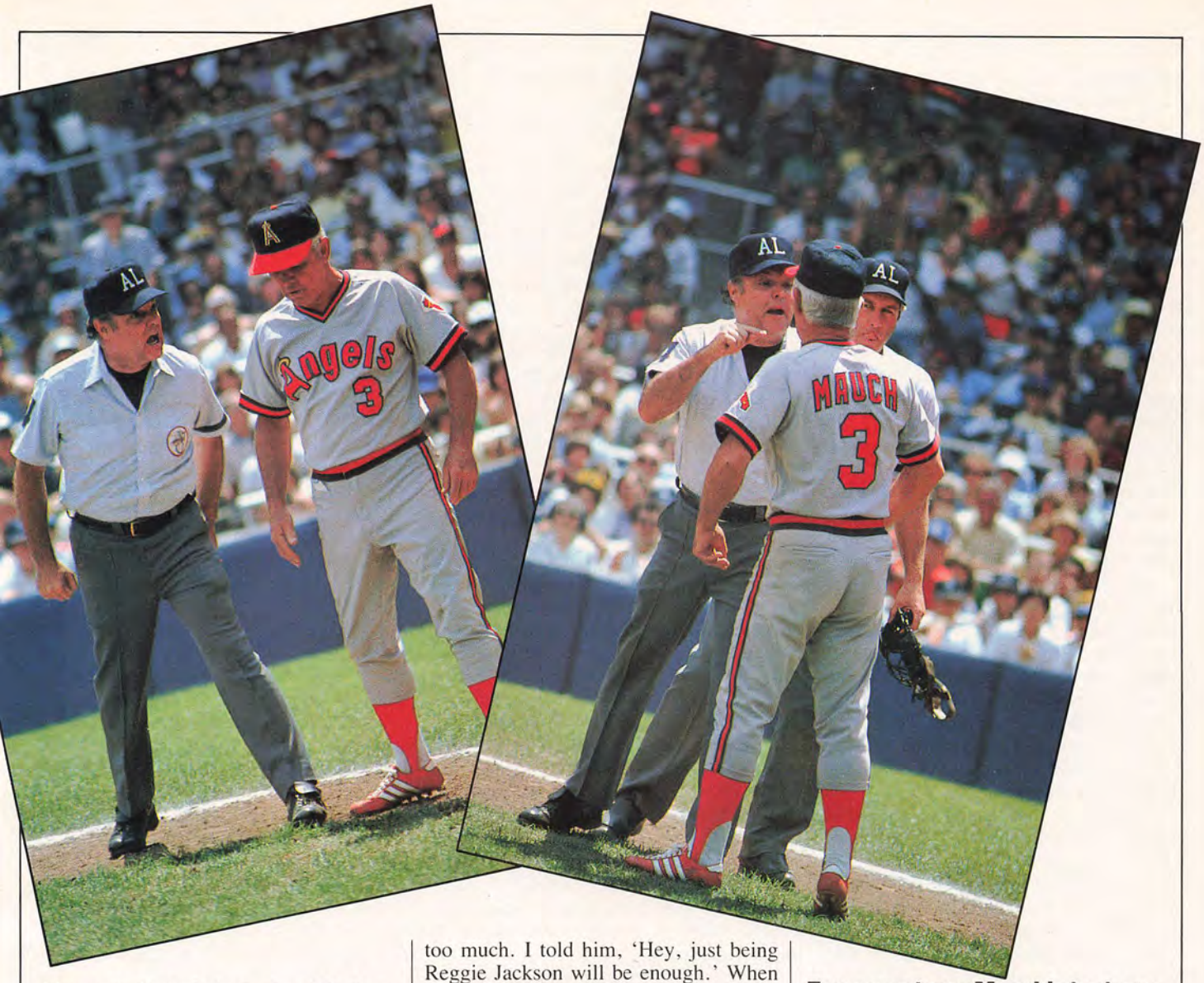
And the new-model Mauch? Ask him the last time he was evicted by an umpire and he shrugs. (It was in 1980.) Fights? He hasn't been to Fist City since his left arm was damaged by some Phillies in a 1972 beanbrawl with his Expos.

"Until that happened, I was a very physical manager," he said. "It was the one edge I had, hard work and enthusiasm. I'd go out and throw 45 minutes of batting practice when it was 103°, mosquitoes big as bombers. Players would say, 'He can do it, maybe I can do it.' I miss that. Fortunately, you don't have to do things to stir up this team."

So the Angels—affluent celebrities whose average age is 33 and whose lot includes four ex-MVPs (Lynn, Jackson, Carew, Don Baylor)—have never experienced a classic, barbecue-booting Mauch tantrum.

"Sure, I've seen his veins pop out when we start fouling up, but he doesn't blow up like he used to," says Carew, who was also with Mauch in Minnesota. Tim Foli, who played for Mauch in

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN



Even a maturer Mauch's tantrum can turn into a Homeric epic. Ump Marty Springstead debates The Man Who Hates to Lose.

Montreal, thinks he has tamped his dynamite to keep the Angel veterans on an even keel. "He doesn't have to push himself or this team beyond the limit to win."

But it is Jackson, his black bat resurgent and a spring in his 36-year-old step after escaping the Yankee soap operas, who may have benefited the most from Mauch's subtle touch.

"The man's always thinking; he's two innings ahead of the rest of the world," said Jackson, who seems as relaxed as a man in a hot tub. "We're on the same wavelength. All Gene says to me is to be more vociferous, to let my emotions rub off on other guys."

If the rap against Mauch was that he could not handle veteran superstars, the Jackson relationship dispels it. "I didn't really know Reggie," said Mauch. "But I knew Aaron and Mays had great years at his age. Other managers told me, 'This man will find a way to do it.' And Reggie worked his butt off to get in shape. He struggled at the plate early, trying to do too much. I told him, 'Hey, just being Reggie Jackson will be enough.' When he hit that homer off Ron Guidry [April 27] in Yankee Stadium, it triggered things. He does great things under stress."

Mauch teams usually have had a scuffling, clever catcher who was a Mauch alter ego. Scholarly Bob Boone, who came to the Angels after 10 years in Philadelphia, fits the role; he's kept Mauch's pitching staff from self-destructing. "When Buzzie Bavasi [executive vice-president] said we had a chance for Boone, I said, 'Get him—now.' Boone has a mind like a sponge," says Mauch. "He woke me one night in Chicago—he hadn't got any hits either—to tell me how much he *enjoyed* playing that day. Boone *cares* and pitchers know it."

Is this serene Mauch the same one who once tore a telephone off the wall after a Phillie defeat?

"Aw, you don't demean players now," he said. "The days are gone when a Durocher could scream at players, 'Back up the truck and get this garbage out of here!' Or I could yell at [ex-Phil catcher Clay] Dalrymple, 'I'm going to stick a five-cent stamp on your ass and mail you where I won't have to see you!' You don't insult players' intelligence now. There's too much money. You play on their pride."

This may be the year that settles the argument about Mauch—is he a creative genius or an over-manager whose platooning and lineup-juggling destroy talent? Despite Mauch's infamous record, Detroit's Sparky Anderson says he may be the best thinker who *ever* managed in the game. But Mauch's era of Atari baseball may be over for him—the five-man infields, sending up seven pinch-hitters in a row, starting three pitchers, watering basepaths to slow a team of hot rods. ("Mauch's hair would be as dark as Cary Grant's if he didn't stay up all night thinking up that stuff," Tommy John once said.) With the majestic, muscular

1982 Angels, the manager has subdued his Mauchiavellian instincts.

"This team knows how to play," he said, as soft rock filled the Angel clubhouse. "Every guy in the lineup has been on at least one division champion. So you don't have to maneuver so much. You don't have to assert yourself so much. Hell, I didn't do all those things with other teams to create a reputation. I was trying to keep from getting *buried*. And there were plenty of people who wanted to bury me."

Mauch's face darkened. He paused a long time, his mind caught in the brambles of the past. "I was going to turn the game upside down. I was going to be the greatest manager who ever lived. But all my ideas were directed toward managing a team like the postwar Dodgers or Yankees. I hadn't been thinking about the 1960 Phillies."

Mauch was like Casals trying to play Bach on a washboard. Eddie Sawyer had quit as manager after opening day, saying, "I'm 49 and I'd like to see 50." Mauch soon understood why. In his second year, the team lost 23 straight, a Bataan death march never equaled. The team's feature was the "Dalton Gang," boozy nightriders who set records for demolishing saloons.

"Managing that team on the field wasn't the hardest part," Mauch said. "First you had to go into bars or bust down hotel doors to find them. It's good I was a young man. An old one would never have survived."

He detests talking about the Phillie swoon in 1964. But once the gates open, all the memories gush out. He remembers nearly every pitch of that 10-game losing streak. The Dodgers' Willie Davis stealing home in the 16th to set the stage for the debacle. The Reds' Chico Ruiz stealing home with Frank Robinson at bat to beat the Phils 1–0, and the astonished Cincinnati manager Dick Sisler telling Mauch, "If he hadn't made it, he would be running to San Diego [a farm club]." As the Phils spiraled into depression, Mauch became tight-jawed and quiet. "I hated to hear players say, 'Don't worry, No. 4 [Mauch] will think of something,' " said Mauch scornfully. The debacle has made him the Lord Jim of Philly baseball—he blew a pennant by overworking Chris Short and Jim Bunning down that bitter September chute.

"People forget that team played almost 150 perfect games. I knew how tired they were. I knew what pitchers were getting a little shaky," he said, riffling his hand in the air to denote nerves. "I knew one thing about Bunning and Short. They wouldn't spit out the bit. And I wanted to get that sonuvabitch over as fast as I could."

Would he use only two pitchers down an Angel closing stretch?

"If that's what it takes," he said, eyes hard. "If that's what it takes to win."

Mauch's stormy tour in Philadelphia ended in 1968. Dick Allen, engulfed in boos, went AWOL so often that Mauch told the Phil brass: "Trade him or I'm going." When the June 15 deadline passed with no Allen trade, Mauch put on his clothes during a doubleheader and flew home to Los Angeles. Allen's talent still tantalizes Mauch. "Nobody, nobody ever came into the game hitting like that," he said. "When I think of him hitting those balls deep into the lights, when I picture him sliding into second base, four feet off the ground, I get goose bumps."

Mauch the archdruid then began his wanderings in baseball's purgatory. He was fired after seven futile building years at Montreal, which made him furious. Minnesota seemed to have great potential, but after five years of watching owner Calvin Griffith peddle away his dreadnoughts, Mauch's spirit broke in August 1980. He left a year's $100,000 salary to escape.

"Baseball's always been an intense pleasure for me," he said. "But I knew I had to get away, I was killing the way I felt about the game. I figured walking away from the money would square things with myself, that I hadn't sold out. And I swore I would never manage another bad team."

The phone started ringing, though. Archdruids are in demand. Mauch had four offers to manage big league clubs and one to be a general manager after he went home to his $215,000 condo in Rancho Mirage. He played 36 holes of golf a day in his stereo-and-TV-equipped golf cart. Angel owner Autry, a Palm Springs neighbor, kept calling him: "Talk to Buzzie [Bavasi]. He needs you." Mauch signed on to freelance in the Angel front office. "Not being in uniform hurt twice—when I saw The Kid [nephew Roy Smalley] get off the Twins bus, and when I saw the Angel lineup opening day 1981. I knew that thing I had for the game wasn't lost." By May 28, he was managing the Angels, who went on a torrid streak that vanished after the strike. "I had an impact on them," Mauch told wife Nina Lee. "But after they sit around and watch that money fly out the window, the impact's gone." But then, the Angels' last two decades have been as rut-pocked as Mauch's.

It obviously galls Mauch that he's known primarily for his losing streak. He says wryly, "Some people think that 1964 was the only year I managed." It rankled when Howard Cosell, a friend, introduced him at a pro-am golf tournament as "Gene Mauch, the only man who ever blew 20 straight pennants." When he passed Al Lopez on the list of most durable managers (Mauch now rates No. 9), Mauch snapped, "Yeah, another sonuvagun who didn't win." So there was indisputably some personal heat on Mauch as he went into the pennant furnace this year with a team that, despite its Fortune 500 paychecks and All-Star glitz, tested his new cool. There was early-season grumbling that Mauch played for too many one-run innings; the team led the league in sacrifices. Then Jackson burst into a bonfire and Lynn, Baylor, Doug DeCinces, Bobby Grich and Brian Downing began hitting homers in gorgeous bunches. Mauch junked the bunting strategy to enjoy the spree.

"I always liked Little Ball, the way tricksters like Foli and Boone and others play it," said Mauch with a slow grin. "But I'm learning to *love* Big Ball."

But the pitching was silver-plating Mauch's hair and rattling his stoicism. "I gloated at the All-Star break about our bullpen," he said. "First rule, never gloat." Those Millionaire Row bats would get a fat lead that the low-rent bullpen would let melt.

"You can't lose too many sons of bitches like that," he growled. "I worry about the effect on my everyday players. They play too hard. You can't keep tampering with their emotions."

One July night when the Angels seemed on the verge of blowing another one in the ninth, Jackson looked at Mauch in the dugout, eyes wide, and whispered, "Again?" Mauch waved his hand to signal, don't worry, we'll be okay this time. After the Angels escaped, Jackson said, "Hey, Gene, how'd you know we'd get out of that?"

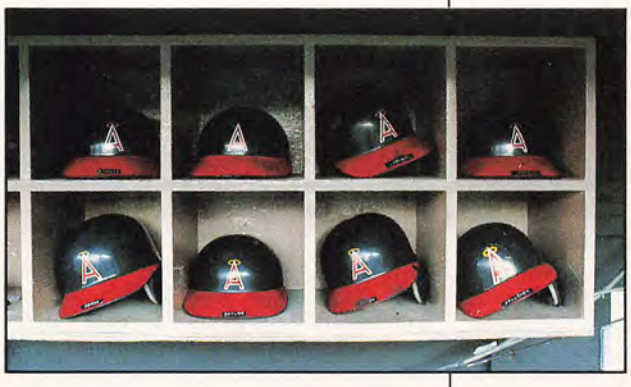
"Listen, when you want something bad enough and you try hard enough," said Mauch, "you've got a pretty good chance of getting it."

Maybe he really believes that homemade ethic. Does fate really give a hoot whether Mauch scuffled 22 years with tail-end turkeys, Boy Scout troops and .220 bunglers? If life is fair, he will be in the dugout when the Angels go into a World Series, with the wind riffling the Series pennants and the high-rollers in the $50 seats and 50 million people watching. This year. Make it now. ■

SANDY GRADY *is a columnist for the* Philadelphia Daily News.

WHY THE ANGELS CAN'T WIN

BY VIC ZIEGEL



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

The *Monday Night Baseball* game would start in a few minutes and Steve Hirdt was ready. He knew a few things about the California Angels—brother, did he ever—and he couldn't wait for the right time to pass along his information. When he did, the Angels' deep, dark not-so-secret secret would be spelled out on 10 million television screens.

"The Angels," said Hirdt, the ABC-TV statistician, "have lost a lead and the game five times *in the ninth inning*." The statistician ignored his pregame hamburger and feasted on his notebook. He hopped his finger down a column of names until he came to Doug Corbett.

Hirdt's figures for May showed the Angel with an earned run average of more than six runs. "He was over six for June and he's over six so far in July," Hirdt said. Corbett had allowed nine home runs, tied for second highest among relievers. His nine losses were absolutely the worst. If ABC had any excuse to flash those numbers—say Corbett came into the game, or warmed up; really, all he had to do was take the paper bag off his head—close to 30 million people would think the pitcher's only skill was riding in a bullpen cart.

This is the same Doug Corbett who, for the last two seasons at Minnesota, was one of baseball's best relievers. What happened to Corbett in Anaheim—loss after loss, one non-save followed by another—will likely be the story of this year's California Angels.

By mid-August, several weeks after ABC had dropped in on them, the Angels' ninth-inning failures (games in which they were ahead or tied) were up to nine. They also had blown four games in the seventh inning and five more in the eighth. Successful clubs don't give it away like that.

The Angels are talented, no doubt about it. The starting nine—and they always know who they are—probably will finish second to Milwaukee in runs and homers. In the field, take California.

The starting pitchers, an area of concern at the beginning of the season, have held up remarkably well. Geoff Zahn, 35, and Steve Renko, 37, are enjoying their finest seasons. Ken Forsch, 36, had never won more than a dozen games. This is his season to take a giant step. At other times, a good start has come from Dave Goltz, picked up as a free agent in late May; Bruce Kison, listed in Who's Who in Baseball Patients; Mike Witt, the youngest Angel at 22; and Luis Tiant, who can tell Witt about life before two-division play.

It's the late-inning crowd, the bullpen, that keeps the season from being too easy. Until Corbett was sent to Spokane on August 3, he shared a bench with Andy Hassler, and when he was healthy, Don Aase. Because manager Gene Mauch needed more reliable arms, he turned to Kison and, later, Goltz.

The last two still were thought of as

starters when the Angels picked up the schedule after the All-Star break with a four-game visit to Cleveland. Their first night, an 8–2 romp over the Indians, was followed by a 15–0 massacre.

The following day, hot and muggy, Doug DeCinces was standing near the batting cage, wondering why his spikes were squishing into the grass. The third baseman hailed a passing groundskeeper and discovered it was the normal watering process, happened every game. But DeCinces came up with an explanation of his own: "They're afraid we're going to beat them 20–0."

DeCinces couldn't have known how close the Angels might come. And, finally, how far away. Brian Downing led off the new game with a home run. By the sixth inning, it was 4–0.

Right then, right there, the Angels fell to earth. Cleveland scored two runs on a two-out single and Mauch waved for a lefthander, Hassler, to pitch to lefthanded batters Von Hayes and Rick Manning. Mauch says there aren't many pitchers tougher on lefties than Hassler. *That* Hassler didn't respond to Mauch's wave. He threw nine pitches, eight balls, and walked in another run.

The seventh inning was Corbett's bad time. He faced six Indians—a hit, three walks, four runs, let's get 'em tomorrow. By the time Aase came in, the Angels were three runs behind. And about to lose more than a ballgame.

Aase, 28, spent 2½ years as an Angel starting pitcher. He was miscast. Aase moved into the bullpen, permanently, in August 1980, and last season he responded with 4 wins, 11 saves, a 2.35 ERA. He was showing that same sort of success this year when his elbow began bothering him. There were visits to the disabled list. But he came off, in time to pitch a successful inning the day before the All-Star vacation. So he had five days of rest before pitching against Cleveland.

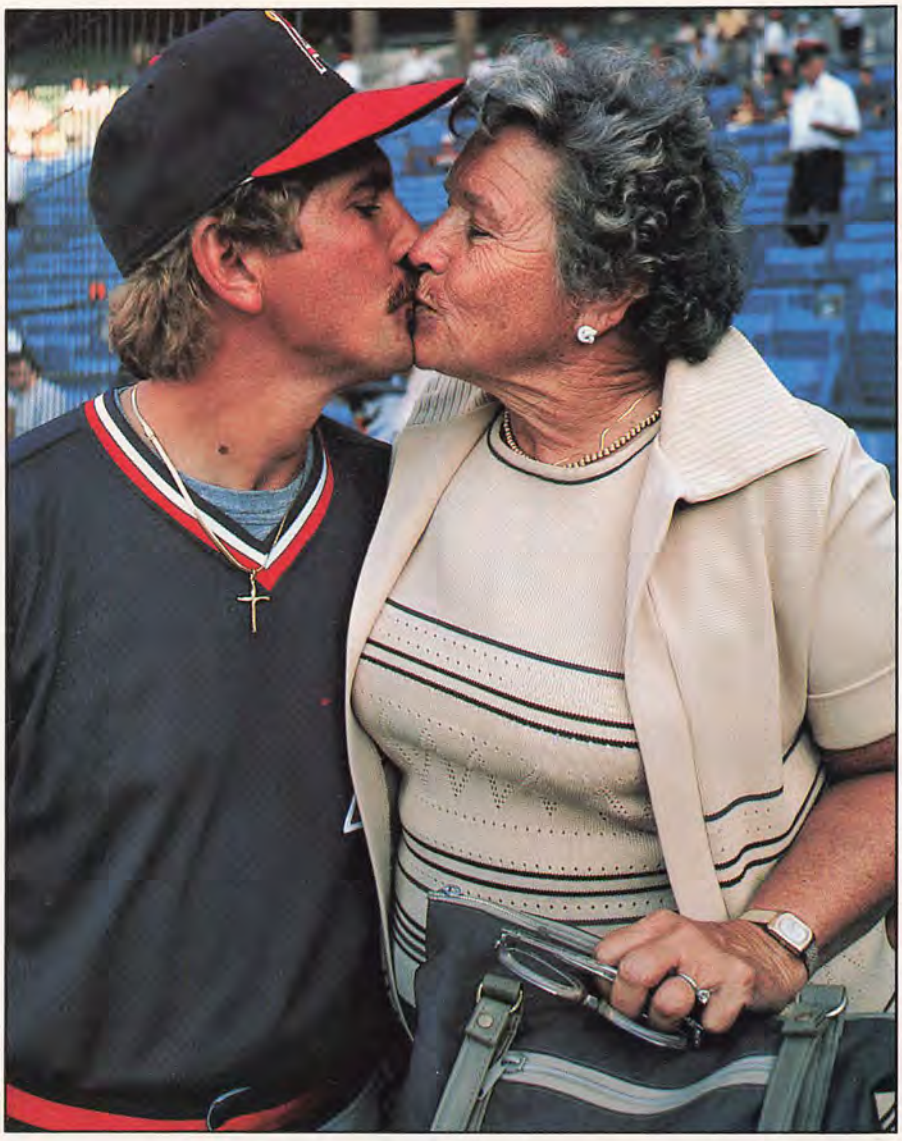
The Indians weren't impressed. They collected a walk and three hits, with Aase throwing as if his elbow depended on it. Watching from the dugout, Mauch knew. "He wasn't really airing it out."

Pitching coach Tom Morgan chatted with Aase at the mound. When the coach returned, Mauch asked, "What did you tell him?"

"Let the son of a bitch go," Morgan replied.

"And he threw the hell out of the ball," Mauch said later. "As far as I'm concerned, that was good advice. It's got to be tested. When you're out there, throwing 75, 80 per cent, and letting people rope you all over the park. . . ."

Aase had no argument. "I threw the hell out of the ball." When the baseball left his hand, he felt the pain, a pulling sensation, in his elbow. That was his last pitch. In a matter of days, he was back on the disabled list.



Eunice Corbett drove from Florida to Cleveland, Baltimore and New York to see son Doug pitch. Nine days later he was demoted.

"I'm scared," Mauch admitted. "I'm really scared." The doctors had told him if the elbow kept bothering Aase that might mean a tear they hadn't detected. "What a damn shame," the manager said. "He was ready to move into the upper echelon of relievers, help us win, and make himself a potful of money. You can't do that with a sore arm."

Mauch was determined to kick himself. "I made a mistake and I'm paying for it," he said, but he didn't mean Aase. Mauch was playing golf during the schedule break, a round he kept interrupting to think happy thoughts about his bullpen. "I said, 'I've got my bullpen in good shape: Aase, Corbett, Hassler.' That was my mistake. I bragged about it." In the battle of Mauch vs. Lady Luck, Mauch understood his opponent's cunning. "She comes up and hits you right between the eyes."

The last day in Cleveland, Corbett was given another chance to fail. He grabbed it with both hands. California was two runs in front when the righthander entered in the eighth inning. Two singles and a ground ball and the Indians were a run back. Corbett began the ninth with two quick outs. But the fates were just teasing. He walked the next two batters—one carrying a .196 average, the other .200. Enough, Mauch decided, and summoned Hassler. For one pitch, as it turned out. Bill Nahorodny, batting .200, slammed a double and the Angels were losers.

"That damn stuff's been going on for seven solid weeks and we're still in first place," Mauch rationalized to himself. If

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

anybody wanted a pep talk, they would have to come around some other time.

The Angels spent the rest of that trip desperately trying to spell relief. Kison, who doesn't usually do that sort of work, was asked to help out. He popped out of the bullpen to save a game in Baltimore. For his next appearance, against the Yankees, he broke a ninth-inning tie with a home-run pitch.

Corbett and Hassler teamed up again to give away another one in Baltimore. Corbett wasn't handed the ball in New York and Hassler's lone appearance was four solid innings in an Angel loss.

The Angels, understandably, hate all this. Here they are, a collection of All-Stars and potential Hall of Famers, and all they can do is tremble when Mauch dials the bullpen. Carew, for one, tried to help by making Corbett his special project. He started with Corbett's cowboy hat, setting it on fire. After making sure Corbett wasn't under it.

The idea was to loosen up Corbett, heh-heh, let him know the guys still loved him. Did it work? Well, not exactly. About the only thing Corbett didn't do was write his congressman. For one thing, he surprised several teammates by skipping the Sunday pregame chapel meeting. And when Carew came by to needle Corbett—again, in that good natured way that millionaires have—the pitcher responded with a look that said, "Don't you have to be at a hat-burning somewhere?"

Carew can explain. "You have to try and keep the fellows that get uptight as loose as you can or they'll wallow in their depression. Doug wants to help us real bad and he hasn't. So he's trying to take it out on himself. What he's going through now is this: He had success with the Twins when he came up, and now he's over here, a club that has a chance. And he hasn't been able to help."

As theories go, it doesn't go quite far enough. Corbett, 29, had a rough ride until he finally reached the big leagues in 1980. Ignored in the draft, he was signed by Kansas City for a $500 bonus. The Royals cut him away after one season and he caught on with the Reds, creeping through their farm system for five years. He was pitching winter ball in Puerto Rico, just about ready to try another line of work, when the Twins drafted him.

The Minnesota manager, for Corbett's first major league spring-training camp, was Gene Mauch. Because of his winter innings, Corbett was weeks ahead of the other Twins' arms. His first 11 innings in Florida, he didn't give up a hit. Still, he was a 27-year-old rookie. "I didn't let myself think I had the club made until Gene started calling me 'Dougie.' "

His first season, he won 8, saved 23, most of them for Mauch, who left the Twins in August. Last year, when Minnesota collected 41 victories, Corbett won or saved 19. February, when he became a father, "Gene was the fifth or sixth person I called with the news," Corbett recalled. "That's how much I thought about Gene, even though I hadn't had any contact with him in about six months."

Mauch, at the same time, kept Corbett in mind. He was the Angel manager when Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith began packaging and exporting his best people. California, concerned about its pitching, had a chance in May to trade a fine prospect, outfielder Tom Brunansky, for either of Minnesota's bullpen aces, Corbett or Ron Davis. The Angels' executive vice-president in charge of those decisions, Buzzie Bavasi, is said to have preferred Davis. But Mauch insisted on his Dougie.

"I was elated," Corbett said. "When I went to spring training in 1980, there were really only two men who believed I could pitch in the major leagues—my father and Gene Mauch. There were others who *thought* I could, but these two men *believed* it. My father died last winter, so this was almost like going back home. I was going back to the one man left who had that feeling about me."

Minnesota and California, Corbett found, were different states of mind. "They expect you to win here," he said. Early in July, he pitched 3⅓ innings against Baltimore and allowed one hit, a home run, and the Angels were beaten. "My fault," he agreed. "But if I did the same thing in Minnesota, they would have said, 'Well, you did your best, you can't win if they don't get you any runs.' With all the talent in the lineup here, you're supposed to do your job, to win. In Minnesota, they just expect you to do the best you can."

Corbett was sitting by his locker in Yankee Stadium, chewing bubble gum, folding the wrapper again and again. He has a shaggy reddish-brown mustache, the kind of quirky touch that seems perfect for a reliever, a pressure position that attracts baseball's blithe spirits. But there isn't much about Corbett that would make you think he's capable, like Sparky Lyle, of squatting on a cake.

Now he was saying, "When I pitched for Gene in Minnesota, there was no indication I would go into a tailspin like this. And had I performed at the same level here, we would probably be holding a 10-game lead or better."

How did it happen, this tailspin? "I wanted to make my niche with this club. Everybody else was performing at a level that had the ballclub either in first place or just out of it. It's been that way the entire time I've been here."

He said he'd be ahead of hitters and, instead of waiting for the ground ball his sinking pitches usually produce, he'd reach for the strikeout. "I've tried to do more than I'm capable of, trying to do that little extra to make my job meaningful on such a great ballclub. And it's had a negative effect."

Dan Quisenberry, who throws such effective ninth-inning baseballs for Kansas City, had a minor league career that Corbett would recognize. "They make you a relief pitcher in the minors if they don't have any investment in you or if you're a one-pitch pitcher. In my case, they had both reasons."

At 29, he thinks he has learned to survive the slumps. "I go through a period every year where the ball doesn't sink. Where they hit it nothing but hard. You can think of 15 reasons why. It's all of them and yet it's none of them. How mentally tough you are has a lot to do with it. Ask a pitcher what he's doing right and he'll say, 'I'm just throwing the ball and it's moving and they're not hitting it. I'm not even thinking about it.' When you go bad, you watch replays in your mind, you ride the bus, which means you think a lot. One day, you wake up and it's there again."

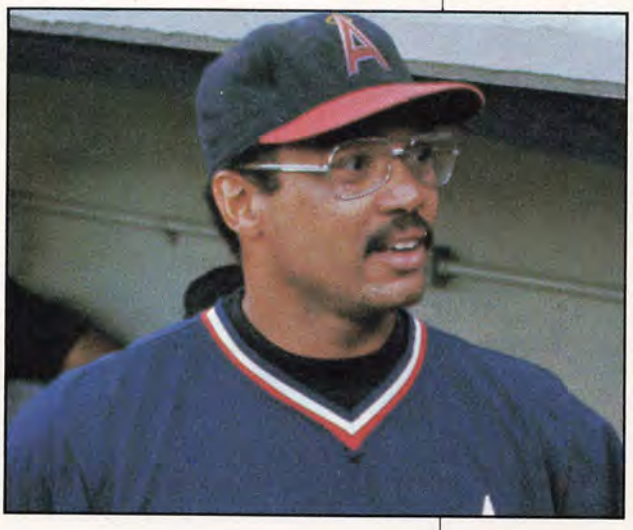
When Corbett woke up, he was out of town, a Spokane Indian. He went quietly. "They didn't want me to try and get it together on their time. They didn't need me pitching the way I was pitching." He heard Mauch say that the Doug Corbett he knows can help the Angels win the division. "I just wasn't pitching like the Doug Corbett he knows."

He was sitting in a Spokane hotel room, his 18-month-old daughter, Kimberly, on his lap. "I really discovered something about myself the night before I went down," he said. He had been talking with Reggie Jackson "about some of the problems all players go through. I was able to realize that my mental problems were due to self-pity. Instead of trusting the Lord, and the abilities He gave me, I worried about what people thought of Doug Corbett."

The first time he pitched for Spokane, he was able to "start relaxing and throw the way I was capable of throwing. I felt relieved." His daughter was trying to crawl away. "Isn't that right, Kimberly? Wasn't I pleased with the way I threw?" She smiled and seemed to agree. If her daddy had let down the Angels, it was news to her. ■

VIC ZIEGEL *is a contributing editor to* New York *magazine*.

So WHY IS THIS MAN DANCING?



WHAT WAS THE LAST American League club to win the world championship without Reggie Jackson?

The question appeared on the scoreboard during the Angels last visit to Baltimore. The answer—the 1970 Orioles—came an inning later. A full inning for the spectators and players and broadcasters to join Reggie Jackson in the never-ending review of his fabulous career.

Before the next game, Reggie made it a point to stroll past the Baltimore dugout, while Earl Weaver was holding court. Reggie once played for Weaver and they are still one of baseball's great love affairs. "Did you see that signboard?" Weaver called out. Another player might have pooh-poohed it or called his agent for a definition of signboard. Another player wouldn't be Reggie Jackson.

"Yeah," Reggie said. "I was gloating."

Not all the people listening to this conversation knew about the trivia question. So Weaver recited it while Reggie worked on his gloat. "It's like I tell everybody," Reggie said. "Reggie Jackson can't play anymore. He's just a good-luck charm."

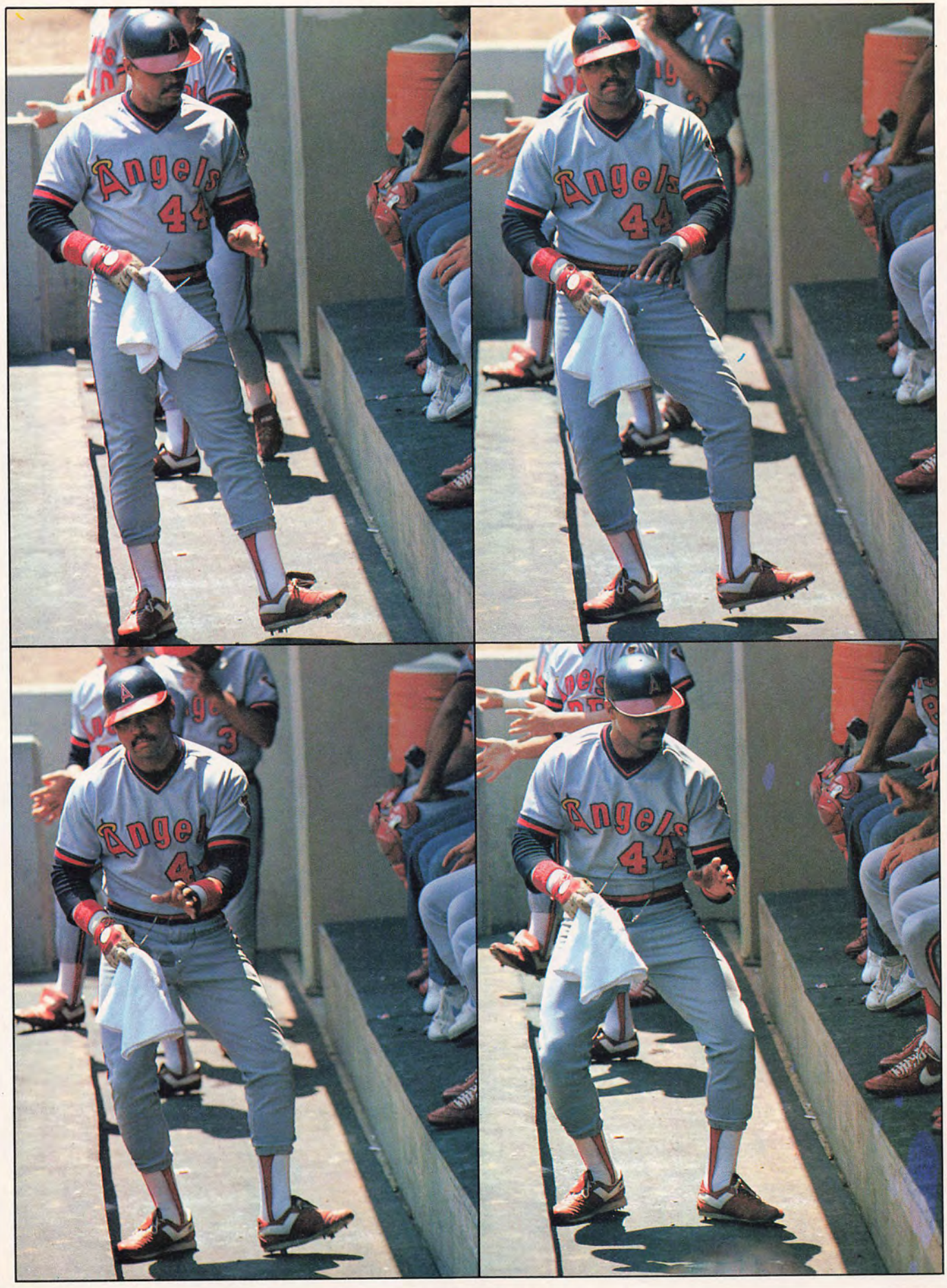
No doubt about it, Reggie is having the time of his 36-year-old life. If you catch him at the right moment, Reggie can be found dancing in the dugout. In mid-August, he was second in the league in home runs. And his teammates were hoping to accompany him to his 10th championship series in 12 seasons. All this after the Yankees said he was too old, too expensive to keep.

But now Reggie wants to talk about the Angels with Reggie. "I was amazed that they'd done so poorly the last couple of years. They had so much talent. The difference this year is Boone, Foli, DeCinces and myself. I stand out because I'm *Reggie*. But Boone and DeCinces and Foli have just as much impact on the daily performance. My impact *seems* larger because of my personality. Because the name, the figure Reggie Jackson is bigger than it ought to be."

Reggie Jackson's manager was in the dugout, minutes after Reggie's exchange with Weaver, staring at the scoreboard. That reminded Gene Mauch of something he had read the night before. "Do you know when the last American League club won a world championship without Reggie Jackson?" ■ —V. Z.

...BECAUSE HE ALWAYS WINS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN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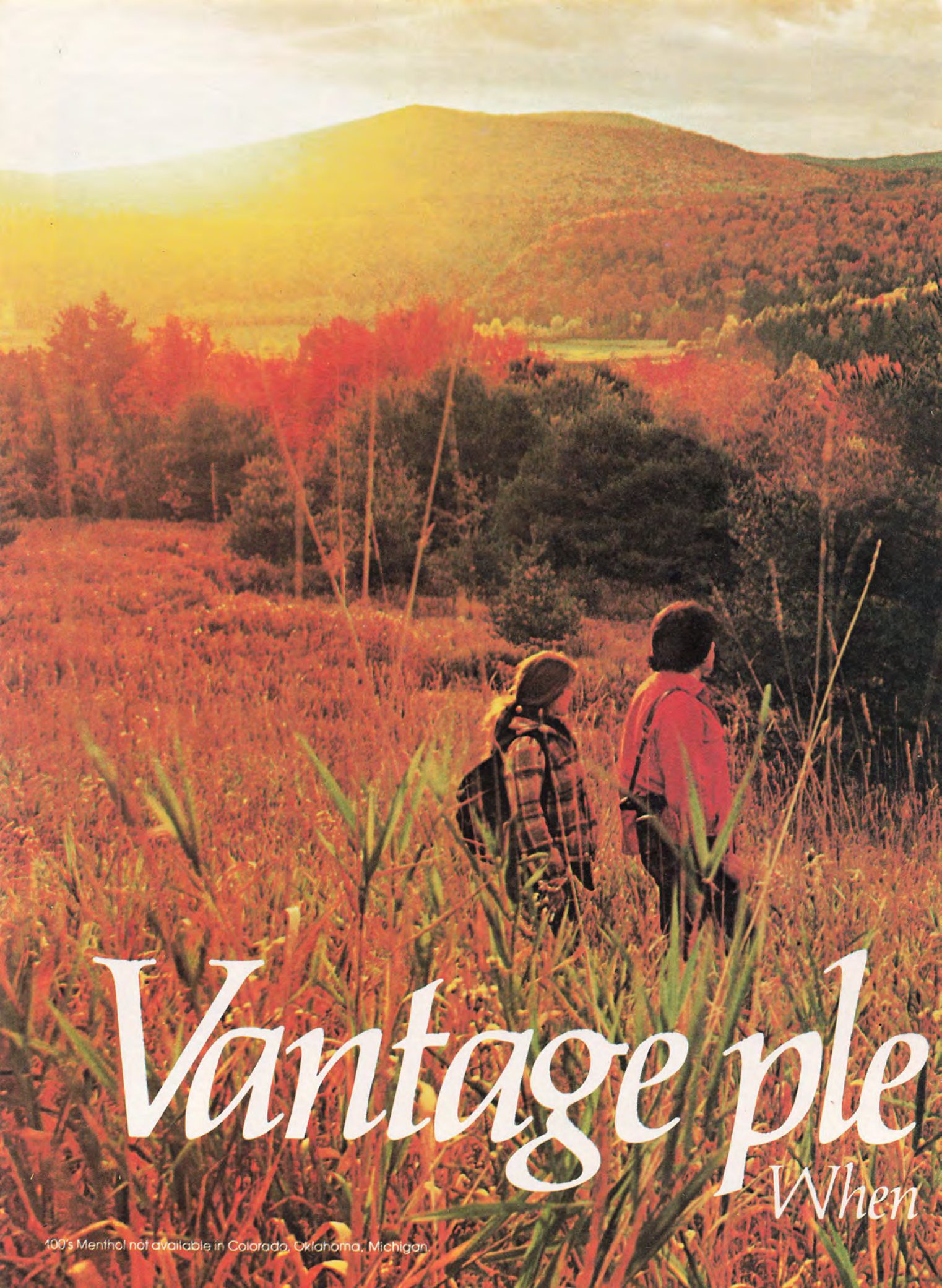

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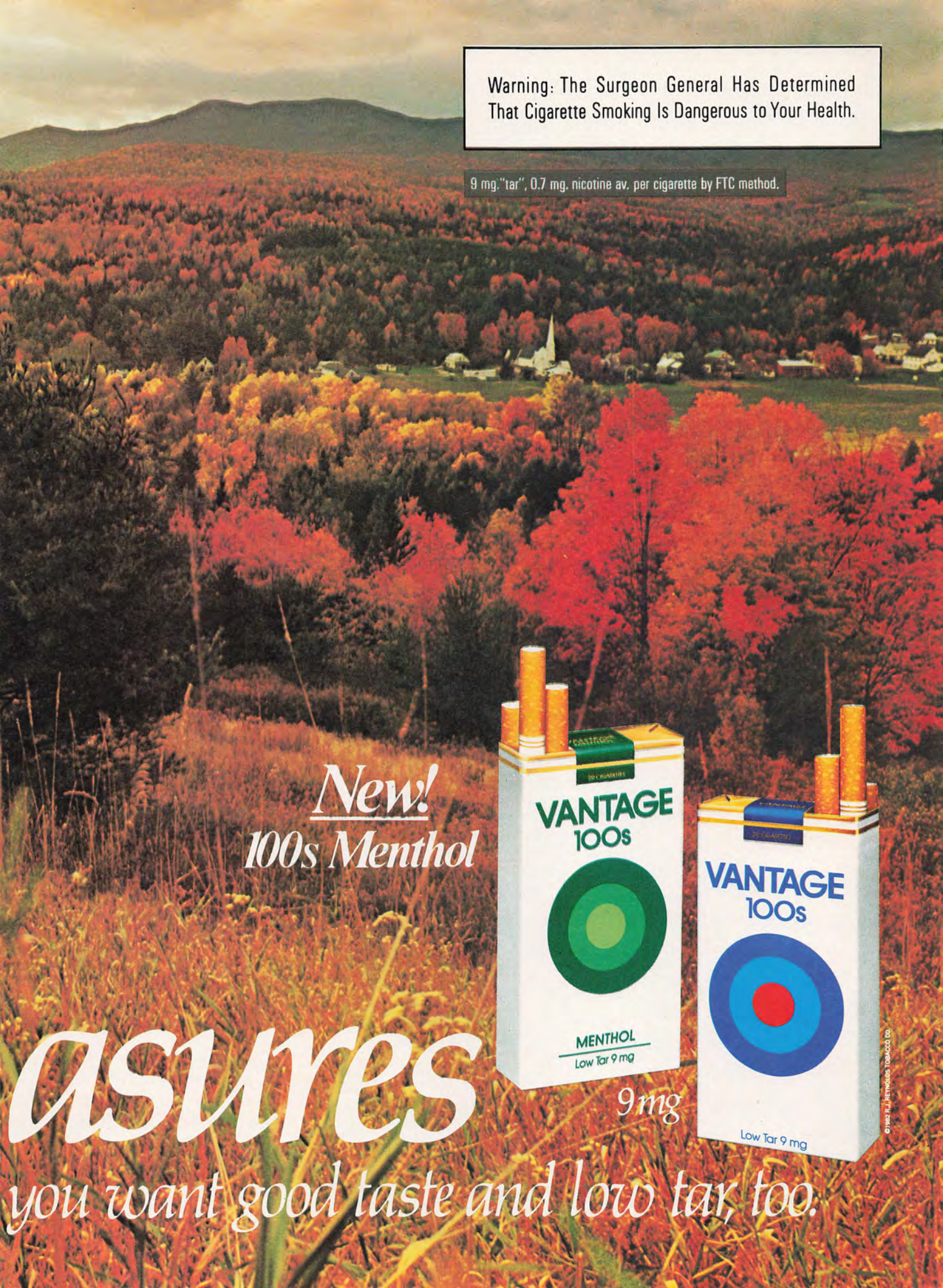
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ILLUSTRATION BY VIVIENNE FLESHER

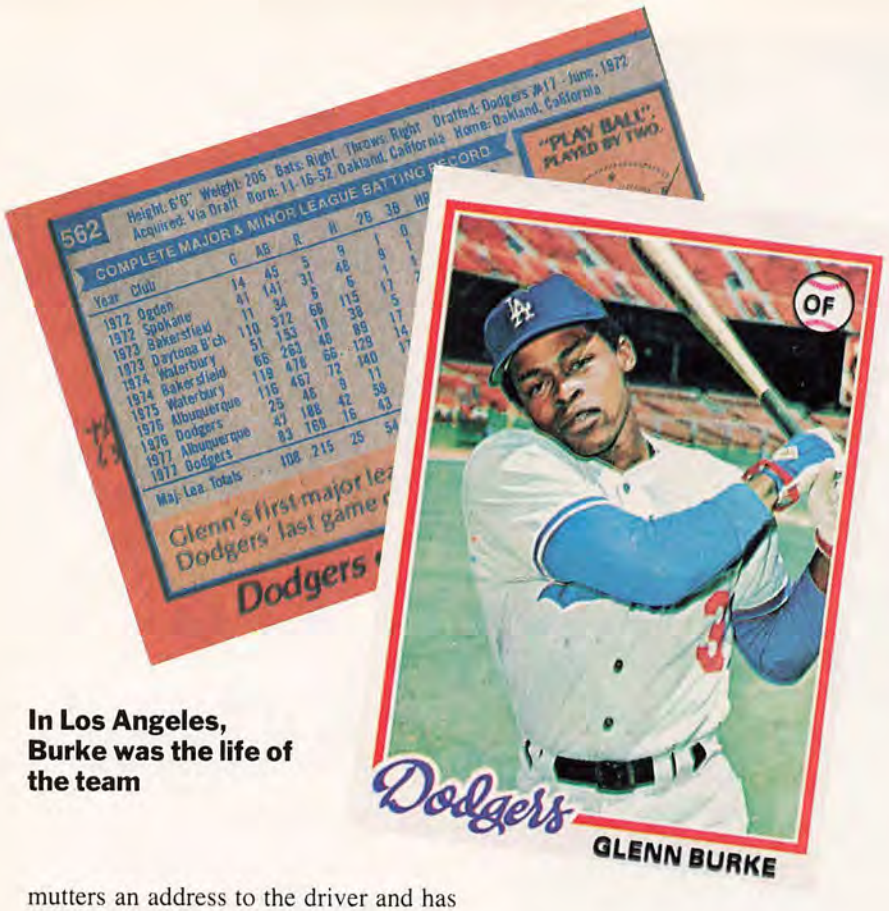
The Double Life of a Gay Dodger

For six years, Glenn Burke lived two lives, one as a professional ballplayer, the other as a homosexual. Then the man who originated the high-five came out of the dugout.

THE GAME IS OVER AND THE baseball player sits in the hotel lobby, his eyes fixed on nothing. He thinks his secret is safe but he is never quite sure, so at midnight in the lobby it is always best to avoid the other eyes. He neither hears the jokes nor notices that a few teammates are starting to wear towels around their waists in the locker room. He does not want to hear or see or know, and neither do they.

The baseball player waits until the lobby empties of teammates and coaches. Some are in the bar, some out on the town, some in their rooms. Some, of course, have found women. He walks briskly out the door toward the taxicab, never turning his head to look back. He

BY MICHAEL J. SMITH



In Los Angeles, Burke was the life of the team

mutters an address to the driver and has one foot in the cab. . . .

"Hey, where you going, man? You said you were staying in tonight."

The baseball player feels his lie running up the back of his neck. "Changed my mind."

"Can I come with you? I got nothing going tonight."

The baseball player pauses. "You don't want to go where I'm going," he says at last. He is leaving a crack there, in case this teammate knows the secret and really *would* like to go with him.

"Okay—have it your way."

The baseball player is in the back seat, the door slams, his heart slams, the cab is pulling away. Fifteen minutes later it stops a block from the place the passenger actually intends to go. He pays the driver. Did the driver look at him sort of funny?

The baseball player steps out and walks back a block, his face turned 90 degrees to his left shoulder, away from the traffic, just in case. What if he meets someone he knows there tonight? There was the ballplayer's brother the one night and the son of a major league manager another. Man, they have to know, don't they? And if he is recognized tonight, should he pretend he is someone else?

Suddenly he is pulling open the door and the men inside smile and the music swallows him and for a few hours in the bar the baseball player does not feel so alone.

AT AGE 22, GLENN BURKE WAS A sexual blank. He grew up attending church six times a week, singing in two choirs and serving as an usher. He bathed two or three times a day and still he never felt clean. He grew up with no father. He grew up with no sex.

He diverted the tension into sports, and there was the scent of animal energy in the way he ran a fastbreak, the way he circled the bases, the way he flogged a line drive. Once, he hit three home runs and two singles in one game, just two days after joining the Merritt College team in midseason. He was 5-11, 193 pounds, he could run 100 yards in 9.7 seconds and bench-press 350 pounds. UCLA and Nevada and Cal all wanted to get him on a basketball court; the Los Angeles Dodgers wanted him to play baseball.

He took the $5,000 Dodger signing bonus and after three seasons as an outfielder in the minors, his combined average was .303. Three times he led his league in stolen bases.

Still there was a need for more. When NCAA eligibility rules were relaxed, he agreed to play basketball at Nevada in the offseason. He averaged 16 points in six games and then twisted a knee spinning for a layup. The Dodgers said No More and Glenn Burke came home. The void was becoming difficult to ignore. At last, the lidded tension burst.

His younger sister told him that a high school teacher of his had asked how he was doing. Something inside him went *click*. The man had been one of Burke's favorite teachers, so Burke went over to school to see him. He was feeling loose, open. Maybe it was the basketball thing coming to an end, suddenly seeing life as more than just sports.

"The minute he spoke, I knew. I know it sounds a little crazy. Here I was, 22, no sexual experience, nothing. Yet I felt something I'd never felt before, something deep. We went to his place. Funny, he must have known me better than I knew myself. We didn't say much. He fixed dinner and afterwards we lay by the fire and got close. I stayed the night. When I got home the next day, I went into the bathroom and cried. This was who I was, the whole me at last."

He was happy, and yet he felt he was sneaking. He felt guilty. He knew he never would be accepted in sports. In a profession in which every contest, every movement, every attitude seemed a reassertion of virility, Glenn Burke realized he was gay.

THE MOST FAMOUS GAY COMMUnity in the world is a 75-cent bridge toll and a 20-minute freeway ride away from the streets of Oakland where Glenn Burke grew up. In his sexual naiveté, he had never known that. He had never known there were bars and entire neighborhoods for homosexuals.

A week after his first experience, he and some friends went to a straight bar in San Francisco. One of the friends pointed to a girl. "Look at that fox," he said. "Look at her boyfriend," Burke thought. They went over to talk and asked if the couple knew a place where they could go dancing. "Try the Cabaret," the girl said, "but watch out—gays go there, too." A *place* for gays? Burke went there and couldn't believe it.

It was a new world and he explored it enthusiastically. He walked Castro Street in San Francisco and felt pulled in two directions. Sports had taught him to keep the fists up and the soft side down and the pants tailor-made and the shirt silk and the walk a powerful strut. This new world was Levi's, and Docksides shoes and Lacoste shirts and handkerchiefs. He wondered if he could be masculine and gay, a baseball player and gay, Glenn Burke and gay.

A few weeks later, he met a man in a bar and the next day he was hanging his clothes in the closet of his first live-in lover. A few more weeks passed and it was time for spring training, time to try

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to begin living the great untruth.

The trouble with going underground was Burke's personality. He was the guy doing Richard Pryor imitations, the guy leading bench cheers, the guy fiddling with the music box and dancing in the locker room. After games, the guys all wanted to take the party from the locker room to the disco. Burke, the life of the team, started saying no. To explain why not, he had to tame the nervousness in his voice and the muscle formations of his face. These were difficult things for an extrovert to do.

Double A in Waterbury, Connecticut, 1975, was not a good place for a metamorphosis. His friends wanted to share an apartment with him and he groped for an appropriate reason to say no. He ended up rooming at the local YMCA, so they would stop asking. There was one gay bar, but a black man in a small New England town can feel the eyeballs everywhere he walks. He tried not to go, and went anyway. Sometimes in the bar he would be asked if he had been at the game that night. The team's leading basestealer and home-run hitter would shake his head no. One night he glimpsed a member of the club's front office at the bar. He walked past him and out the door and prayed the man would be too frightened to admit having been there to see him. On the long road trips, he could feel the wall of space he had created between himself and his friends.

He hit .270 and when the season ended, he headed back to San Francisco. "It was great being back, being myself," he said. "Straight people cannot know what it's like to feel one way and pretend to be another. To watch what you say, how you act, who you're checking out. In San Francisco I opened up again. But I still wasn't sure if I could be gay without being a sissy."

In 1976 the Dodgers summoned him up to play the first and last months of the season. In between, he hit .300 with 63 stolen bases at Albuquerque, but in the major leagues he struggled with the curveball and batted .239 in 46 at-bats. The Dodgers still saw enough to congratulate themselves.

"Unlimited potential," said second baseman Davey Lopes.

"Once we get him cooled down a little bit," said the late Junior Gilliam, then Dodger coach, "frankly, we think he's going to be another Willie Mays."

The stakes were growing higher now. It was easier to lose himself in the big cities on major league road trips, but in Los Angeles he was becoming a face on the sports pages and a name on the radio. He wanted success, yet he feared it. Half of him wanted to hit .300 and become a superstar and a commodity and then if the secret leaked maybe he could tell them all to go to hell, and half of him said maybe a nice, inconspicuous number like .250 would be better because then he could guard his privacy and they might not find out at all.

He met Dave Kopay, the former 49er and Redskin running back whose book on his homosexuality had become a best-seller. The two compared anguish. "He was very nervous about who and what he was," remembers Kopay. "I had compensated for my gayness by going from a player who did not like contact in college to being a super-aggressive player in the pros, as a disguise. It's common among gay athletes, overcompensating for one's sexuality. Glenn might have been doing the same thing, but it doesn't work in baseball. There, you have to be relaxed, not overaggressive. I couldn't really advise him, except to tell him to follow his instincts.

"There is really no one to talk to in sports when you are gay. Who can you really trust? There are so many insecurities, it's tragic. Almost all of them that I know in sports are married and have deep problems. Many of them are heavily into alcohol and drugs."

BURKE PLAYED ON, REFUSING the ruse of an occasional girlfriend. He caught hepatitis playing winter ball in Mexico and missed most of spring training in 1977. The Dodgers sent him to Albuquerque to open the season and he hit .309. He learned that the Dodgers were recalling him, and that night in his last Albuquerque game, with two outs, runners on first and third with a one-run lead in the ninth inning, he backpedaled to the warning track for a fly ball, switched his glove from his left hand to his right—and squeezed the last out. If there was a metaphor there, the manager was in no mood to admire it. Jim Williams waited for him on the dugout steps, glaring. "If you ever do that again. . . ."

"I'm leaving, skip," chirped Burke. "Now you'll have something to talk about when I'm gone."

He was irrepressible. He bought his first car and celebrated by having his astrological sign, Scorpio, tattooed on his forearm. Within a few months he was stomping into Tommy Lasorda's office, amidst the Hollywood stars who gathered there before games, fixing himself a sandwich from the deli tray and shouting, "Hi, Tommy!" He was not a model bench-sitter. He prowled the dugout with a caged hyperactivity, and when a teammate belted a home run he would tweak Lasorda by butting in front of him to be first to hug the returning hero. He would walk back to the dugout imitating Lasorda's big-bellied, bowlegged gait and his teammates would howl.

One day in 1977, a teammate homered and in the heat of his enthusiasm Burke extended his arm and invented a sports ritual. He delivered the first high-five. "Most people think I started it," said leftfielder Dusty Baker. "But it wasn't me. I saw Glenn doing it first, and then I started."

On a team preoccupied with presenting the clean-shaven, Dodger-blue front, the street kid from Oakland became one of the behind-the-scenes catalysts. "He always had the music blasting and was saying something silly to keep the team laughing," said Baker. "He'd be playing cards and all of a sudden you would hear this loud voice scream, 'Rack 'em, Hoss, the poor boy's just lost!' and then there'd be that crazy laugh of his again."

Burke made them laugh and he made them squirm. In an argument he would swing first and negotiate later. A fastball in a teammate's ear would bring him out of the dugout first. Everybody wanted to keep "Burkey" giggling because when his eyes clouded you could suddenly sense the violence. He wanted that machismo right out there on his skin; it made him feel safer.

"I was like Lou Ferrigno, who kept wanting to get bigger and badder than anybody because he had a speech impediment," Burke said. "I had 17-inch biceps and I made sure everybody knew I wasn't afraid to use them. I wanted to establish that if you found out I was gay, you might not want to start hassling me about it, because I could still kick your ass."

The Dodgers, meanwhile, were in a pennant chase and the double life was becoming more difficult to lead. He was handsome and personable and there was a glut of girls who wanted to walk into a disco next to him. Some nights they grew so insistent he would tell the switchboard operator to reject all calls to his room. He'd go out with girls occasionally, but it would never involve sex. He didn't want to mislead them.

His teammates noticed. In baseball, even married men can be made to feel isolated if they do not join the woman-hunt on the road. "There is a tendency," said A's pitcher Matt Keough, "to achieve the success *off* the field that you are not achieving *on* it."

"I had a really cute cousin that I tried to set up with Glenn," Baker said. "He just ignored her. He'd say, 'Too fat, too ugly.' I'd say, 'Wait a minute. I *know* that one ain't ugly.' "

Without Burke realizing it, word be-

gan to seep. "I was eating at a restaurant when someone told me," remembered Lopes, then a teammate on the Dodgers. "I think some girl from his neighborhood in Oakland had told someone on the team. My fork dropped out of my mouth. He was one of the last guys you would have thought was gay. I still liked him. I don't know how other ballplayers feel, but I believe a man has a right to choose any lifestyle as long as it doesn't infringe on others. It never infringed with Glenn."

"The guys didn't want to believe it," Baker said. "He was built like King Kong. There was no femininity in his voice or his walk. But it all made sense when I thought about it. When we'd go on the road he always went to the YMCA to work out. And he'd never let us take him home. He'd say he had a friend coming later to pick him up and he'd wait at the far end of the parking lot.

"I just made the situation invisible, but some guys began to make jokes. Stuff like, 'Is Glenn waiting in the parking lot for his *girl*friend?' and 'Don't bend over in the shower when he's around.' I know a couple of guys felt uncomfortable in the shower. A few wore towels on their way back and forth in the locker room.

"If you had a team made up of guys from California and New York, I don't think it would bother them as much as guys from the country and small towns. I'm from California and I can get along with priests, prostitutes, pimps and pushers, as long as they don't try to push nothing on me."

Burke didn't push it, as much out of respect as fear of detection. "I was attracted occasionally by other players," he said, "but I didn't mix business with pleasure. I respected their space. Besides, I always preferred more mature men."

He was a simple man leading a complicated life, and slowly the strain began to break him. He kept one eye on the door when he went in gay bars. He worried about getting in a fight or getting caught drunk there. There were times he thought the front office had someone following him. He was afraid everybody was whispering about him.

He'd have to plan everything. He'd think, "If they see me leaving the hotel, I'll say I was going to take a walk, or to get something to eat." He was always telling white lies.

"I'd like to have been a star, and if I'd not been gay, not had to deal with society's hassle, I might have made it."

Some days he'd sit in a mall and try to meet people, sometimes he would call a friend and ask him to check his directory on where the gay bars were in town. His mind was never clear. Some nights he'd come back to his room sad and smoke a little grass.

The high only interrupted the fears. The Dodgers did a lot of hugging and Burke always worried that they had found out about him and would think he was making a pass. He worried constantly about being blackmailed. The only reason he wasn't, he believed, was that he had gay friends who warned anybody who started to talk too much. He saw a palm reader and she said that he had something inside him that he should let out, or he might have a heart attack in two or three years.

He couldn't sort it all out. "I couldn't understand why people said gays were sick. I wasn't some dizzy queen out trying to make everybody all the time. The bottom line was, I was a man."

There were the good memories mixed with the miseries. There was the night Baker became the fourth Dodger to hit 30 home runs in one season, a major league record, and Burke, the on-deck batter, met him at the plate with a walloping high-five as the people stood and roared, and then before they even had a chance to sit Burke was driving another white speck into the blackness and the festival in the stands went on and on.

He finished the 1977 season hitting .254 in 169 at-bats, the Dodgers made the World Series and his face was on TV screens across the country. He went 1-for 5 in the three games he played, packed after the Yankees had won and headed back for Castro Street. He walked into a gay bar the first night there and was greeted by a party celebrating his World Series appearance.

"I walked out," Burke said. "They weren't my friends there, they were mostly people just making a big deal because I was a gay baseball player."

His insecurity ran rampant. In one world he feared they would *not* like him only because he was gay, and in the other he feared they *did* like him only because he was gay. For the first time since he had picked up a baseball bat, Glenn Burke considered quitting.

BY 1978," SAID DAVEY LOPES, "I think everybody knew."

They knew the way parents know their 16-year-old is drinking beer but don't say anything until the bottles are rolling across the floor of the family car. As long as Burke's homosexuality was not official, no one felt compelled to react.

"Then Al Campanis [Dodger vice-president] called me into his office," Burke recalled. "I really liked Al, he was always very nice to me. The whole organization was, for the most part. But Al said, 'Everybody on the team is married but you, Glenn. When players get married on the Dodgers, we help them out financially. We can help you so you can go out and have a real nice honeymoon.'

"I said, 'Al, I don't think I'll be getting married no time soon.' "

The Dodgers, in the words of Junior Gilliam, could not "cool him down." He burned for more playing time and when he did not get it, he did not keep it to himself. "They couldn't con me," he said. "Lasorda would bark an order and I was supposed to jump like some little kid, grateful for the attention. It bothered him too that I was popular with the guys on the team. Once he got ticked off at some laugh I'd gotten and he said, 'Burke, if I was your age, I'd take you in the bathroom right now and kick your ass.' At first I thought he was kidding, then I realized he wasn't. I think he was trying to get me to explode.

"With one out in the ninth, he'd pull Rick Monday and trot me out to the outfield for the last two outs. I'd stand there waiting for the game to end. Then I'd trot back to the dugout where all the guys are supposed to tell you how great you played. Only I hadn't, and I'd feel like a fool.

"One night I was really ticked and I stared a hole through Lasorda. He took me in the locker room and, in front of Junior Gilliam and Preston Gomez, cussed me to filth. Every other word in his vocabulary was 'mother'. It hurt. Deeply. I didn't really dislike the man, it was just the situation. We probably should have gotten along—we're both hardheaded."

On May 16, 1978, with Glenn Burke in centerfield as the last out was recorded, Vin Scully announced that Burke had been traded to the Oakland A's for Bill North. North had led the American League twice in stolen bases, the last time in 1976, and now he was 30 and his average had dropped 64 points in those two years.

"Lasorda told me, 'We're tired of you walking back and forth in the dugout like a mad tiger in a cage. We're sending you to Oakland, where you can play more.' He was nice about it but he was detached. It was as if they couldn't wait for me to leave, but they were being careful so there wouldn't be a scene. I walked out of his office and the whole locker room was dead. Steve Garvey and Don Sutton, two of my best friends on the team, had tears in their eyes. Garvey and me had

always gotten along great. He taught me how to tie a tie, he gave me hats and T-shirts, he sat next to me on the team plane and he made me promise to play for him if he ever had a football team.

"Leaving those guys, I was in shock. Players don't come and go on the Dodgers the way they do on other clubs."

Lopes remembers picking up the newspaper the next day and reading a quote from a scout. "I believe it was an American League scout at the Angel game in Anaheim that night," Lopes said. "The guy said, 'Wait until the A's find out what they *really* got in Glenn Burke.' "

The locker room was still silent the next day, and Lopes' reaction was quoted in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. "I knew something was missing when I came in today. It will probably remain like this until somebody comes along with a personality like Glenn's. And I don't think that's going to happen. I've heard a lot of adverse things about him from people, but they didn't know him. He was the life of the team, on the bases, in the clubhouse, everywhere. All of us will miss him."

One Dodger angrily went to the front office and demanded an explanation. Dusty Baker didn't need to go that far. "I was talking with our trainer, Bill Buhler. I said, 'Bill, why'd they trade Glenn? He was one of our top prospects.' He said, 'They don't want any gays on the team.' I said, 'The organization knows?' He said, '*Everybody* knows.' "

BURKE SPRAYED THREE HITS THE first night with the A's, and then felt himself becoming absorbed by the damp misery of Charlie Finley's last years in baseball. The Dodgers had not played him as much as he felt he deserved, but the organization had always gone first class. The A's in the late 1970s were a dead thing looking for a box to lie still in. Finley was cutting expenses and players, lopping off fans with them. A man with peace of mind could play on. Glenn Burke could not. In the hush of a baseball stadium with 3,000 people, he could hear a voice urging him to leave and stop living a lie.

Four years of life as a sexual fugitive had passed and his self-esteem was fraying. By now his family had pieced the evidence together and guessed. They still accepted him, removing one weight from his mind, but the weight at the stadium showed no sign of relenting. One day he was playing centerfield in Comiskey Park, and a fan called him a faggot. His first thought was "Damn, if they know, everybody else must know." They probably said it to lots of outfielders, but he didn't think that then. He went to the dugout at the end of the inning and got a felt-tip pen from the trainer. Next inning he went back out and stuck a piece of paper in the back of his pants. It said, "Screw you."

He finished the 1978 season hitting .235. Early in the 1979 season, he was sitting in the A's clubhouse, chatting with outfielder Mitchell Page, a good friend. "Suddenly he got quiet," Burke said. "He said this scout from Pittsburgh—he came up in the Pirate system, and they were interested in me—had come right out and asked him if I was bisexual. *Bisexual*. Me, who'd never been with a woman. They couldn't say *gay*, I guess. It was tough on Mitchell, talking to me like this. I didn't say much and he ended up telling the scout, 'Glenn Burke's sex life is Glenn Burke's business. And if it's any of your business, he's my friend and I'd go anywhere with him.'

"But at that moment, when Mitchell told me, everything stopped. If some joker in Pittsburgh knew, so did a few others. I realized it had all come to an end. They'd stripped me of my innermost thoughts."

Page remembered it as a writer from Oakland who had asked him (Burke still insists it was a scout from Pittsburgh). "The guy told me the word was out," Page said, "and that he didn't know if Glenn would be here next season. I felt I should let Glenn know instead of talking behind his back like the other players were. The guys on the A's never bothered him about it because of the way he handled it. Besides, they were afraid to say anything to his face.

"I liked Glenn, but if I'd seen him walking around making it obvious, I wouldn't have had anything to do with him. I don't want to be labeled and have my career damaged. You make sure you point out that I'm not gay, okay?"

"I roomed with him," said A's pitcher Mike Norris. "Sure, I was worried at first. You came back to your hotel room at midnight, sat around and listened to music, and you wondered if he'd make a move. After awhile you realized he wouldn't, and it wasn't a big problem. Guys would watch out for him, but it wasn't a completely uncomfortable feeling. If it had been out in the open, though, there would have been all kinds of problems. We're all macho, we're all men. Just make sure you put in there that I ain't gay, man."

The walls were beginning to close in. A gay friend, eager to advance the homosexual movement, kept insisting that Burke come out of the closet and tried to arrange a luncheon appointment with San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen. Burke refused to attend, but Caen wrote that there was a rumor out that a local professional ballplayer could be found on Castro Street.

Midway through the 1979 season, Finley learned that Burke was refusing to take a cortisone shot for a pinched neck nerve. "I feel an injury should heal on its own," Burke said. "Once you take the first shot, you take another and another. Charlie came to talk to me on the field before a game. I said no. They sat me for two weeks. Finally, I told them I needed a voluntary retirement and walked out. The whole operation was minor league, with Finley calling the dugout making lineup changes. I probably wouldn't have left if there hadn't been the other problem, the gay thing, but put it all together and it was too much."

It was not that simple to walk away. Baseball had often tortured him, but it still owned a part of him. He returned next spring, attracted by the idea of playing for new manager Billy Martin.

Burke ripped knee cartilage that spring and was sidelined a month. The A's requested he return to the minor leagues, in Ogden, Utah, and Burke reluctantly agreed. To avoid the small-town stares, he drove 56 miles round-trip so he could live in Salt Lake City. He stopped now, and mulled the absurdity of his life. He was 27, getting no closer to the superstar role he knew he must have to declare his homosexuality and knowing that even if he did achieve it, he would likely be afraid to. He was still dodging management, lying to teammates, and now even ducking Mormons, too. Quietly, with the sports world focused on more important things, Glenn Burke quit baseball for good.

"I had finally gotten to the point," he said, "where it was more important to be myself than a baseball player."

SUNSHINE AND SHADE SHARE THE seats in Dodger Stadium and the steady crack of batting practice echoes off the empty concrete. The game is still three hours away. Tommy Lasorda, chipper on this first evening back from the All-Star break, stands in foul territory watching his players re-tune their rhythm at the plate.

A visitor informs him that Glenn Burke is openly discussing his homosexuality. Lasorda's eyes narrow. "He's admitting it?" he says. "I have no comment."

Did he know Burke was gay when he played here? Did it have a bearing on the trade? "I didn't make that trade," La-

sorda says. "Go talk to the man who made it. I have no more comment."

The man who made it is just arriving in his office from a trip to assess minor league talent in Hawaii. Al Campanis stands over his desk, looking down at the stack of message slips that has gathered during his absence. He is asked if everybody knew, as Lopes has said, and his eyes stay on his desk, until the length of the silence suggests he is waiting for the subject to crawl out of the room. It does not.

"Quote Davey Lopes then," he says.

He is pressed on the subject. Long pause. "We traded him because of other situations," he says. "We didn't trade him for that. He wasn't hitting enough, and things of that nature. We didn't even know. . . ."

An organization as sharp as the Dodgers did not know? "We thought some things were odd," he allows. "But we didn't *know*. We never saw him with a girl, and when we called his home number a man usually answered. The man said he was his carpenter. But you hear a lot of rumors about players, and just because you see these things, that doesn't mean a guy's a fairy, or gay.

"We're not a watchdog organization, and we're not like an ostrich with our head in the sand. But he was not traded on suspicion. He was traded because we needed a lefthanded hitter in the outfield. One we thought would help us win the pennant. Glenn had problems with the curveball and his attitude was argumentative, but I always liked him. Sure, some people got mad about the trade; one player came to me all worked up, but were they right? Glenn didn't do anything after he left here, did he?"

And what of the offer of financial help if Burke had married?

"That dates way back," he says. "The Dodgers have traditionally liked our players to be married. The player has a wife, children, he gets more serious and settles down. We like our young men to have some responsibilities."

He is reminded that Dodger rightfielder Pedro Guerrero was married in October, 1980, and received no bonus. Campanis bristles.

"A completely different situation," he says. "Pedro had an agent, he was settled, he was like my son. We treat situations differently. You have to, in this position. The thing with Glenn Burke wasn't a bribe. It was a helpful gesture."

THE BASEBALL PLAYER SWINGS and meets the ball just beyond the sweet inches of the bat and still he sends the rightfielder staggering up the hill in front of the wire-mesh fence. The ball clears the fence and the baseball player circles the bases with a home plate-sized grin. All his teammates spring from the bench, forming a line to congratulate him.

A few months away from his 30th birthday, Glenn Burke is one of the stars of the Gay Softball League.

There are perhaps 50 people watching from wooden seats that cry for a carpenter. The atmosphere is carefree. A woman in her 50s lifts her blouse to reveal her "Pendulum Pirates" T-shirt and yells, "Take this!" The fans take it, without looking twice.

Burke goes 4-for-4 but bobbles a grounder in the third inning. Disgusted, he straddles the ball with both feet and jumps, launching it up to his hand. The opposing team's fans taunt him good-naturedly. "Queeeeeen!" they shout in chorus.

Burke's team, the Pirates, remains undefeated with a 16–4 victory over On The Mark. The Pirates gather in a huddle at the end and chant, "Two-four-six-eight, who do we appreciate? On The Mark! On The Mark!" On The Mark reciprocates, and both teams stream to their cars for the postgame ritual. The first hour after the game is always spent at the sponsoring bar of the losing team and then all move on to the winner's bar for the rest of the afternoon.

At Stables, the bar that sponsors On The Mark, Burke walks out to the sunshine of the patio, where there is enough quiet to reflect. "People say I should still be playing," he says. "But I didn't want to make other people uncomfortable, so I faded away. My teammates' wives might have been threatened by a gay man in the locker room. I could have been a superstar but I was too worried about protecting everybody else from knowing. If I thought I could be accepted, I'd be there now. It is the first thing in my life I ever backed down from. No, I'm not disappointed in myself, I'm disappointed in the system. Your sex should be private, and I always kept it that way. Deep inside, I know the Dodgers traded me because I was gay.

"It's harder to be a gay in sports than anywhere else, except maybe president. Baseball is probably the hardest sport of all. Every man in America wants his son to be a baseball player. The first thing every father buys for his son is a ball and glove. It's all-American. Only a superstar could come out and admit he was gay and hope to stay around, and still the fans probably would call the stadium and say they weren't going to bring their kids. Instead of understanding, they blackball you.

"Sure, there are other gays in baseball, the same per cent as there are in society. Word travels fast in baseball. Guys come home from road trips and tell their wives and they tell other players' wives. As soon as a player comes to bat, you'll hear a biography of him in the dugout. I've never heard anybody verbally get on a player from the bench about being gay, though."

He does not want to name names. The relationships, he says, are never between two baseball players. That would be too dangerous.

"There are even more gays in football," he says. "In football they are like a family, there is so much closeness down there in the trenches, and they can really get off on the body chemistry. But most of the gays I know of in sports fake it. They go out with girls and they get married, so their careers won't get ruined. They suffer even more than I did."

Glenn Burke still searches for himself. He plays in five softball leagues and has not worked regularly since leaving baseball. He hopes to finish his college education and become a high school basketball coach, and he hopes that speaking out on the issue will begin to chip at the barriers that marooned him between two cultures. He participates in BWMT (Black and White Men Together), a group fighting racial discrimination within the gay community. "I feel like a representative of the community," he says. "If I can make friends honestly, it may be a step toward gays and straight people understanding each other. Maybe they'll say, 'He's all right, there's got to be a few more all right.' Maybe it will begin to make it easier for other young gays to go into sports."

As he talks, muscles move on both sides of his forehead, and one can sense that half of his energies still seethe in a person just beneath the skin. It may be a different half there now, but it is still a half.

"Sure, I miss baseball," he says, "but I wouldn't change a thing. It's been a test and it has made me mentally stronger."

It has created a hollowness and a happiness and an image that lingers, of Glenn Burke walking a gauntlet of high-fives after his home run over the wire-mesh fence and laughing that crazy laugh once again. There might have been more, there might have been cash and fame, but there is none of this now.

There is instead the legacy of two men's hands touching, high above their heads. ■

MICHAEL J. SMITH *edits the* BWMT Quarterly. *This article will be in an anthology edited by the author.*

As pro offenses took to the air, something was lost in translation: the fine art of handling the football

A GOOD HANDOFF IS HARD TO FIND

BY FRANK ROSS AND TENLEY-ANN JACKSON

"It's a disgrace to make a mistake between the quarterback and the center. It's careless and shameful."
—Sid Gillman, assistant coach, Philadelphia Eagles

IT WAS THE LAST PLAY IN THE world you would have expected to become legendary. A "simple" handoff, automatic, football's equivalent of the Doctor cruising in for an uncontested slam dunk. All Giant quarterback Joe Pisarcik had to do that now infamous Sunday afternoon in November of 1978 was take the snap from center Jim Clack and hand the ball to fullback Larry Csonka, wait 31 seconds—the Eagles were out of timeouts—and stroll off the field as the proud architect of a 17–12 upset. But Pisarcik never got a handle on the situation. Clack's snap kind of rolled up Pisarcik's arm, and as he turned to hand off to Csonka, the ball bounced once on the artificial turf of Giants Stadium and came to rest in the arms of Eagle defensive back Herman Edwards, who ran 26 yards for a touchdown. Final score: 19–17, Eagles.

"Unbelievable," wrote Mike Katz of the usually understated *New York Times*.

"Most horrifying ending to a ballgame I've ever seen," said Giant coach John McVay.

"You're fired," explained Andy Robustelli, director of operations, to Bob Gibson, the offensive coordinator who opted for the handoff over what most observers felt was an even safer play—Pisarcik falling on the ball and not moving for 31 seconds.

True, of course. But after the initial shock of Moby Fumble (Thar The Giants Blow It)—as *Newsday*'s John Jeansonne dubbed the disaster—wore off, there were other questions. Can't the average high school quarterback complete a handoff uneventfully? Aren't professional quarterbacks supposed to be consummate ballhandlers? What is this thing called a handoff anyway—and why are people saying all these terrible things about it?

BACK IN THE PRE-SCIENTIFIC days of the 1950s and 1960s, quarterbacks were more than monomaniacal passing machines. They called their own plays, adjusted strategy when the defense changed and bedazzled opponents with ballhandling magic—or at least completed handoffs.

"Twenty years ago, a quarterback didn't just drop back and throw the ball," says John Madden, former coach of the Oakland Raiders and now a commentator for CBS. "Eddie LeBaron was one of the best ballhandlers I've ever seen. I remember plays where a referee blew his whistle after a ballcarrier was hit, only to discover LeBaron still had the football. Now, if you were to ask coaches what a quarterback needs to succeed in the NFL, most would mention nearly everything but ballhandling."

To some extent, as Madden acknowledges, this is a natural function of the Pass-Is-King strategy. Play-faking takes time, and time is the natural enemy of effective pass protection. But there is a devastating downside: Moby Fumble and its less-celebrated (but still painful) ilk.

Another example: On September 6 last year, the Steelers were leading the Chiefs 33–30 with 1:59 left, when Terry Bradshaw failed to make the connection on a straight-ahead handoff because he was hit by Frank Manumaleuga. Thomas Howard picked up the loose ball and raced 65 yards for a TD that gave the Chiefs a 37–33 win.

Where have you gone, Eddie LeBaron?

According to Hank Stram, it doesn't have to be this way. "Ballhandling is only a lost art if you permit it to be," says the former coach of the Chiefs and Saints. "People who blame the emphasis on passing for the demise of ballhandling are only looking for excuses. Everyone says that quarterback is the most important position, and yet it is the most neglected in terms of coaching. It's only been a few years that teams have had quarterback coaches. That's why so many quarterbacks have bad habits."

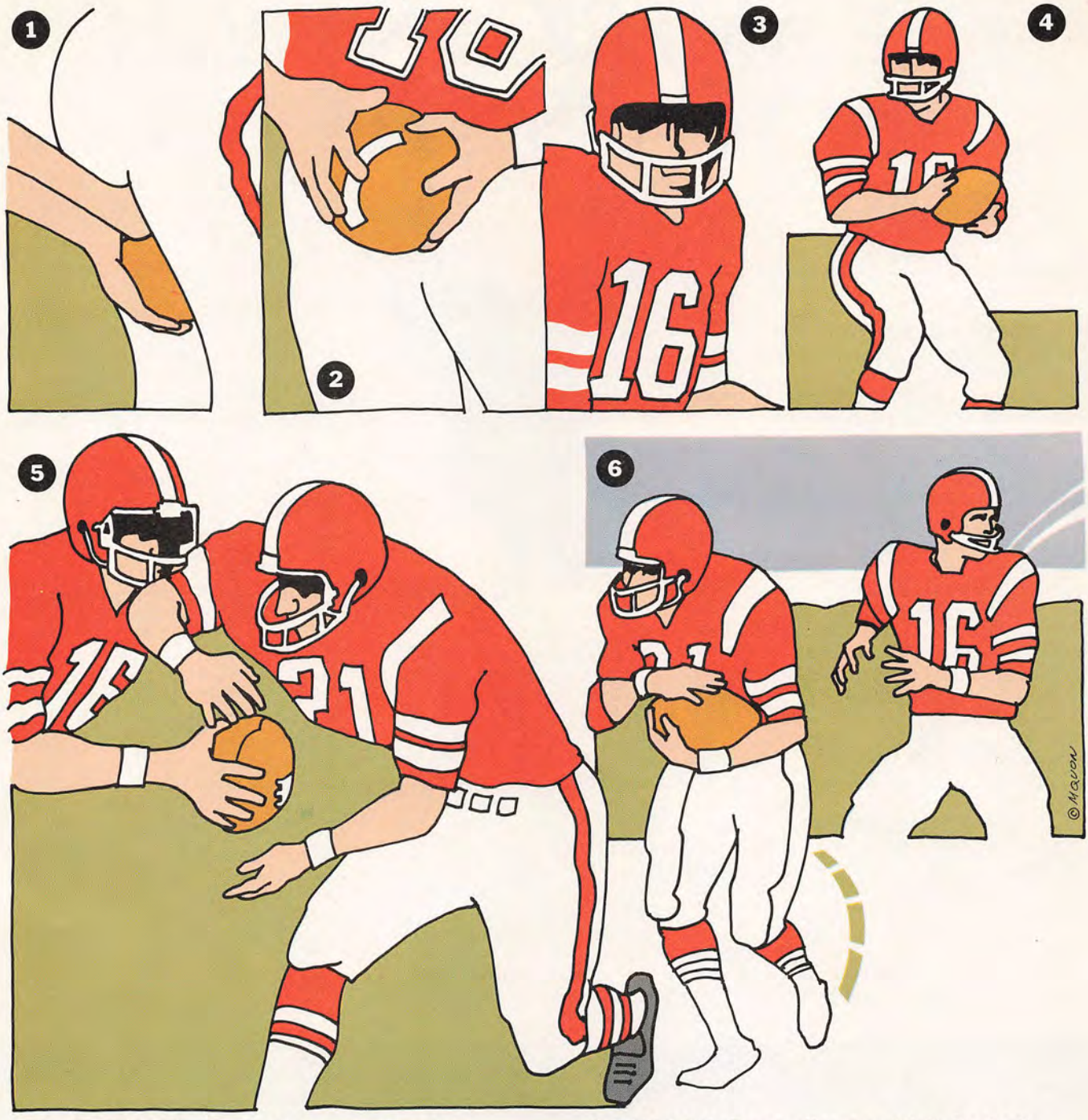
LeBaron himself, now GM of the Falcons, tends to agree. "Even with the concentration on passing, there's still room for faking. It's a great way to keep people off your back when you throw. The reason faking has left the game is that people just aren't teaching it."

This is not to say, of course, that the art is dead. Just resting, thank you. Most likely candidates to bring back the Golden Days of LeBaron, Bart Starr, Y. A. Tittle, Len Dawson, Frankie Albert, Johnny Unitas and Norm Van Brocklin include Steve Bartkowski, Archie Manning, Joe Montana and Ken Anderson.

"Ballhandling is not a lost art," says Gillman. "They are still teaching it in good systems. But to get someone who can set up and throw the way a pro quarterback has to . . . well, if you had to give up one or the other, you'd probably give up the ballhandling."

Translation? Coming soon, a great double feature: *Bombs Away* and *Moby Fumble II*. ■

FRANK ROSS *is editorial director of* College & Pro Football Newsweekly.



STEP ONE: Standing with his feet parallel, spaced no wider than the width of his shoulders, the quarterback curves his hands under the center and puts on pressure to receive the ball. It must come, laces up, into the palm of the QB's right hand, which is spread wide, resting on the center's buttocks. The QB's left hand, also fully extended, cradles the ball with palm facing up, wrists touching. He must not crowd the center with his feet.

STEP TWO: After the snap, the QB brings the ball back to his stomach area, the "mesh point." This secures possession and establishes a proper level for handing off to the running back.

STEP THREE: The QB has to turn his head quickly to find the back. The QB must know where the back is while the back looks for his spot to run.

STEP FOUR: Depending on which play he's called, the QB transfers his weight to his key foot, steps out on that foot and, facing the back, positions himself to hand off. The QB must be careful he doesn't run into the back, or move so far from him that he has to reach on the exchange.

STEP FIVE: The QB shoves the ball into the back's stomach, "watching it in" to make certain the back has possession. The QB tries to do this as deep as possible, generally three to five yards behind the line of scrimmage, so the back has enough room to maneuver.

STEP SIX: After the exchange, the QB must wheel away quickly to set up and fake a pass to draw the linebackers' and secondary's attention from the back.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE QUON

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BAD DUDES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDAL LEVENSON

MEAN CHIC IS IN. TURNING THE other cheek is out.

In the world of sports, bad is beautiful. Bad wins. The Oakland Raiders, the Philadelphia Flyers. Bad intimidates. Roberto Duran, Maurice Lucas. Bad sells. Mean Joe Greene for Coke; Dick Butkus, Bubba Smith and Deacon Jones ("Count the vote and that's no joke") for Miller Lite.

Pittsburgh Steeler linebacker Jack Lambert is so bad, he's good. During the 1976 Super Bowl, Dallas Cowboy safety Cliff Harris heckled Steeler kicker Roy Gerela after Gerela missed a field goal. Lambert picked up Harris and eloquently body-slammed him to the Poly-Turf. "He was trying to intimidate Roy and we can't have that," Lambert explained.

Six years later, Lambert is as mellow as ever. After a couple of Steeler rookies had exchanged punches during the first week of training camp, Lambert said, "It's good to see a little enthusiasm again." A man of succinct words, Lambert once analyzed himself for *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray: "I'm no day at the beach, but I'm not that bad looking." Anybody out there disagree? Okay, you tell him.

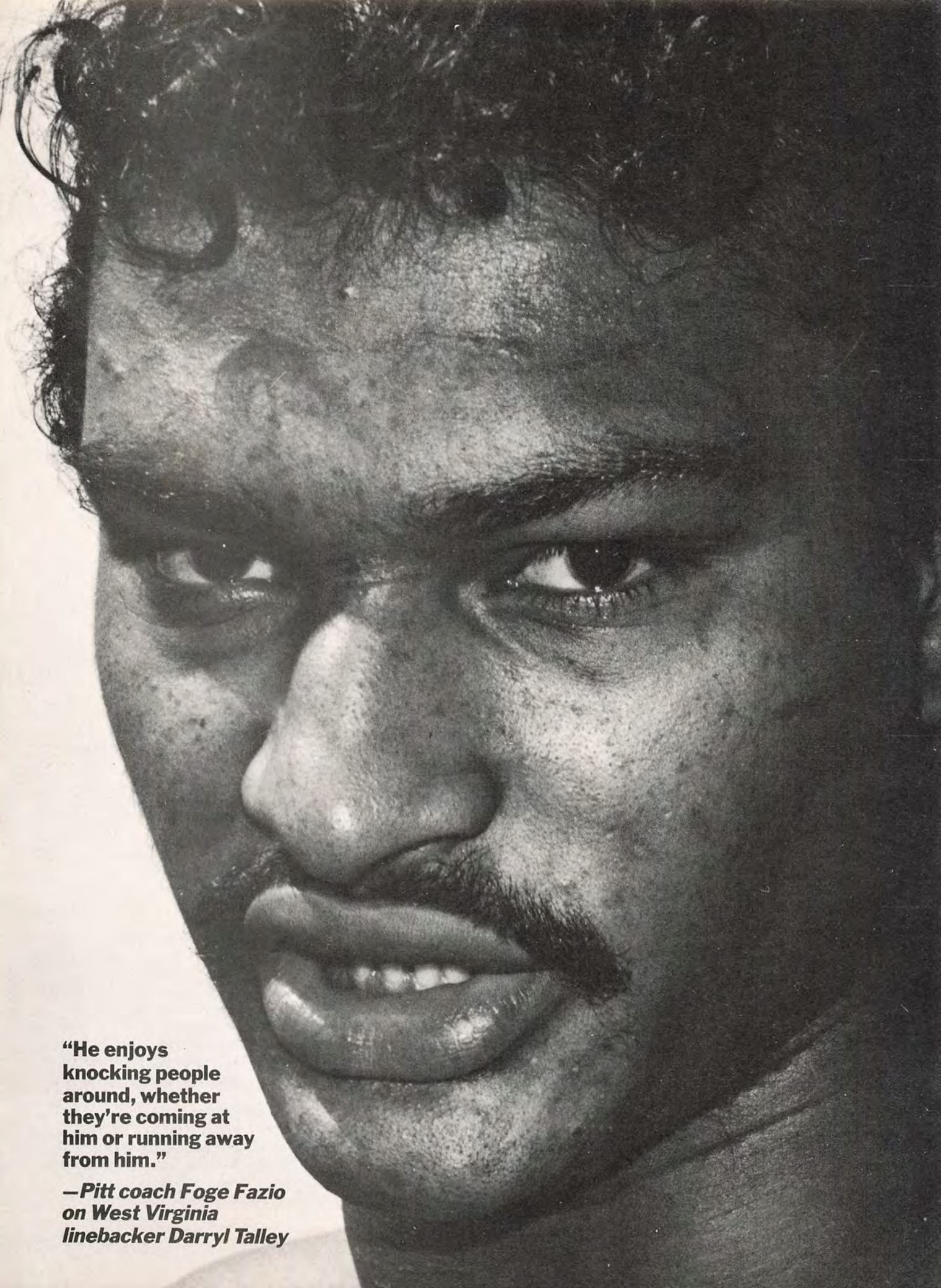
Georgetown center Pat Ewing had hardly thrown his first college elbow last year before the media wise guys were on him like Earl Weaver on Ron Luciano. "The dirtiest Ewing since J. R.," wrote a Rochester newspaper. "The Darth Vader of college basketball," said Bucky Waters, a TV color analyst.

Picky, picky, picky, said the socially conscious, upset that a mere freshman (though quite a large one) should be singled out for such abuse by his elders. Okay, maybe he *was* booed before he ever played a college game. He just happened to have flattened an opponent at the Roundball Classic, a high school all-star game in Pittsburgh, of all gentle places. And maybe he *was* involved in elbowing and/or fighting incidents in 4 of his first 12 games for the Hoyas. And maybe, as Philadelphia 76er GM Pat Williams puts it, he *does* have "a little mean streak in him." Nobody's perfect.

For Milwaukee Brewer pitcher Pete Vuckovich, the strategy is to keep batters—and real people—off-balance. Sometimes he does this by growling at cub reporters. Sometimes he does this by throwing his Chinese Fadeaway, the delivery where he falls off the mound on his follow-through. And sometimes he does this by glaring down off the hill, giving a new meaning to the expression: "In your face."

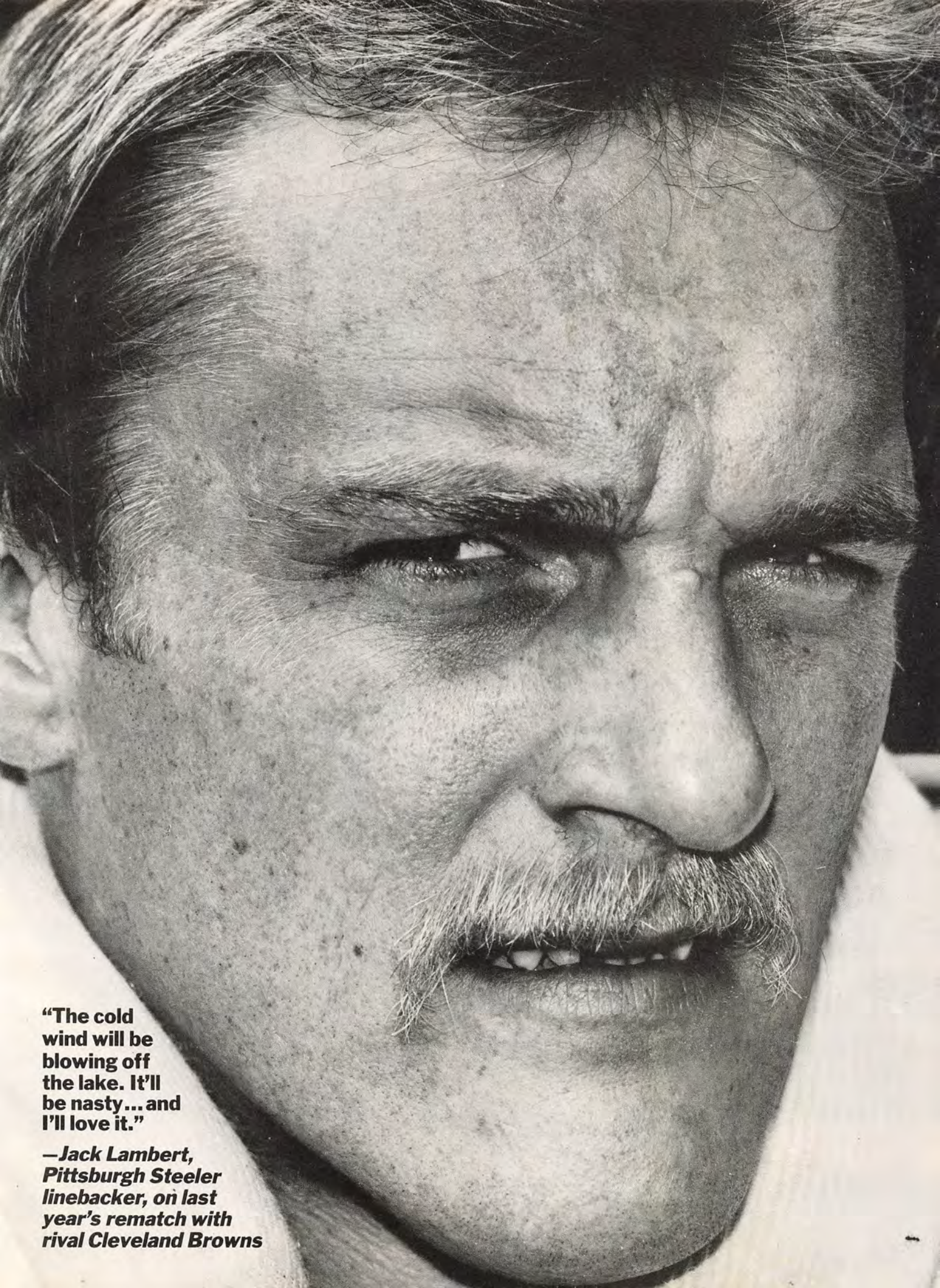
Our other Bad Dudes—light heavyweight Alvino "Killer" Manson (11-1) and West Virginia linebacker Darryl Talley, a third-team All-American—are less well-known than Lambert, Ewing and Vuckovich. But they're hoping to change all that. Soon. Any objections?

—GREG KELLY



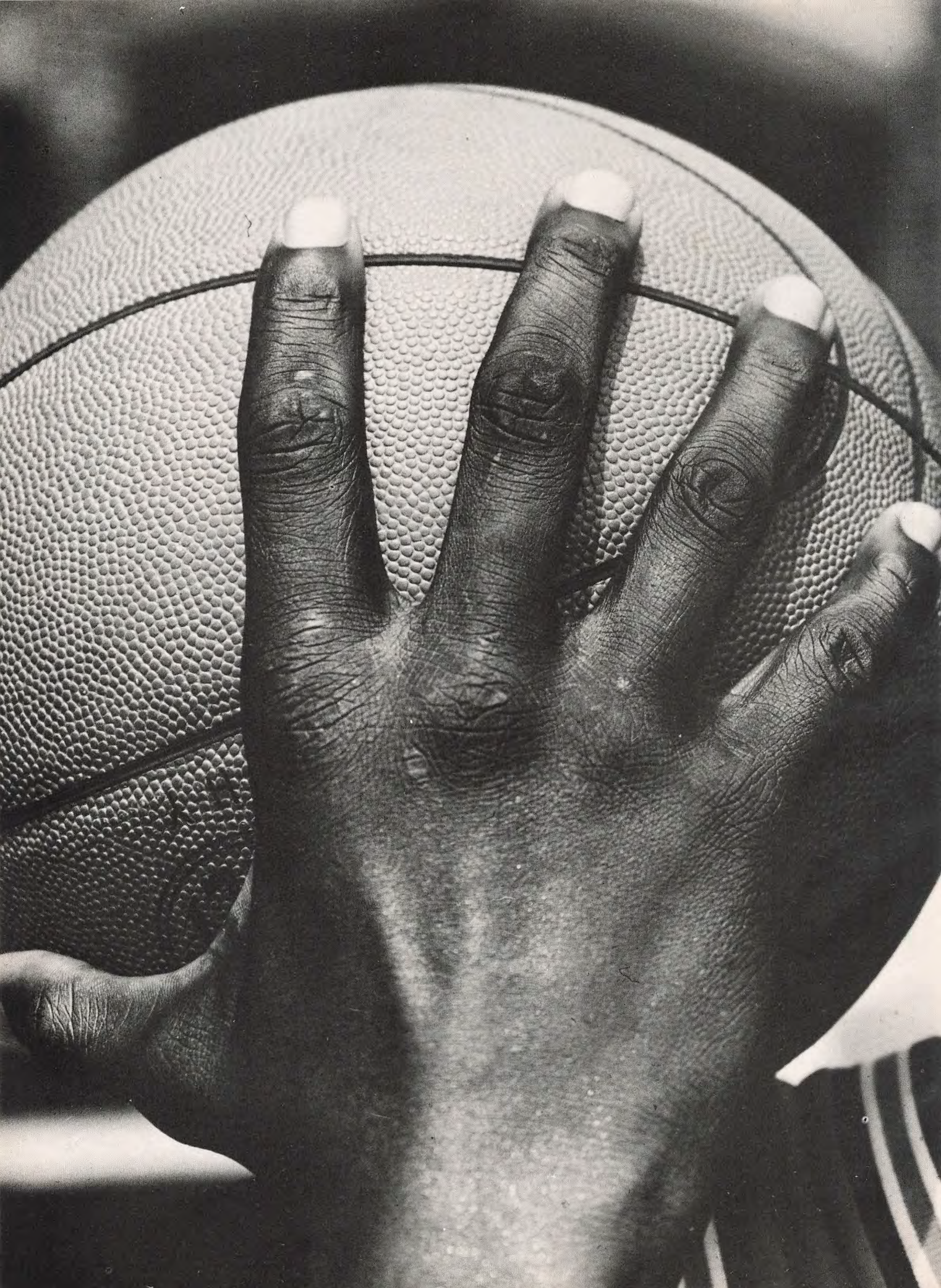
"He enjoys knocking people around, whether they're coming at him or running away from him."

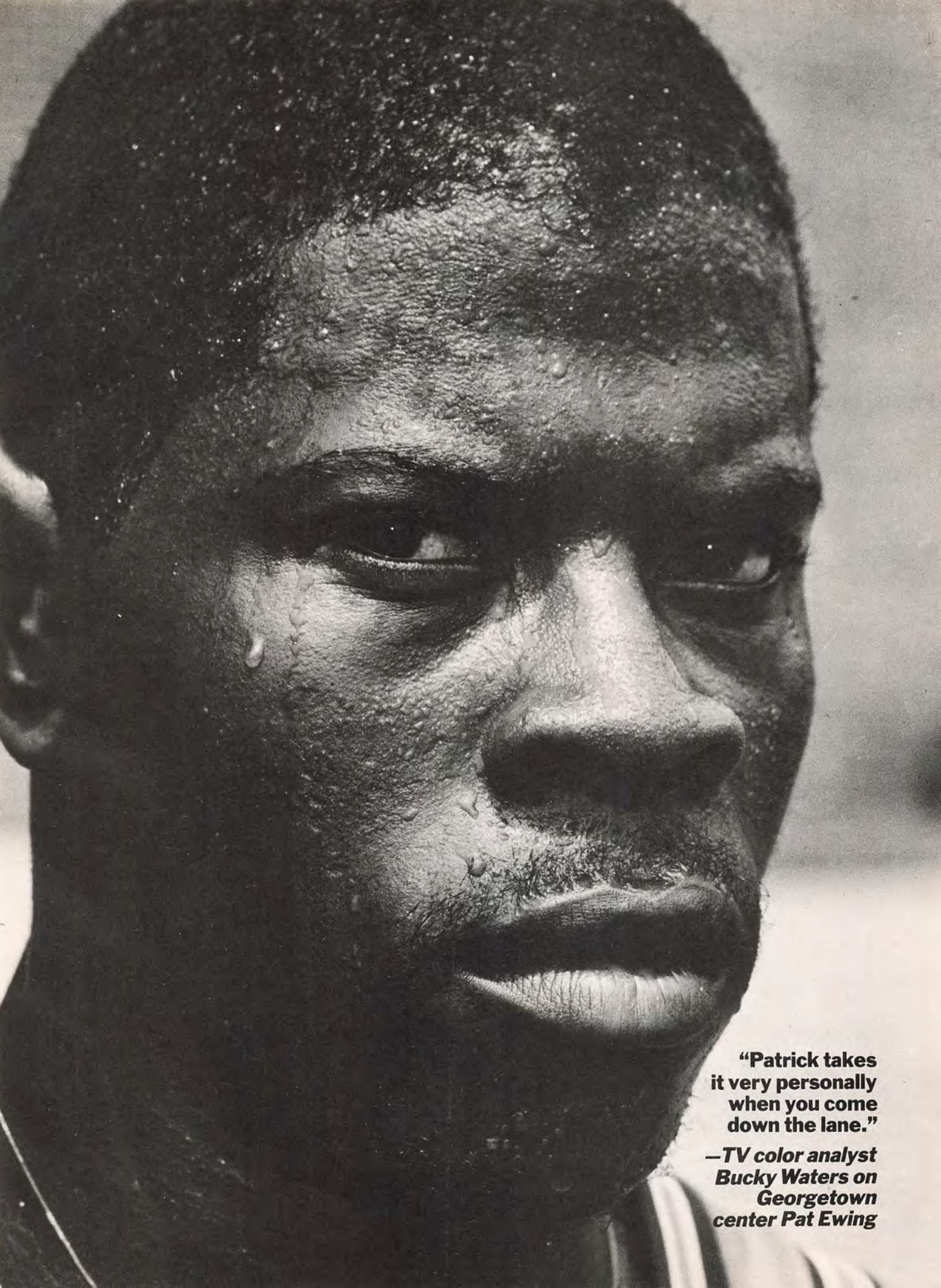
—Pitt coach Foge Fazio on West Virginia linebacker Darryl Talley



"The cold wind will be blowing off the lake. It'll be nasty... and I'll love it."

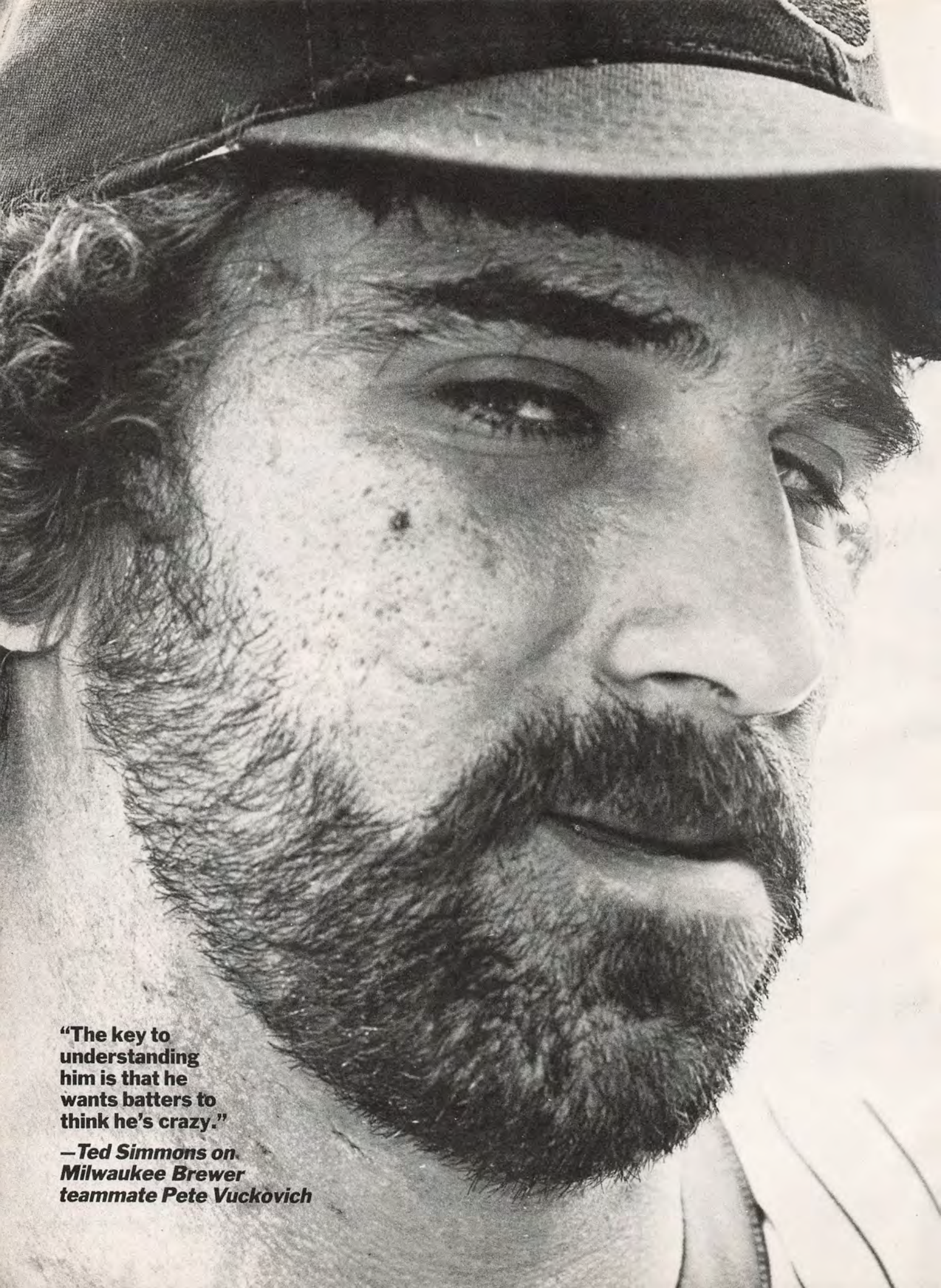
—Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh Steeler linebacker, on last year's rematch with rival Cleveland Browns





"Patrick takes it very personally when you come down the lane."

—TV color analyst Bucky Waters on Georgetown center Pat Ewing



"The key to understanding him is that he wants batters to think he's crazy."

—Ted Simmons on Milwaukee Brewer teammate Pete Vuckovich

"Why do people call him Killer? Because he likes to hit guys when they're already on their way down to the canvas."

—Manager Slim Correthers on Alvino "Killer" Manson

There's No Place Like Home

Especially if home is a football field on top of a mountain in Wyoming, in the middle of nowhere (Lorman, Mississippi), or under the wing of Touchdown Jesus

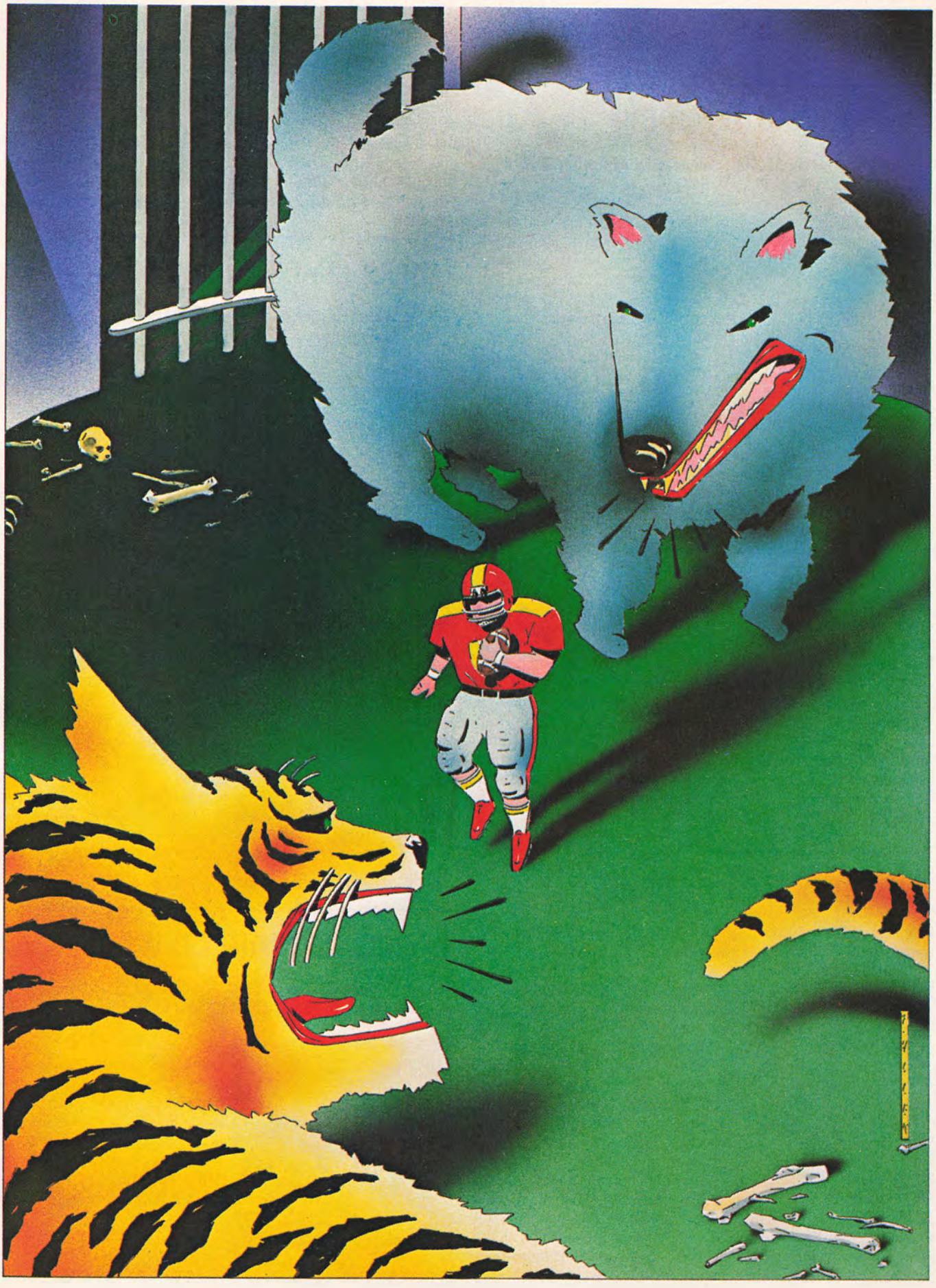
HI YA, BUNKIE. YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH FIELD TO play college football on, where the concrete's dyed spring green and teams digging themselves a hole have to use a jackhammer, and the yard lines are made of lye and the dressing room looks like the closet from some Marx Brothers movie? You say it's tougher than Alabama's, or Michigan's, or San Quentin's? What we're talking about here is a place that puts hair on your chest and fear in your spine—Doom-and-Gloom U.

Ideally, it would be the major university in the state, with no competition from the NFL. The campus would be remote, perhaps in a mountaintop hamlet accessible only by Sherpas and mule teams. The visiting team would have to leave last Monday to make the kickoff. The altitude would be a bit high, say 35,000 feet. Very rare air, but somehow blazing hot. The place would be in a dry county, except from six o'clock Friday evening to Saturday's 8 p.m. kickoff, just to give the fans enough time to get up for the game. In 150,000-seat Alumni Stadium (affectionately called Python Field because the school mascot slithers along the sideline near the opposing bench), everyone would be dressed in the school color, black. There would be a nice pregame ritual, maybe a human sacrifice at midfield. Then the blizzard would set in.

Final score: You lose.

BY JACK WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TERRY ALLEN



Here are our seven toughest places to play at, not based on record, in no particular order:

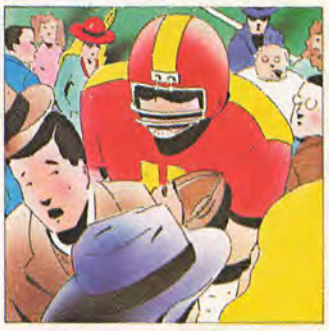
University of Wyoming

Laramie. Capacity 33,500. Since 1976 at home, 24-8-1 (.742). On the road, 11-24 (.314).

THE FIRST THING THE HAWAII team saw when running onto the field was a 10-yard-long sign between the upper and lower decks. WELCOME TO 7,220 FEET. Just a reminder that the boys from Oahu were no longer at sea level but in Wyoming's War Memorial Stadium, with the highest elevation of any Division I field. Of course, Hawaii knew all about this little madhouse on the prairie. It brought along a television crew, and extra tanks of oxygen—essential for catching your breath during TV timeouts. Hawaii flew into Denver, then bused 130 miles to Laramie. Before leaving Denver, the team tried to acclimate itself to the altitude by practicing on the roof of a parking garage. It did no good. Hawaii was clobbered that year. Altitude causes a lot of early arrivals in Laramie. North Carolina State showed up once on Tuesday night. But it's not just the altitude. Laramie is the *real* Windy City and the wind causes sudden weather changes. They say the snow doesn't come down from the skies, it comes from down the street. When Brigham Young came into town last October, the sun was out and the sky was blue. The temperature at kickoff was 32°. By halftime, you couldn't see Jim McMahon and BYU. Toward the end of Wyoming's 33–20 victory, you couldn't see your hand in front of your facemask. By Sunday the sun was out again and all the snow had melted. The Cowboys try to play all their home games early. Since 1975, they've had only one November home game. But on November 13, Wichita State will come visiting. Welcome to 7,220 feet. Heh, heh.

Alcorn State University

Lorman, Mississippi. Capacity 10,000. Since 1977 at home, 15-8-1 (.646). On the road, 12-15 (.444).



SOMETIMES JUST GETTING TO the stadium is a victory. "To come to Alcorn, you have to be coming *here*," says Marino Casem, alias "The Godfather," coach of the Alcorn Braves. "You can't drop in, unless you're in a helicopter or a parachute." Teams in the Southwestern Athletic Conference drive for hours to reach Alcorn. It's between Vicksburg and Natchez. Take Highway 61 to the Alcorn exit, then head west on a winding road known as "Seven-Mile Stretch." You'll see chickens scurrying across the road, goats grazing alongside, maybe a house every mile or two. For the last two miles, cars are parked everywhere and you know you're there. "It just opens up on you when you get here," Casem said. "Like an oasis in the wilderness. That's intimidating." So's Henderson Stadium. The fans park their cars and campers by the scoreboard and get very involved. Literally. One year, Jackson State coach W. C. Gorden thought he was sending in a play, then he turned and realized he was talking to a fan, not a player. Alas, they moved the fence and the crowd back a few feet last year. Now *everyone's* got a clear view of Casem, who once rolled over on his back while arguing with an official, demonstrating how an Alcorn receiver had caught a pass lying on the ground.

University of Washington

Seattle. Capacity 59,800. Since 1977 at home, 24-8 (.750). On the road, 16-7 (.696).

SINCE DON JAMES TOOK OVER IN 1975, every Pac-10 Man knows there is no place wetter—or wilder—than Husky Stadium. Especially in November. The average rain is nearly a yard, and the rainy season runs from January 1 to December 31. The place looks innocent enough, almost postcard picturesque sitting there on Lake Washington. Thousands of fans pull up in their boats, dock and sterngate picnic on the lake. Then they go inside and watch the Huskies run on water. One year, Arizona State didn't arrive until late Friday night, something about problems with the charter. But the folks in Seattle suspected another reason: Coach Darryl Rogers didn't want his players sitting around the hotel all day watching the dew drop. USC sat around an entire day last November watching the rain—in Husky Stadium. "The USC players were psyched out before the game started," said Dick Steinberg, director of player development for the New England Patriots. That Saturday, it was pouring, the temperature was near freezing and the wind was gusting to 50 mph. They had to close down two bridges that span Lake Washington. USC's 13–3 loss was its third defeat in its last four visits to Seattle. Washington went to the Rose Bowl, where the sun always rises.

Louisiana State University

Baton Rouge. Capacity 75,672. Since 1925 at home, 242-87-15 (.725). On the road, 115-99-16 (.535).

"I STOOD IN TIGER STADIUM and I thought this is what the Colosseum in Rome must have been like," said former Texas A&M linebacker Ed Simonini, now with the Colts. But in Baton Rouge, they feed you to Mike the Tiger. Mike IV, the current bengal mascot, prowls the sidelines in a ragin' cage-on-wheels that's miked. The cheerleaders have been known to poke his cage with their batons occasionally. Naturally, Mike

roars. A microphone amplifies the roar and then the crowd roars. Even louder. Then Mike is wheeled near the visitors' locker room, so they all must pass him and hear him roar on their way onto the field. Mike doesn't stick around much longer, though. The school thinks the nonstop screaming for the next three hours would be too traumatic, so they wheel Mike away. The visitors aren't so lucky. "It's always been the most difficult place for Mississippi to play," said Rebel coach Steve Sloan. "We use all the gimmicks to get ready, including recorded crowd noise at practice." But it's tough to simulate Deaf Valley. This is another place where the crowd seems to sit right on top of you. So does the humid air of a bayou night. And LSU *always* plays its home games at night. ABC once asked to switch a game with Alabama to the afternoon, but then coach Charlie McClendon refused. The fans are more fermented, uh, fervent when they've had all day to pre-pour, uh, prepare. USC left its locker room one year and more than a thousand fans were outside the door, chanting, "Tiger bait, tiger bait!" And that was Friday, the night *before* the game.

Texas A&M University

College Station. Capacity 73,500. Since 1974 at home, 28-12 (.700). On the road, 30-18 (.625).

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE PLACES that's so many miles from somewhere: 95 miles northwest of Houston, 95 from Austin and Waco, 170 due south of Dallas. You can fly in, but be careful. There's a short little airstrip, so the pilot has to drop in quickly. One year the pilot dropped too quickly and some SMU players lost their lunch. Next day, they lost the game. Last year, an SMU cheerleader nearly lost everything. There's an unwritten rule at Kyle Field (they take rules very seriously at A&M) that only players and officials are allowed on the field. Evidently, some of the Aggies consider the field sacred. After a touchdown, the SMU cheerleaders ran onto the field, lay down and started moving, spelling out "S-M-U." One nearly lost his S when a corps officer became offended, brandished his saber and ordered him to get the hell back to the sideline. Luckily, an Aggie player and the other cheerleaders fought off Captain Saber. No Aggie jokes, please, at least not about the spirit at A&M, which is almost as great as Jackie Sherrill's contract. The school is coed now and ROTC is no longer mandatory, but you can still spot a lot of haircuts right out of the fifties, they still have Reveille, the collie mascot, and the student body still stands for the entire game, a tradition that started in 1922 when a student had to be recruited from the stands after a number of injuries. Another student tradition is clutching the groin when the team is losing in the fourth quarter—a show of feeling for their warriors.

University of Nebraska

Lincoln. Capacity 73,531. One hundred and eighteen consecutive sellouts. Since 1962 at home, 99-19 (.839). On the road, 75-17-4 (.802). Won 19 straight at home 1963–67, 22 straight 1969–72.

"THEY KEEP TELLING ME THESE farmers are starving," says ABC's Beano Cook, "but they have enough money to go to Nebraska games." They come from everywhere to see the Cornhuskers, driving 500 miles from the panhandle in western Nebraska, flying in from Texas and California. And then there's the Alaskans-for-Nebraska Club. All dressed in red, all headed for Memorial Stadium. And when they fill it, Memorial becomes the third-largest city in the state. It also becomes very raucous. Not that Big Red fans are abusive. But mild-mannered? Wrong, corn breath. Most of the Cornhuskers are as high as an elephant's eye, and the red looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky, especially the first time Nebraska scores and thousands of red balloons are released. But it can sound even worse. Lou Holtz knows. He still has a snapshot of the scoreboard from 1973: North Carolina State 14, Nebraska 10, fourth quarter, 13:00 left. Nebraska's ball, fourth-and-five at the North Carolina State 26. "They called a timeout," Holtz recalled. "The band didn't play. Just 76,000 people standing and screaming at the top of their lungs. For a minute and a half. I don't know if our players were scared, but I was. Then their quarterback, David Humm, raised his hands and asked for quiet, and it was just like an orchestra leader. You could've heard a baton drop." Nebraska got the first down, scored, then scored again, and again. Final snapshot: Cornhuskers 31, North Carolina State 14.

University of Notre Dame

South Bend, Indiana. Capacity 59,075. Since 1930 at home, 189-51-4 (.783). On the road, 184-70-16 (.711). Has had 21 seasons when it didn't lose at home.

"BEFORE I DIE," JOHN MCKAY says, "I want to sit in the stands and watch an SC-Notre Dame game." A much safer place, certainly, than being on the wrong sideline in Notre Dame Stadium—in the shadow of Touchdown Jesus, Fair Catch Corby (a former school president) and We're No. 1 Moses, with his raised finger. And maybe with the golden olden boy, Paul Hornung, watching in the stands. All of this can get to anyone, even if he's real careful. It can even get to a John McKay. When he was still USC coach, in 1973, McKay was heard leaving the field whistling the Notre Dame Fight Song—and his Trojans had just lost 23–14. That was the weekend Xeroxed pictures of Anthony Davis (who scored six touchdowns against the Irish the year before in Los Angeles) were taped on all the campus sidewalks, the better to stomp on. Notre Dame always makes the other guys go out first and soak it all in. Only three teams since 1943 have won in their first game on this field. Penn State plays its first game on it November 13. The aura and the Ara. What have we gotten ourselves into?

JACK WILKINSON *is a sports reporter for the New York* Daily News. *His home field was Hofstra.*

Once he did whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted. Then a devastating knee injury and the loss of his first love taught Chicago's all-pro safety a lesson: It's okay to run free –sometimes. Now Gary Fencik plays both games–life and football–the same way.

SEMI-ROUGH

BY JOHN SCHULIAN

THE CHECKERBOARD LOUNGE isn't big on frills unless you consider linoleum tables and beer signs among the great wonders of the Western World. It doesn't even have a stage, just a corner where the tables are set back to make room for the talent, but most every blues singer in Chicago takes a turn there to pay homage to his threadbare roots. They weep, wail, stomp and shout about sweet love gone sour and Gary Fencik takes it all in, drinking wine, spo-dee-o-dee, and having a better time than the uninitiated might expect a white boy to have deep in the ghetto.

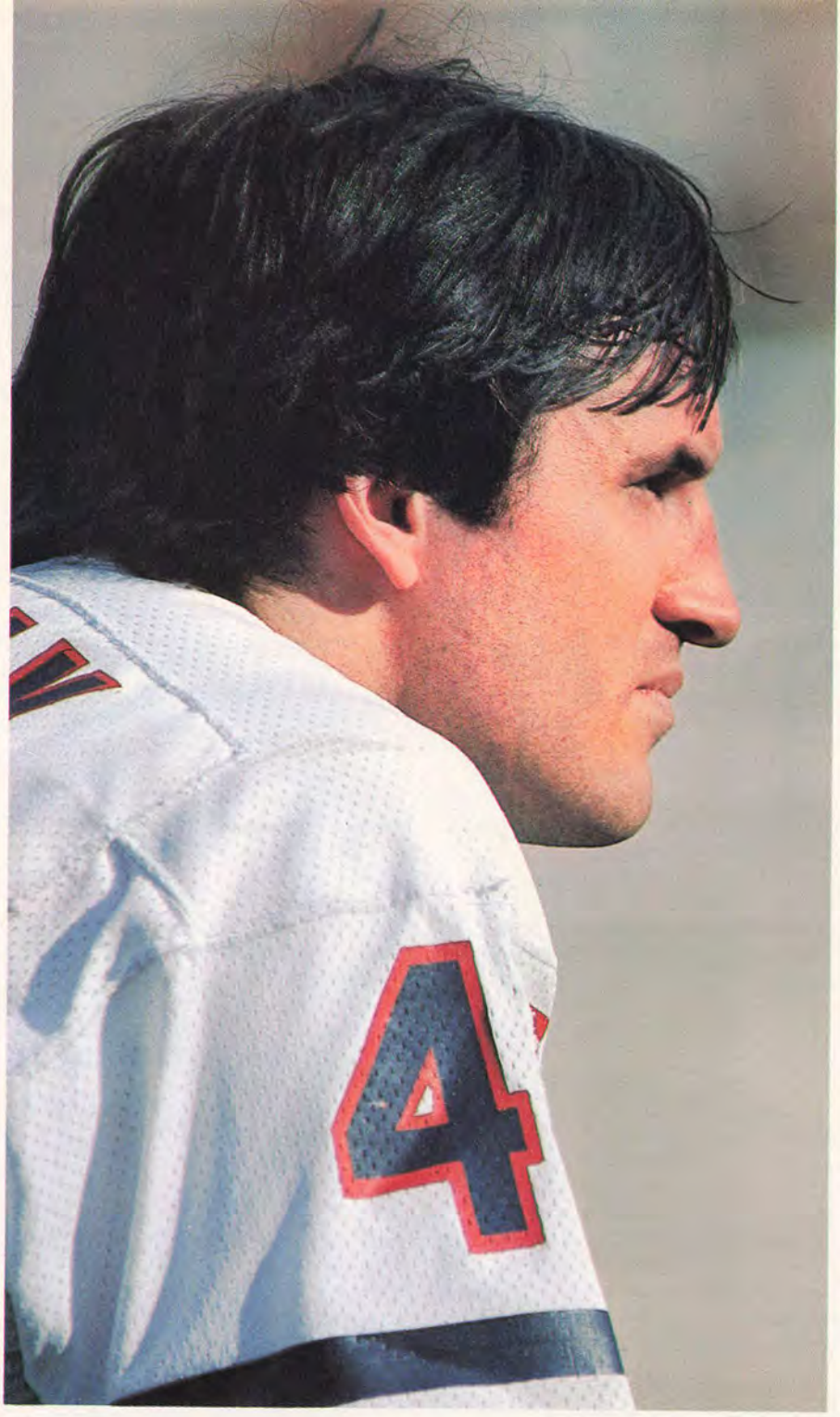
Though the rest of the Bears are a hairy-chested bunch advertised as being fierce if not particularly talented, they might sag in disbelief at the sight of where their all-pro strong safety has started letting his hair down. Most of them are sold on suburbia, and if they can make it to one of the city's glitzy restaurants without getting raped, robbed or murdered, the Bears figure they're ahead of the game. In their eyes, it was daring enough when Fencik bought a condominium close by the Near North Side's singles-bar dandies and gay-bar caballeros. But that was nothing compared to his new fascination with the Checkerboard, and Theresa's Tavern, and Brown's, "where," a sign says, "the blues turn brown." The joints are all on the South Side and any Saturday night police blotter will tell you that the gutters down there overflow with blood.

Maybe that is part of the appeal for Fencik. "When I took the girl I'm dating to the Checkerboard, she begged me to leave," he says. His tone suggests that he wondered where her sense of adventure was, and that he didn't shy from kidding her about it, either.

But the Checkerboard isn't so much a focus for his rebellion as it is a place where he can be who he is. They don't fuss over anyone there. If the beer is cold and Lefty Dizz or Buddy Guy or Junior Wells or whoever is performing is on key, that should be enough to send you home happy. And Gary Fencik always leaves with a smile on his face, the same smile you can see after the Bears have

Gary Fencik is happiest on the field in search of a collision. Off the field, he and his girlfriend, Charlotte Helmkamp, make the blues stop at the Checkerboard.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: BRUCE DIERDORFF (LEFT); BILL SMITH



Fencik has grown far afield of teammates because, he says, "I just don't have that much in common with them anymore"

turned him loose for another afternoon.

"His life is like a corporation. If something isn't good for the corporation, he'll have nothing to do with it."
—Chad Schultz, Fencik's roommate

"I don't think I've ever been universally popular."
—Gary Fencik

SHE REMEMBERS THE FIRST TIME he tripped over his own stubbornness, and laughs a mother's laugh. It was the day he came home from the third grade with the gravest of insults, a C in physical education.

"He was so mad," Adeline Fencik says. "But when he talked to his teacher about it, she said, 'Gary, do you remember when we were in gym and I said, "Let's play this game," and you said, "Oh, no, let's play something else"?' I guess he's always been on the independent side."

He didn't make his baseball team one year, for instance. His mother can't recall how old the second of her six children was then—maybe 8, maybe 9. But he refused to accept the slap of mortality without a fight, and even now she can't hide her pleasure at his spunk. "In the evenings, he went out in the backyard and practiced by himself," she says. "You could hear the ball going thump, thump, thump."

Long after he had abandoned thoughts of becoming one of the White Sox, John Gary Fencik was making the same sounds in football and basketball at Barrington (Illinois) High School. He was a grinder, a hardnose, the kind of kid who wouldn't let his treasured Golden Toro T-shirt rule his imagination. "I don't think I was ever a great pure athlete," he says. When he came home from school, he went downstairs to his room and studied so long and hard that his mother accused him of inventing homework. He planned to be a lawyer.

But he never planned to be born. He didn't let his father's presence as assistant principal at Barrington High stop him from cutting class to find out how much beer he could drink, and he turned his back on Big 10 football when Minnesota and Wisconsin offered him scholarships. He counted every week in their seasons, contemplated the weight rooms where winter afternoons would be spent pumping iron, imagined the agony of spring practice and said no thanks, he'd rather be a gentleman at Yale.

The idea appealed to his mother, who hadn't been crazy about football since he got carted off to the hospital with a bruised kidney as a scrawny high school freshman. And for a while, Fencik himself liked the idea of being at a school where labs come before practice and nobody gets cut from the team. Indeed, when he traveled to England to study in his junior year, he neglected meals so regularly that he lost 20 pounds and outraged the Eli coaching staff. But something happened to him after that, and it wasn't intellectual. It had to do with the creation of the safety who has played in two consecutive Pro Bowls and run up five straight seasons with more than 100 tackles.

The transformation began as a lark, which was the way Fencik thought of football at Yale no matter how hard the competitor in him made him play it. He was a cornerback and a school-record-setting wide receiver, proving that his brain didn't stop functioning when his muscles started working. "That was the best of both worlds," he says. "I didn't have to block."

His cleverness was lost on Howard

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SMITH

Cosell, who almost didn't let Fencik into the seminar he taught at Yale, Big-Time Sports and Contemporary America. "Gary knew I had scant regard for the jockocracy and he was very troubled," Cosell says in his syncopated delivery. "But he had a lot of guts. I decided that if he wanted to get killed, he might as well do it in the place of his choosing."

Cosell invited Fencik to the NFL draft his senior year, and when they stepped out for lunch in midtown Manhattan, they were joined by Larry Csonka, who had just signed with the Giants. "It was unbelievable," Fencik says. "Cab drivers were honking their horns and leaning out their windows. 'Hey, Howard! Hey, Larry! Hey, you in the middle!' "

He remained anonymous until the second day of the draft. By then he had returned to Yale in Cosell's limo, thinking it might be the finest taste of big-time jockocracy he would ever have. Being selected 10th by Miami did nothing to change his mind.

Fencik went south as if he were on an archaeological dig. "I had a job lined up in the management training program at Citibank in New York, so it wasn't the end of the world if I didn't make it," he says. If that was so, and somehow Fencik seems too challenge-oriented for it to have been, the Dolphins soon turned him around. They converted him to safety and proved he had an aptitude for pass coverage as well as for finance.

He was holding his own on the field and drinking beer with the veterans off it, and then the good life evaporated in one missed assignment. On the second play of a scrimmage against New Orleans, Fencik blew a coverage and wound up with a collapsed lung when a human oak fell on him. Once the tubes were out of him and the pads were back on, it was too late for the Dolphins to say anything except goodbye.

Fencik insisted he didn't care, that Citibank suited him fine. But when he flew home to visit his parents, he tore up all the pictures that had been taken of him in a Miami uniform.

What he didn't realize was that the Bears and the Steelers were racing to get to him and that, for once, the Bears were going to win. They took a tip from a friend of general manager Jim Finks, and called Fencik. "He came back from meeting them just like a little boy," says his father, John. "He said, 'Dad, I'm going to be a Bear.' " His innocence was showing.

It didn't last long, though. All Finks had to do to show his new free agent how pro football's world really goes 'round was talk money. The Dolphins had signed Fencik to a contract relatively rich in incentive clauses, and Finks plucked them out as if they were so much buckshot in his tailfeathers. "There weren't going to be any bonuses for playing in so many games or for finishing the season or for anything else," Fencik says. "That was the day I knew I wasn't management-oriented."

He had other things to do, however, before he could feel secure enough to let his feelings be known. He had to make the team. For that, fortunately, his timing was as good as his negotiating strategy was nil.

"Gary must have walked in and said, 'Hey, I'm an idiot if I don't make it here,' " says Doug Plank, his tag-team partner in the secondary. "We only won seven games that year, so it was hard to be humbled by the talent or the scores on Sunday afternoon. Myself, I was real impressed that Gary wasn't always asking what the defense was three seconds after we broke the huddle."

There was a lot more to appreciate about Fencik after he survived his rookie season on the special teams and returned in 1977 to become a starter by default. Plank got stretchered off the field in the Bears' last exhibition game and Fencik replaced him at free safety. He did so well that when Plank returned four games later, Fencik simply moved out strong safety Craig Clemons, and the Bears had themselves a swashbuckler who didn't believe in taking prisoners.

The temptation is to overlook Fencik's zest for contact when everybody wants to talk about his football IQ first. Buddy Ryan, the crusty defensive coordinator who addresses his troops by their numbers instead of their names, claims that "45 is smarter than 95 per cent of the players I've had." But the Bears rely on a willingness to hit—and Fencik crumbles as many fenders as any of them.

At 6-1 and 197 pounds, he fights off blockers on sweeps so his free safety—Plank or Lenny Walterscheid—can move in for the kill without fear of getting beaten to the outside. He has sent receivers head over heels with his dip-and-roll tackles and he once shipped Dallas' Danny White to Thanksgiving dinner after knocking the stuffing out of him on a quarterback scramble. "Mike Ditka [the Cowboy assistant who became the Bears' head coach this season] tells me their receivers were talking to themselves last year," Jim Finks says. "Gary and Doug had them short-arming the ball over the middle. They just didn't want to get hit anymore."

At 28, Fencik is exactly the opposite. He is always sticking out his chin, off the field and on. With him, conversation, like football, is a collision sport.

He sounds off in the dressing room, in team meetings and in front of the press. The result is new life in the Bears' venerable tradition of intramural dissent, begun two decades ago by Doug Atkins, the Hall of Fame defensive end who used to dare Papa Bear George Halas to make him practice and call the old boy in the dead of night to cuss him out for being so cheap.

Outspokenness flagged in recent years, when the team was inundated by pranksters of a merrier sort—"I wouldn't care if I never got hit in the head with another sock," Fencik says—but now the resurrection is underway. Alan Page, the lawyer cum defensive tackle who retired after last season, had something to do with it. He is remembered for letting off steam by imitating an air-raid siren. "He used to stand there and howl, just shriek, until you thought you'd go out of your mind," Fencik says. Though some Bears think Fencik himself has the same goal in mind when he cracks jokes no one else can understand, lame humor is not his calling card. Ill humor is.

"If I walked into practice one day as a born-again Christian, nobody would believe it," he says. "They're too used to me bitching all the time."

Fencik has bitched about having to stay in a hotel the night before home games and he has bitched about not being able to eat at a restaurant of his choosing the night before road games. He has bitched about the team's policy of wearing wool leggings even in sweltering weather and he has bitched about all the other inanities of NFL life that make it the closest thing to the Army he'll ever know. He has also bitched so much about the Bears' constipated offense that any time an anonymous source gets quoted, everyone looks at him.

"You know what his nickname is, don't you?" general manager Finks asks a trifle too eagerly. "It's 'Bitch.' "

Though Finks' imagination may have gotten the best of him on that one, there is no doubt that Fencik prefers to travel the trails he blazes himself. More and more, his independence leads him away from not only pro football's norm, but from the men he calls teammates. "He looks at things different than a lot of the people in the game," says center Dan Neal, his best friend among the Bears. "He's more of a reclusive person and he'll give you the idea he's aloof and cocky unless you get close to him. Fact is, the other day I told him, 'If I met you this year, I might not like you.' "

Fencik doesn't blink. "I like the guys I play with, I like them a lot," he says. "But I just don't have that much in common with them anymore." The lock-

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er room never had a chance to be the center of the universe, and now it is official, because he has grown up.

If you want to know why, just think of his scarred left knee. He got it on an operating table on Christmas Eve, 1979, and the experience made him shift his gears. "When I was lying in that hospital bed, I could clearly see the end of the road," he says. "I made a conscious decision that I was going to set some goals for myself, get my life in some kind of order."

No longer did it seem quite so important to romance every fair damsel who graced Rush Street's saloons. Nor would he continue to serve as the Chicago media's idea of a Renaissance man, an Ivy Leaguer who took piano lessons and wine-tasting courses. The gawkers and the groupies would have to find a new main squeeze.

They have been replaced by the graduate business school classes he takes at Northwestern in season and out, the off-season work he does for a cable television company, and a lifestyle that doesn't require just any pretty face at his side. "Before I started going out with my present girlfriend, there were a lot of dinners and team functions I went to with Danny Neal and his wife," he says. "I think people were beginning to wonder about me." But then he has always made people do that.

He can sound cold and forbidding on the phone to the non-football friends he cherishes or he can make an absolute stranger feel at home at a party. He can walk away from any conversation about the Bears or he can rearrange an entire week to be the grand marshal of a pet parade in La Grange, Illinois. "Maybe," says Chad Schultz, the business executive and boyhood friend he rooms with, "you just have to know him."

Jim Finks certainly doesn't. He won't even claim to. Instead, he'll sermonize about how the advent of agents has ruined the relationship between general managers, such as he, and players, such as Fencik. Somehow, though, you get the feeling the two of them wouldn't be lovey-dovey even if they did meet at the bargaining table every year.

Their mutual incompatibility has been on display since last year, when Fencik stayed out of training camp for three weeks while his lawyers dueled the general manager who dubbed them "Starsky and Hutch." Though Fencik came away with a $150,000-a-year contract, the money didn't buy a smile.

"I guess I'll always be a free agent in Jim's eyes," he says. "I suspect he won't shed any tears when Gary Fencik isn't with the organization anymore."

Finks does a casting-call double take when he hears about that.

"It sounds like Gary is trying to create the image of a martyr," he says. "He might take himself a little too seriously at times. But I don't think my feelings are at issue whether I think he's a great kid or an ass. My only concern is whether he's a helluva player. And he *is* a helluva player.

"A lot of guys want to go out of this league saying, 'My man never got behind me.' Well, that isn't the point and Gary understands it. He's not afraid to put his skills on the line. Even if he makes a mistake, it won't devastate him. More likely, it will be the other teams that wind up paying for his gamble."

Fencik reads pass plays and runs for the spot where the ball will be thrown, knowing full well that after the interception, Buddy Ryan will still grumble, "Goddamn, 45, I didn't think you were going to get there." But 45 does, and to show for it, he had a 69-yard interception return for a touchdown against Denver last year as well as a diving drive-killer against Washington. This has been going on for all five seasons he has been a starter, and it began on a Monday night against the Rams in Chicago's Soldier Field when he almost tore the ball out of the tight end's hands. Upstairs in the broadcast booth, Howard Cosell went into a spasm of polysyllabic rapture.

THERE WAS ONE GIRL WHO WAS different from all the rest. She was the first one Gary Fencik ever loved.

He saw her again last winter, when he was in New York for a friend's wedding. She showed him the tiny room where she dwells and, for the moment at least, he forgot about getting ready to play in the Pro Bowl. On the walls were 13 pictures of Guru Maharaj Ji, the leader of the cult she belongs to and lives for. In his mind was a snapshot of the girl who entered his world 10 years ago when she spilled tea on his new white corduroy pants.

They were freshmen being welcomed to Yale with a little Ivy League gentility. She was tall and thin, a brunette with beautiful blue eyes and, says Fencik, "an incredible mind." What happened between them evolved slowly yet poetically, and when he finally realized the depth of it, Fencik started wishing they both weren't chasing other dreams. "I don't think I can explain how important she was to me," he says. "She was an extraordinary woman and I did not want our relationship to end." But he was throwing his body around for the Bears and she was learning how to put bodies back together at medical school, and they

would only grow farther apart. Those he confided in realized she was the ideal he chased and chased and chased. "He really loved her," Cosell says, "and there was no hope."

Fencik hadn't run into a wall like that before. He had usually gotten what he wanted through charm or hard work or whatever else was necessary, and now he was learning that the currency he used had lost its value. The woman he loved had turned her back on medicine and money, and try though he did to tell her he understood, he couldn't get through. "Gary made very sincere efforts to deal with the philosophical and religious changes in her life," Chad Schultz says. "I'm not sure he could have lived with them, but he absolutely refused to say, 'You're screwed up. I don't want to see you anymore.' "

In his last desperate bid to salvage their romance, Fencik displayed a kind of bravery you seldom find in the NFL—a pure kind of bravery if you will. It had nothing to do with risking his neck and everything to do with answering his heart and mind. He made himself vulnerable, and still he failed.

"The big adios," Fencik says now. She delivered it in 1979, the day before he had to drag himself back to Chicago for training camp. After that, the only time he heard from her was when he got hurt.

He got hurt a lot that year.

THE KNEE WAS LIKE NOTHING else. Fencik had stopped counting how many times his nose had been broken and the collapsed lung in Miami was just part of his NFL indoctrination as far as he was concerned. He will tell you, "I don't have a high pain threshold," and yet there was a game against Green Bay when he broke his left arm, had the offending limb set, taped and padded, and then returned to life in the fast lane. But the knee rendered all that insignificant.

It crumbled in December of '79. The Bears were in Philadelphia on their last trip to the playoffs when a blocker knifed out of the snow and fog and chopped Fencik down from the left side. There would be no chance for him to try saving the Bears from the disaster that awaited them, no chance to prove himself in front of the Philly dockworkers with whom he had labored and drunk three summers away from Yale. He was just glad the Bears' doctors were going to let him back on the sidelines to watch the second half.

The ligament had been snapped off the bone, one of the worst of knee injuries, so Fencik got an operation for a Christmas present. Two weeks later, while his teammates scattered for warm weather and lazy times, he went back to have his left ankle re-sculpted.

That was just the beginning. When he battled to come back, he had to do it without a visit from Finks or the team's blessing for the rehabilitation program he chose. He remembered all the bad knees that had never healed under the Bears' guidance, the knees that belonged to a lot of players you don't hear about anymore. And then he talked to Tom Hicks, a linebacker who had sprinted back from surgery via a route the Bears' brain trust refused to bless.

Hicks had placed his career in the hands of Bob Gajda (pronounced Guidea), a former Mr. Universe whose theories fly in the face of the NFL's macho code that says injured players must work through their pain. At Gajda's Sports Performance and Rehabilitation Institute, pain is a signal to move on to another exercise and another part of the body. That may sound terribly limp-wristed to football's hard guys, but as long as Hicks was the only one involved, the Bears didn't balk too loudly. He was just a journeyman.

"It was entirely different with Fencik," Gajda says. "Here was a guy who was going to be all-pro and he was doing what he thought was right, not what the team thought was right. It was an open act of rebellion."

The Bears' management refused to pay a penny of the cost, but Fencik plunged on. There were times when he hated what was in store for him at Gajda's torture chamber, but if it weren't for challenges, Fencik might never have discovered that his body could do as much for him as his brain.

In high school, he was goaded by a coach who made the football team run wind sprints for daring to give up a touchdown in the homecoming game. When Fencik was a junior at Yale, there was the thought that seniors who were no better than he were getting drafted into the NFL. With the Bears, Fencik's biggest challenge is Buddy Ryan, the defensive whipcracker who never misses an opportunity to, as he says, "jump dead in the middle of Gary's butt."

So Fencik lifted weights, ignored a fall down some stairs and did so much jumping he thought his eyeballs would shake loose. He drove himself six days a week, five and six hours a day—drove himself until he couldn't keep his head up or his lunch down. But the suffering paid off with a rebuilt leg and a realigned body. "When he went to camp," Gajda says, "he looked like Mr. America in the legs."

HOW COME YOU PLAY FOOTball when. . . ."

Gary Fencik doesn't wait for people to finish the question anymore.

". . . you mean, when I'm going to be a cripple by the time I'm 40?" he says with a crooked little smile.

The silence that usually greets his cleverness is matched by the silence in his car as he drives to practice, alone. The trip takes 45 minutes, too long by the standards of the Bears who cluster around their suburban Lake Forest encampment, just right by Fencik's standards. "I can do a lot of thinking," he says. He thinks about his love life, grad school and the extra running Ryan orders for the defense with such glee. "He can really be sadistic, but the sick thing is, after we started it last year, we played better." Fencik understands why because of his days in the hospital, with his knee in bandages and his career in limbo.

"I started thinking about the qualities of the game that I hadn't considered before. It's like when one of my business school professors asked everybody to introduce himself. One guy said he was an economist. Another said he worked at First National. Me? I said I play football. I don't *work* football. Working football sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? As long as I'm *playing* football, I think I can justify my existence."

At the very least, Fencik can justify it to himself, and that is all that really matters. True, the incessant losing that afflicts the Bears does weigh heavy on him, maybe even loosens his tongue to damn their old attack as "the clam offense." And he shows signs, particularly lately, of being more and more immersed in football's aesthetic. He marvels at the way Mike Ditka cleaned out a recalcitrant's locker, and he seems surprised that anyone should find it difficult to believe his reaction. "I respect authority," Fencik says. Of course. It is simply a matter of quantity.

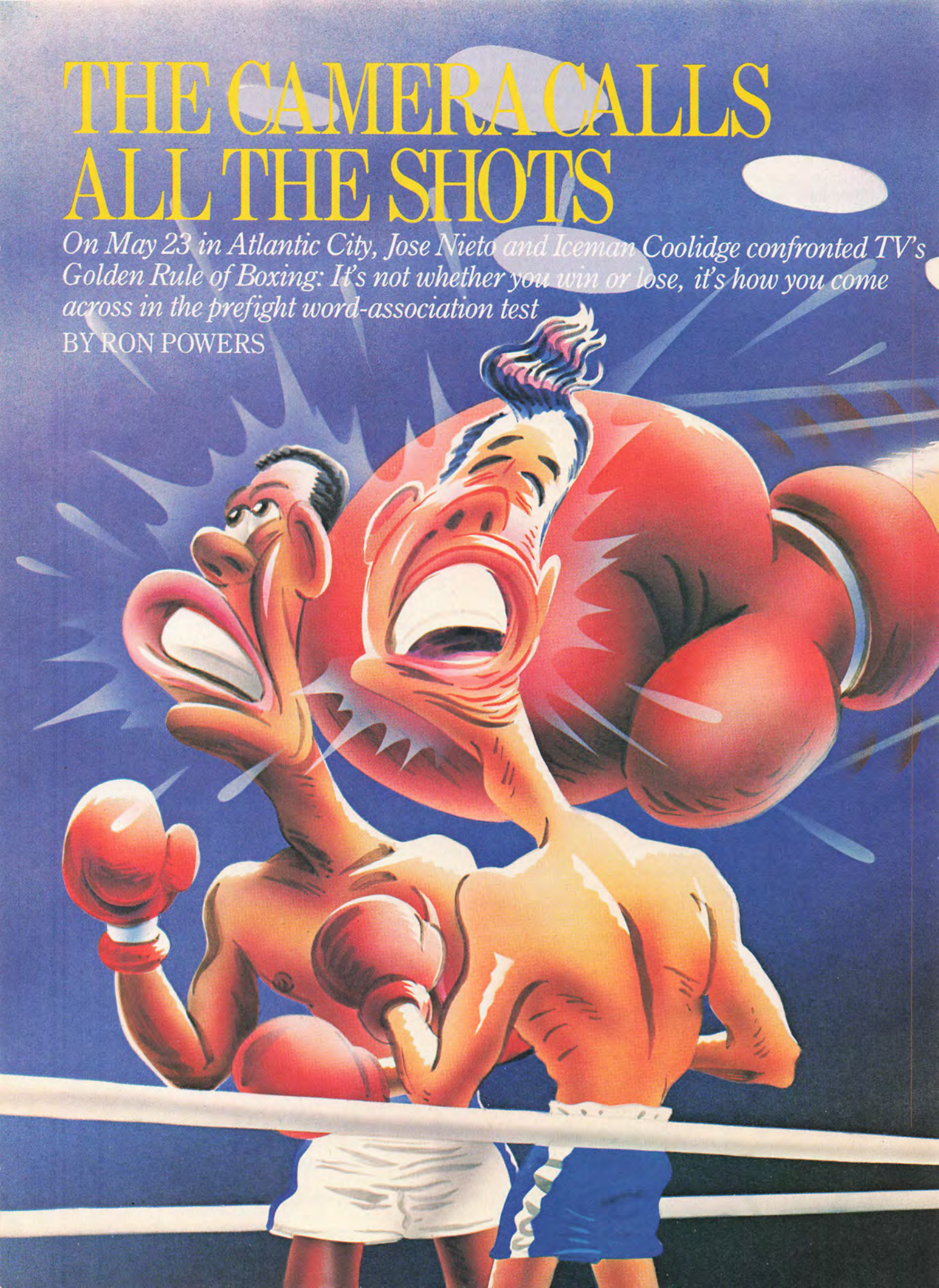
He can stand at attention on the sidelines because he can run free on the field. He can follow his instincts, the same as when he peels away from the rest of the Bears and heads back to the city, back to the blues and the friends who care little about football and the women who are more than decoration. The only thing different about any of it is the realization Gary Fencik has come to. Sometimes he can be as independent as he wants to be and sometimes he can't. Sometimes he just has to pick his spots. ■

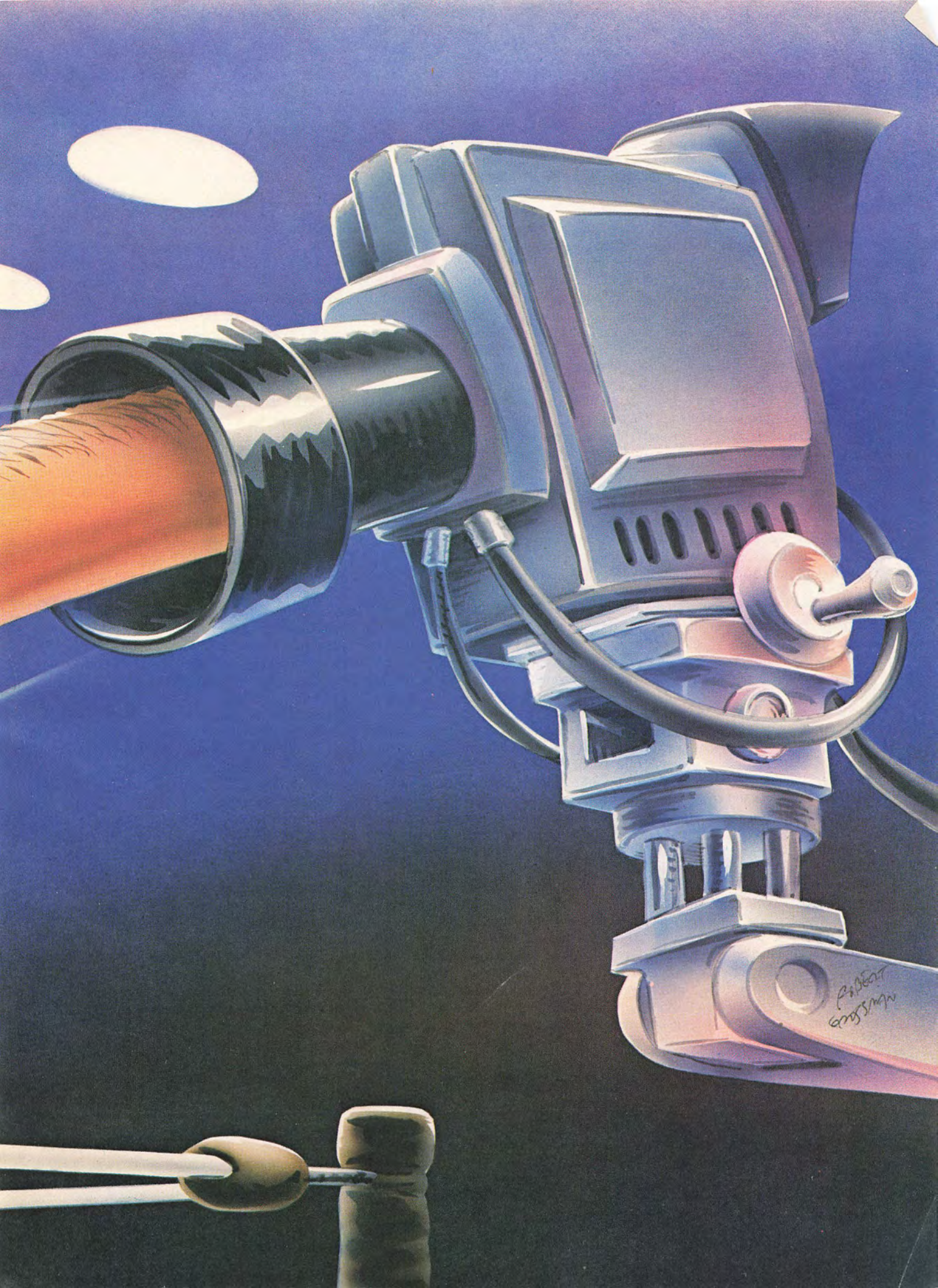
JOHN SCHULIAN *is a sports columnist for the* Chicago Sun-Times.

THE CAMERA CALLS ALL THE SHOTS

On May 23 in Atlantic City, Jose Nieto and Iceman Coolidge confronted TV's Golden Rule of Boxing: It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you come across in the prefight word-association test

BY RON POWERS





ON SATURDAY, MAY 22, ATLANTIC CITY IS PLASTERED by a fog as blank and joyless as a vacant television channel. But then Atlantic City was never what you'd call a weather type of town. Atlantic City's idea of weather is a thermostat. Inside the Atlantic Room, on the mezzanine level of the Tropicana Hotel, the weather remains the same as it always is: under control.

But the visibility inside the Atlantic Room is limited today. Its Kiwanis-luncheon dimensions are bloated with men and women who have come to see what the television lights are all about. Shouldering their way around the center of the room are half a dozen NBC Sports production people dressed importantly in official network windbreakers, one famous network sportscaster, a few cosmeticky women whose tight jeans and stiletto heels suggest a kind of festivity but whose faces seem stunned, and finally the men: some of them young and lean and mustachioed, most of them middle-aged and short and thickly built. All the men are clad in crisp nylon warmup suits with personal monograms ("Lou") stitched on the front. All the men are as expressionless as the fog. These people are the media chroniclers, the wives and girlfriends, the managers and trainers of professional boxers, and a few actual boxers—the inner circle of the Fight Crowd.

But this is not a Fight Crowd as Norman Mailer or Budd Schulberg would understand fight crowds. It stops short of projecting the suppressed eroticism, the attractively wicked ripeness that has always elevated fight people into the lower reaches of myth. One does not sense that within those zippered warmup suit pockets are folded bills of large denomination; no crumpled love notes line those purses. There is something almost suburban about these characters, something of the shopping center and the credit card. Their brand of choice is not Everlast, it is Adidas.

This is the *made-for-television* fight crowd.

NBC Sports has come to telecast boxing matches from the Tropicana for tomorrow's edition of *SportsWorld*, the sports anthology show. Marv Albert, the most prominent of three announcing Albert brothers, has come down from New York to handle the blow-by-blow duties. Flying in to join Albert from his residence in Miami is Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, television's celebrated "Fight Doctor," who will provide color commentaries and feature interviews. The fight people step back when Pacheco struts into the room. He is one of them; he is the surrogate television star for all the hard, aging hipsters in the gyms and in the casinos who know the game and like the lights. Pacheco is a medical doctor, but he affects the fast, impersonal patter of a good lounge comic, and he wears his collars open, the points as long as Sammy Davis'.

Pacheco was once Muhammad Ali's personal physician, a fact he is not shy about mentioning. His curious compulsion for endless one-liners and a certain shrewdness about the boxing world attracted the network people to him, and Pacheco found himself, suddenly, in fleshy middle age, a TV celebrity. Now Pacheco has consolidated an impressive amount of power inside NBC Sports: Besides his on-air-commentator role, Pacheco is the man who approves—and sometimes formally arranges—every bout telecast on NBC.

What this means is that Dr. Ferdie Pacheco controls the destiny of every fight person in the Atlantic Room. In the 1980s, each television network boasts its own repertory cast of boxers. Each network has its own version of Pacheco, a sort of talent scout constantly on the lookout for young men with unusual boxing skills. But this is television; boxing skills are not enough. A certain star appeal is also necessary. For the first time in history, the typical American professional fighter—a young man, black or ethnic, trying to pummel his way out of poverty—is expected to be at the same time charming and articulate and clever: if not another Sugar Ray Leonard, then at least a Donny Osmond with eight-ounce gloves.

IN THE CROWDED ATLANTIC ROOM NOW, A SMALL-FRAMED young man has taken a seat on one of two wooden chairs in front of some red velvet drapes that glare in the television lights. The young man has the face of an Hispanic Billy Budd. He is wearing a brown velour warmup suit. Except for the faint beginnings of scar-tissue crescents on his forehead and cheekbones, he might be mistaken for one of the Tropicana's bellhops, or a car-park attendant.

This is featherweight Jose Nieto, one of 14 children in a family so poor that it moved from the Bronx to Honduras when Jose was 4, in search of better opportunity. Nieto learned to fight in the slums of Honduran cities. He returned to New York with an aunt at age 10 and began a career in and out of juvenile homes. But Nieto had his eye on the American middle class. He harnessed his brutality, made it respectable. He won the New York Golden Gloves, boxed in the marines, got married, enrolled in a community college.

Now, at 27, Jose Nieto is within grasp of what millions of his social peers regard as the American Dream: He is going to box on network television. The price of this privilege will be heavy. His opponent will be former U.S. Boxing Association featherweight champion Rocky Lockridge, whose 24-2 pro record includes 19 knockouts. Lockridge is the No. 2-ranked featherweight by the World Boxing Association. As an amateur he fought 218 matches and won 210.

But before he can climb into the ring with Lockridge, Nieto must endure a trial for which his childhood of back-street violence hardly prepared him: He must record a prefight television interview that will prove to the American public what a charming, articulate and clever guy Jose Nieto is, what a *cuddly* sort of guy.

If Nieto performs well in the interview, his value as a promotable personality will soar. Of course, it will help if he wins the fight. But in TV boxing, winning is not everything. It's not even the only thing. A telegenic boxer named Curtis Parker had fought seven times for NBC's cameras. On four of those occasions Parker had had his senses scrambled, but apparently he met Pacheco's minimum artistic standards. "I want to put on the air the kind of folks I'd like to see when I'm sitting at home," Pacheco had said earlier. "I want to see *real people* fighting."

But before Pacheco can commence the interview with Nieto, Nieto must be . . . *prepared*. Towering over Nieto is a lean figure who might have stepped from the bosom of a rock band—a *highly affluent*, rather *serious* rock band. His reddish, razored mane of hair and beard glow when he moves into the field of TV lights. In a roomful of people straining for sartorial effect, he is dressed with almost unconscious elegance in a pale brown hopsack jacket, offset by an open-collar dress shirt of dark blue with white pinstripes. The gray suede slippers are by Gucci.

This is Mike Weisman, one of television's brightest young sports producers. Weisman, at 32, belongs to a select club of hot and mutually competitive production talents who number only about six or seven throughout the industry. His authority in the room is tacit but unquestioned—except, perhaps, by the young boxer seated in the chair.

It was Weisman, a protege of the gifted Don Ohlmeyer (one of the first to appreciate *sound* in a visual medium), who created many techniques that enhanced the intimacy of TV sports: the miking of Florida State coach Bobby Bowden in the 1980 Orange Bowl ("I want you to stick that ball in there!"), the use

PREVIOUS PAGE: ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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of team players to announce the starting lineups in major league baseball games.

"What we're going to do is what we call 'word association,' " Weisman, who makes an estimated $500,000 a year, explains in a slightly schoolteacherish voice to the upturned face of Nieto, who'll make $7,500 for this fight. Some of the aimless shifting around in the Atlantic Room stops. People begin to peer toward the TV lights. A cameraman is adjusting the focus of the minicam aimed at Nieto. "Which means," continues Weisman, "that if we give you a word, you say the first thing that comes into your mind." Weisman pauses. He gazes down at Nieto, who stares upward at Weisman.

"Sometimes funny things come out of it," Weisman informs Nieto. There is another pause. "Sometimes serious things come out." Yet another silence.

Weisman brings his hands together in a clap of finality that sounds just a shade forced. "Whatever comes to your mind," he repeats. "It's just like if we opened your mind and whatever came out." Nieto listens very carefully. "We've done it with several fighters," Weisman assures him. "Trust us." He hesitates for a moment, his hands still clasped. "Don't think about it."

Pacheco, carrying a clipboard, is now squeezing his way through the onlookers and into the pool of television lights. Nieto's body relaxes a little. Here, at last, is a known quantity. The Fight Doctor seems to understand and appreciate the fight crowd. He has a good ringside manner. His constant nervous wisecracks tinkle like chimes against stone in the midst of these generally deadpan citizens.

Weisman seems relieved to be on the sidelines again. "I'm bored with just talking heads," he whispers by way of explaining the word-association routine as Pacheco and Nieto prepare to begin. "Plus, the important thing is, we're learning something important about these kids. You get some really revealing responses on this game."

Weisman calls for quiet. The minicam goes hot, the videotape in the truck starts rolling, and Pacheco begins throwing words at Nieto. "Goal," is the first word on the Fight Doctor's clipboard.

Nieto's good-natured face creases in thought. The dark brows draw together. He is silent for so long that one begins to suspect he may not have heard the question.

"Uh—*to win*," he murmurs, finally.

Pacheco is ready with another one. "Hero."

Again, Nieto sinks into some private abyss. Throats are cleared. Will someone offer a clue from the sidelines?

"Uh—*I'm one*." Nieto steals a glance at Pacheco. The doctor's face is noncommittal; the answer apparently stands.

"Family."

Another pause, but not quite so vast this time; Nieto is getting the hang of it. "*Reunion*."

"Fear."

"*None*." (At last, an easy question.)

"Pain."

"*Defeat*." Nieto is looser now, faster; he is perhaps beginning to sense that he can go the distance.

"Dream." "*Crown*."

"K.O." "*Finish quick*."

"The greatest." "*Duran*."

"Hate." "*In the ring*."

"Food stamps."

Nieto does a take that would have looked good on Milton Berle. The whole room does a take. *Food stamps?* What the hell kind of question is that? Nieto is suddenly in trouble; that one came out of nowhere. *Food stamps*. You can almost see him trying to mentally cover up, wait for the bell.

Then Pacheco bangs his clipboard on the top of Nieto's head and lets out a horselaugh. "Food stamps" was his little way of ending the session. A *joke*. The entire room chuckles. Once.

Nieto looks relieved. He has endured his audition. But television's exacting needs have not been satisfied yet.

"Let's do it again," calls out Weisman. Even on *Sports-World*, spontaneity has to be carefully programmed.

BOXING, NOT FOOTBALL, IS THE REAL PRIMAL TV game. In many ways the affinity between the sport and the medium is uncanny: Boxing is drama compressed to an intensified scale that only the TV screen (and certain masters of the short-story form, most of whom have loved boxing) can adequately express. It is a drama shorn of all complexities and qualifications, force against force, played out violently upon a bright, stark, claustrophobic landscape. It is the ultimate content of television—simplistic, random, morally neutral, pure sensation without a past or a future. It is also relatively cheap to produce—particularly in the lower weight divisions.

Small wonder, then, that boxing matches began appearing on TV screens almost as soon as there was television. In September 1944, well before most Americans had ever seen a television receiver (there were fewer than 7,000 in the country, and six obscure operating stations), the Gillette Company made a bold decision. It sought to transfer its spectacular success in radio sports to television. Gillette chose WNBT in New York (later WNBC) to air the Willie Pep-Chalky Wright featherweight fight. That bout—watched by an audience of 6,000, mostly men in bars—marked the TV debut of the *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports*.

It also marked the beginning of a long and tortured mutual obsession between TV and boxing. From 1944 through 1955, TV fights permeated the prime-time airwaves. An East Coast fan could watch, in various seasons, *Boxing from Eastern Parkway* (the DuMont Network) on Monday, the *Pabst Blue Ribbon Bouts* (CBS) on Wednesday, *Boxing From Dexter Arena* (DuMont) on Thursday, the *Gillette Cavalcade* fights (NBC) on Friday and the *Saturday Night Fights* (ABC) to round out the week.

In 1955, boxing virtually disappeared from television—a casualty of overexposure, the too-blatant manipulation of favored fighters by such boxing czars as James Norris, and the taint of underworld connections, brought out in the famous Kefauver hearings. The sport would remain in disgrace—TV may have been morally neutral, but it knew a thing or two about public opinion—until Cassius Clay, later Muhammad Ali, rehabilitated its image (with the aid of Howard Cosell and ABC) beginning in the 1960s.

Then boxing's dark side surfaced again. At the height of its renewed popularity, the sport suffered a devastating blow to its credibility in 1977: ABC's "United States Boxing Championships"—organized by promoter Don King—was found to be shot through with kickbacks, falsified records and questionable decisions. ABC Sports president Roone Arledge immediately plunged his network into an investigation of the charges. King himself remained unsullied but for a while it seemed that, once again, TV's primal game would have to be declared unfit for mass-public consumption.

However, a charismatic savior materialized: Sugar Ray Leonard, fresh from his ABC-illuminated triumphs at the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, conferred the healing potion of telegenic personality on boxing, and soon the networks decided to resume the obsession.

This time, the networks had learned some important lessons. To ward off the corruption that seems inherent in boxing's anarchic, anti-authoritarian natural state, ABC, CBS and NBC each appointed a boxing "consultant" who informally super-

vised and approved each match. Bolstered by Leonard's box-office appeal and anticipating Ali's eventual retirement, they shook off their historic absorption with heavyweight matches and began showcasing fighters from the lighter (and cheaper) weight ranks.

Finally—and this is at the heart of the repertory concept—the networks went to great lengths to present each featured boxer as a lovable human being: forthright, clean-cut, whimsical, safe for the whole family—a regular Dick Butkus with eight-ounce gloves instead of a Lite Beer from Miller.

The rehabilitation worked. The male viewing constituency for boxing responded, as it had since 1944. Fights were consistent ratings leaders on all the networks' Saturday and Sunday afternoon anthologies. Of *SportsWorld*'s 12 top telecasts ever, for instance, nine featured fights.

HALF AN HOUR LATER, WEISMAN IS GOING OVER some interview ground rules with another fighter: middleweight Bobby "Iceman" Coolidge, a 29-year-old lefthanded boxer from Foley, Minnesota. Coolidge, whose professional record stands at 20-2-1, with 17 knockouts, will have the dubious privilege tomorrow of fighting an Eastern Seaboard legend on the rise: the babyfaced 20-year-old Bobby Czyz (pronounced "Chazz"), an unlikely mixture of intellect—Czyz was a scholastic prodigy with medical-school ambitions—and a ruthless boxing style. Twelve of Czyz's 17 professional victories have ended in knockouts, and no one has beaten him. As an amateur, he was a National Junior Olympics bronze medalist.

The crew has dragged its lights, camera, cables and microphones to the other end of the room, and is now reassembling things directly in front of a large potted palm.

At first glance, Iceman appears to be the sort of personality who might make Jose Nieto look, by contrast, like Jimmie "Dyn-O-Mite" Walker. Tall and rangy, his blond hair cropped close to his skull, Iceman peers at Weisman through flat, blue eyes, over a nose whose cartilage has already been reshaped to a dead-on simulation of Dick Tracy's. He does not strike one as a natural choice for cockamamy TV boxing hijinks. Nevertheless, Weisman is giving it a try.

"When he says *that*," Weisman tells Iceman, "we're going to turn on the *fan*." As he did with Nieto, Weisman pauses expectantly. There is not much visible reaction from Iceman.

"It's going to be funny," continues Weisman. "It really is. You're going to think he's going to be yelling at you—and he *is* going to be yelling at you. Then *you* say, 'Would you excuse me, Dr. Pacheco?' And you walk off the set, and . . . we're going to do this a few times. Trust us. Don't worry."

Iceman studies Weisman for a long moment. He strokes his chin. It seems as though everyone in the Atlantic Room is hypnotically fixed on Iceman's moving fingers. Then Iceman grins. The effect on Weisman is electric. He all but springs into the air. "HE LIKES IT!" screams Weisman. "WE GOT IT."

Pacheco materializes beside Iceman. At the same instant an NBC technician hurries toward them through the crowd. The technician is delicately cradling a small electric window fan. He casts a glance over his shoulder and then abruptly lies down on the floor, on his back. He flips a switch on the fan and aims it upward, at Iceman and Pacheco.

Back out of camera range, Weisman is whispering again. "What we try to do at NBC is entertain as well as inform. Here, we're playing off Iceman's nickname. The bit's going to be that Ferdie starts off telling the viewers that 'we're awaiting the arrival of Iceman Coolidge.' He's playing it straight. Then he says, 'I think I hear Iceman now,' and the fan starts blowing Ferdie's hair. He conducts a normal interview with Iceman, but all the time this terrific wind is blowing. Halfway through it, Iceman leaves the set for a minute. The wind stops blowing. When he comes back again, the wind starts up. So we can see it's the Iceman's wind. You got it?"

Another NBC technician has now dropped cross-legged to the floor. He is gripping the potted palm by its base. He begins to shake it, so that the branches move as if in a gale.

The fan is not having much of an effect on Pacheco's thinning hair. An impromptu search is ordered for a larger fan. Pacheco calls across the room to Albert, the consummately coiffed play-by-play man: "Hey, Marv, lend me your hair a minute, will you?" After several minutes, a second fan—a square Frigid window model—is produced and trained on the two men.

Iceman is now getting deeply absorbed in the mood of the moment. "Can you hear me all right?" he calls professionally in a high, reedy voice to the sound man.

Weisman orders a couple of takes. Iceman performs his role with a certain rakish abandon, but something is missing from the heart of the scene. "Is there any *intrinsic motivation* for Iceman to leave the set?" wonders an assistant producer.

"I got it," says Weisman. "It'll be: Iceman—*telephone!*"

There is still not enough wind to unsettle Pacheco's hair although Iceman's fine locks are fluttering nicely. Weisman begins to prowl the Atlantic Room. He snatches up a large cardboard rectangle—it is a billboard announcing a Tropicana nightclub act—and thrusts it at a stagehand.

The crew tries another take. "Cut," yells Weisman. "Shiver, Doc, shiver! You're dying, Doc! Shiver."

Another take. "I understand you do roadwork with a goat," Pacheco shouts at Iceman. "I understand you live in an earth shelter."

"No, no, no, no," calls Weisman. "He starts to walk off when you say, 'southpaw.' "

Another take. Perhaps 40 minutes have gone by now. "I don't know how much longer I can do this," says the stagehand who has been waving the cardboard. "My thumbs are killing me."

"Get him out after 'southpaw,' " calls Weisman.

"I thought all I had to do was box," quips Iceman. Everyone laughs. Once.

SHORTLY BEFORE 2 P.M., SUNDAY, MAY 23, WEISMAN concludes a production staff meeting in the Atlantic Room. He returns to his suite and changes into some fresh slacks and a clean shirt. He takes an elevator to the lobby, pushes his way through the crowds of gray-haired gamblers and through the revolving glass doors that lead to the limousine arcade. He climbs up the four iron steps to the NBC mobile van, opens the heavy cream-colored door, ducks his head and enters a small, unventilated, harshly lighted metal-gray enclave, already acrid with cigarette smoke.

This is Mobile Unit N-2's self-contained control room with its 20 TV monitor screens, its battery of telephones and its Grass Valley switcher. Seven men, sitting in three rows and facing the monitor screens, will compose the live boxing telecast. Besides producer Weisman, they include a director, a technical director, an associate director, a production assistant, a manager of sports operations and the lighting director.

It is here where Weisman—no longer the whimsical, half-cajoling young impresario of the day before—will rule like a red-bearded Captain Bligh for the next four hours.

Back at Rockefeller Center in New York, a functionally identical, although much larger, control room is filling up with technical crew. This is Studio 6A, the real nerve center of *SportsWorld*. The commander-in-chief is Linda Jonsson, a tall, stunning and decisive blonde woman of 32. Technically coequal with Weisman in rank—coordinating producer—Jonsson on this day will claim a slight edge in tactical authority. While Weisman is in charge of the live boxing coverage in Atlantic

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City, Jonsson will assume ultimate control when the *SportsWorld* banner goes up at 4 p.m. From that moment on, Weisman's video feed will be just one of many programming components that Jonsson must weave into the overall *SportsWorld* mosaic.

"Atlantic City, to us in 6A, is just another tape machine," Jonsson says. "It's a *source*; it's someplace else to switch to, depending on our needs at the moment."

AT 20 SECONDS BEFORE 3 P.M., THE ASSOCIATE DIrector inside Mobile Unit N-2 calls out, "Here we go, everybody. Have a good one."

This will be the last clearly audible remark anyone utters for the rest of the telecast.

Because of time considerations, NBC has decided to telecast the Nieto-Lockridge bout an hour before *SportsWorld* goes on the air, under the title of *Ringside*. The Iceman Coolidge-Bobby Czyz fight will be telecast within *SportsWorld*, because Czyz is one of NBC Sports' designated stars. The network has promoted him heavily and is counting on him to draw a large audience to *SportsWorld*. A taped interview of Czyz will also air before the fight. But unlike the Coolidge interview, this one will show Ferdie Pacheco as serious, even respectful. Thus the intent behind NBC's prefight interview techniques emerges into even stronger relief: Besides packaging the fights, the network seems determined, in a cool and professional way, to package the viewers' attitudes toward the boxers before they even step into the ring.

"Ten seconds to time," says the a.d., as Weisman commands, "Cue the theme."

At 3 p.m., to the sound of a Gene Krupa drum solo, the NBC RINGSIDE graphics flash across TV screens all over the United States. Albert appears onscreen to introduce the Jose Nieto-Rocky Lockridge fight ("*in what should be a brawl*") but Weisman isn't listening.

"That's her," he shouts suddenly. "That's Rocky's wife!"

"Rocky Lockridge's wife," the director echoes into his headset microphone. The cameraman inside the Tropicana freezes the shot, zooms in close. If Lockridge, the heavy favorite, assumes control of the fight, Weisman will order a "Quantel" of Mrs. Lockridge: a facial closeup, electronically compressed and then superimposed, in a corner, over the principal fight shot.

There is a commercial break ("Wait for local! Wait for local!") and then a long shot of the fighters at center ring, listening to the referee's instructions. Then the bell sounds.

"Ready trunks," calls out the director, and the a.d. positions his fingers above a colored switcher button.

"Trunks." Onscreen, a logo appears, linking the name of each boxer to the color of his trunks.

"Lose the trunks."

The early rounds are not a howling success for Nieto, of word-association fame. "There he stands," says Pacheco. "He's been rocked in almost every round, there he stands—he certainly hasn't taken a step backward, has he?"

"*Oh, a combination by Lockridge,*" groans Albert, who sounds almost pained at the sight.

NBC pulls out of its commercial time before Round 4 begins. Albert says, "Let's listen in on the corner of Jose Nieto between rounds." Simultaneously, in the noisy truck, the a.d. is counting off the seconds to a videotape replay from the minicam at ringside. The home viewer can see Nieto, his face turned upward and his open mouth sucking air, while the clearly audible voice of his trainer asks: "How come you're getting hit, Joe? You got to move to your right; as you move in, you got to keep on moving to your right. . . ."

During Round 4, Weisman orders the Quantel shot of Lockridge's wife. She's screaming, "Get that *jab* out there!" In Round 5, a cameraman locates Nieto's wife, Chi Chi. The closeup of her face reminds one of the women in the Atlantic Room the day before: stunned.

"And a *right* by Lockridge," Albert yells. "And an *uppercut* by Lockridge!"

In Round 6, Albert—with prodding from Weisman—reminds the viewers that in the word-association test Nieto's response to the word "fear" was "none."

In Round 7, NBC's ringside sound man picks up Nieto's trainer screaming, "I know you can do it! *Don't let me down!* Don't give him no space. Don't give him no damn space, Joe!"

With 29 seconds remaining in the eighth round, it's over. Nieto is still on his feet, but he has collapsed against the referee's chest. "Nieto had *no idea* where he was," Albert bawls. Inside Mobile Unit N-2, there is bedlam. But the commotion has nothing, directly, to do with the fortunes of Nieto, yesterday's Atlantic Room darling. Weisman and his associates are hurriedly improvising what will happen next.

"*Think about the clock!*" comes Weisman's voice, rising above the others. He orders several videotape replays of Lockridge's decisive flurry. The a.d. begins counting down to the videotape as Weisman continues to scream commands.

Weisman changes his mind. "We don't need any videotape!" he shouts. The a.d. reflexively continues the count a beat or two. "LISSEN TO ME!" Weisman screams. "GIMME A FREEZE-FRAME!" His voice lowers to something approaching rationality. "Just trust us," he says. Then another impulse seizes him. "Get a closeup of Carolyn Lockridge!" A cameraman isolates the winner's wife. Carolyn Lockridge looks pleased.

The a.d. looks at his stopwatch and recommends a 13-second summation of the fight from Albert, to be heard under the freeze-frame, and the director orders it. Outside, Albert at once begins to improvise remarks covering exactly 13 seconds, while voices from the truck ring in his earpiece.

"No commercial," Weisman barks, over the voice of the director, who is now instructing Pacheco to begin his interview with Lockridge. "We'll go directly to the undercard!" The a.d. computes the time lengths of various subsidiary bouts that had been taped earlier for just such an emergency.

Back in Studio 6A, Jonsson is composing herself for her own two-hour firestorm that will begin at 4 o'clock. This will be her 181st telecast of *SportsWorld*—she has worked every edition of the anthology since it went on the air in 1977—but there is no way to anticipate the unique crises that saturate each show.

One of Jonsson's most wracking problems will spring from American broadcasting's ingrained rigidity about beginning and ending things *on the hour*. At 6 p.m., with utter indifference to her best or worst timing efforts, the *Nightly News* will replace *SportsWorld* on the airwaves. If Jonsson does her job well, *SportsWorld's* final credit will roll within a tenth of a second of 5:58 p.m., leaving two minutes for commercials.

What this means is that between 4 p.m. and 5:58 p.m., Jonsson and her staff will perform the intricate video skill known as "collapsing." That is, they will edit *SportsWorld* even as the show unfolds, constantly subtracting elapsed time (to tenth-of-a-second tolerances) and calculating which available pieces of live and videotaped product will best fit in the remaining time.

The task is not as easy as it sounds. For one thing, the featured bout—the Czyz-Coolidge confrontation—is not scheduled to begin until 4:30 p.m. Jonsson will fill the first 30 minutes of *SportsWorld* easily enough—with large chunks of sumo wrestling and with Pacheco's comic prefight interview with Iceman—but now her available time to plan ahead, to coordinate the closing seconds of *SportsWorld* with 5:58 p.m. (give or take

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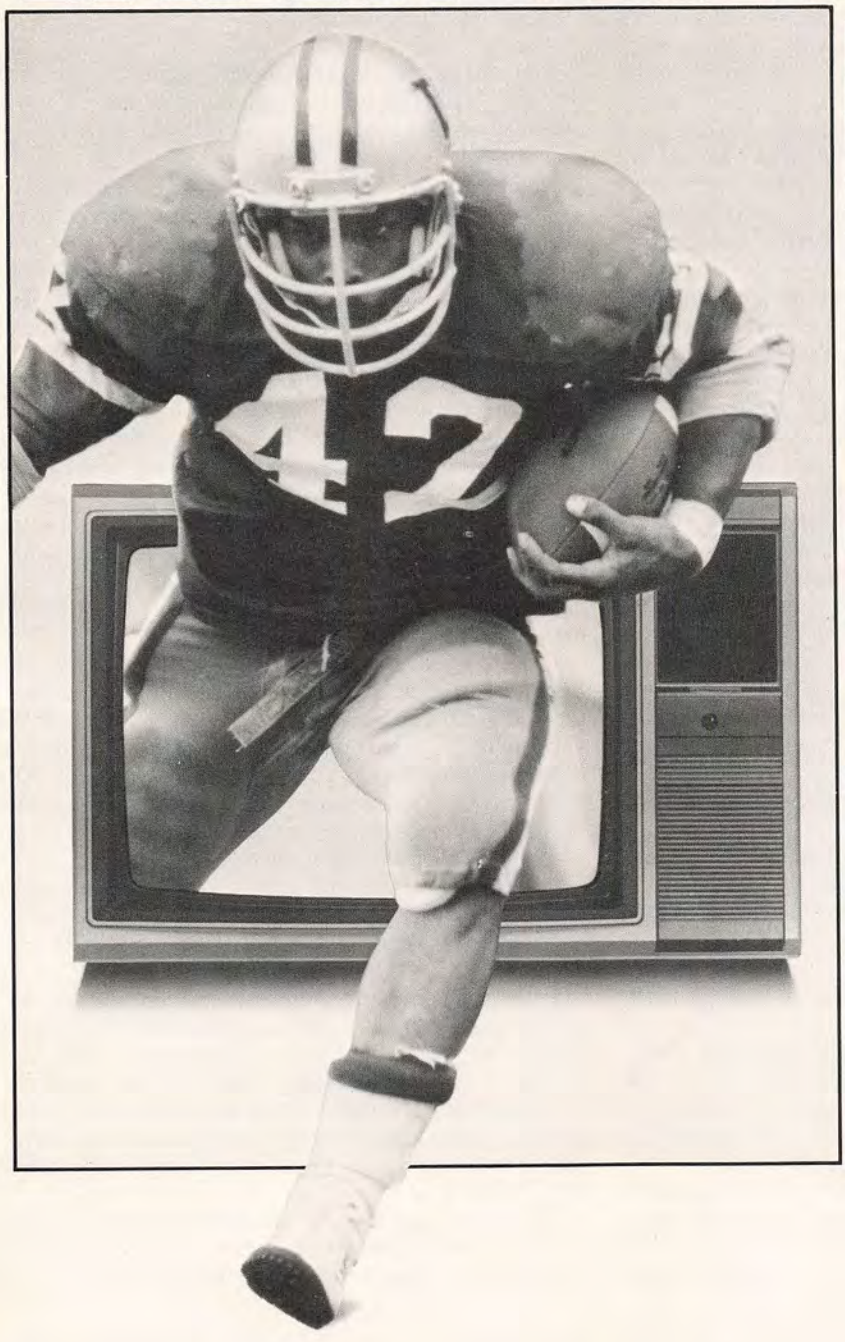

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a tenth of a second) will have been reduced by one-fourth the time.

For another thing, there is no telling how long the live boxing match may last. It could go 10 rounds; it could go 10 seconds. Jonsson and her associates will have to tailor their stock of videotape according to the fight's length—and that stock of videotape is finished product. Whatever editing is done on it—often within 60 seconds or less—must not destroy the continuity, the logic, that is already built into the videotape. "Making it clean" is the industry term that covers this particular art.

As if all of that is not enough, NBC News has notified Studio 6A that it will be breaking in now and then with bulletins on the Falkland Islands crisis.

But even this set of nearly inhuman timing demands does not cover the totality of tests facing Jonsson. The ultimate competition, in TV sports, is among the broadcast entities themselves. Besides having to watch several banks of red-winking digital clocks, it is Jonsson's duty to monitor the rival network telecasts: CBS' *Sports Sunday* and ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. She must decide, on what amounts to gut instinct, exactly which moments are safe and which are unsafe to go to a commercial. If Jonsson orders a commercial break, say, during a peak moment in the CBS telecast of the Celtic-76er playoff game, she may never recover the straying viewers. She must never interrupt action without a tease, either explicit or implicit, of gripping moments to come.

Conversely, if Jonsson waits too long before breaking, she risks setting up a stretch of air time in which commercials bump into one another like runaway cable cars. Finally, just in case she should grow complacent over these trifling considerations, Jonsson can remind herself that even as she monitors CBS and ABC, CBS and ABC are monitoring her.

AT 4:30 P.M., JUST AS THE RING ANNOUNCER IN Atlantic City is getting ready to announce the Czyz-Coolidge fight, NBC News breaks into *SportsWorld* for an update on the Falkland Islands situation. In the mobile truck, Weisman yells for the NBC stagehand at ringside to alert the announcers that they may not be "live" at the opening bell. But when the bell sounds, *SportsWorld* does have the screen. Iceman Coolidge, NBC's second new candidate for star status in the boxing repertory, dances out to center ring—to be met by the shattering right hand of Bobby Czyz.

"Iceman Coolidge apparently was stunned by that right hand by Czyz," says Pacheco.

A moment later: "Already a nick under the eye of Iceman."

A moment later: "Oh, Iceman is rocked."

With less than a minute in the first round remaining, Albert says, "Coolidge is just looking to last the round." It is sadly true. Iceman's face is a sponge of blood and welts. A few seconds later, Pacheco exclaims: "Coolidge is fighting back, but boy, what punishment he is taking."

In the truck, Weisman stiffens. He grabs a headset phone. "Don't be afraid to criticize if Iceman looks bad, Ferdie. You got to do it!" Weisman shouts. Later, Weisman will explain that he wanted to restrain the Fight Doctor from even the appearance of pumping up a fighter who was clearly outclassed.

No amount of euphemism, however, can conceal that something horrible is happening here. At the bell ending Round 1, Czyz has battered Coolidge so badly that the Iceman wobbles off toward the wrong corner. The a.d. has already begun counting down to commercial.

In New York, Jonsson makes an instant decision. "I said no goddamn way we go to commercial," she recalled later. (On CBS, the basketball game was approaching halftime.) "The fight may not last any longer. Why throw away a commercial? We refused to allow the truck to count down."

Instead, Weisman—who is communicating with Jonsson by phone—screams at the director: "GO TO THE CORNER!"

Out at ringside the minicam crew rushes to a vantage point below Coolidge's stool. As Iceman's blood-streaked face fills the screen, America hears the following exchange:

"You know who you are?"

"Yeah."

"Who am I?"

"You're Morgan."

("GET THE NAME UP! GET THE NAME UP!" Weisman is shouting inside the truck. An associate finally locates the graphic of Jim Morgan, Coolidge's trainer. A moment later it flashes onscreen.)

"How do you feel?"

"I feel fine."

"You want to continue?"

"Yeah."

Round 2 begins. "And they did nothing for him!" Pacheco declares. "The corner did nothing for Iceman. There was only one man working on his eye, there was no ice—nothing to revive him!"

No ice for the Iceman. The notion seems to have certain symbolic possibilities, but in the heat of the moment no one even notices it.

The second round ends, and the third, and the fourth. Coolidge's face is a mat of blood. Weisman relays instructions to Pacheco to be ready to get "upstairs" for the postfight interview. "Be very, very fast," he says.

Weisman's instinct proves correct. In New York, Jonsson faces a dilemma: She is one commercial break behind, but it looks as though the fight has ended. She opts for a commercial. During the break, the referee and state boxing commission stop the mismatch.

On ABC, *Wide World of Sports* is ready with an exhibition bout by Gerry Cooney. Jonsson adjusts again. She informs Weisman that after the break, Pacheco should interview the winner, Czyz; then, without a break, the truck should cue up the videotape of a previous bout.

"Think about it," Jonsson said later. "You're home, the fight's over, there's a break, you come back, Ferdie talks to Czyz. If we'd said, 'We'll be back with another fight after this,' you might get caught up with Cooney or the basketball game. So the safest thing was to go right into another bout. At least we know we've kept our boxing fan for another nine minutes."

Another nine minutes. In such increments are the careers of TV sports programmers measured out.

A week or so after the fight, I asked Weisman whether he didn't think that Jose Nieto and Iceman Coolidge had been used as props—spear carriers in the service of NBC's competitive needs vis-a-vis CBS and ABC.

I was not assuming deliberate *mismatches*. Nieto did last almost eight rounds with Lockridge, and Coolidge's record coming into the Czyz fight was impressive. Still. . . .

"Yes," said Weisman after a long moment's thought. "They *were* spear carriers. But once the telecast started, I couldn't even think of them as spear carriers. In my telephone conversations with Linda, we weren't even thinking of subject matter. We were thinking of time."

"What will happen to Nieto and Coolidge?" he was asked.

Weisman shrugged. His telephone was ringing and he wanted to pick it up. "They'll never box on NBC again," he said. ■

RON POWERS *writes the Media column for* INSIDE SPORTS. *This article is adapted from a book in progress (on the relationship between sports and TV) to be published next year by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.*

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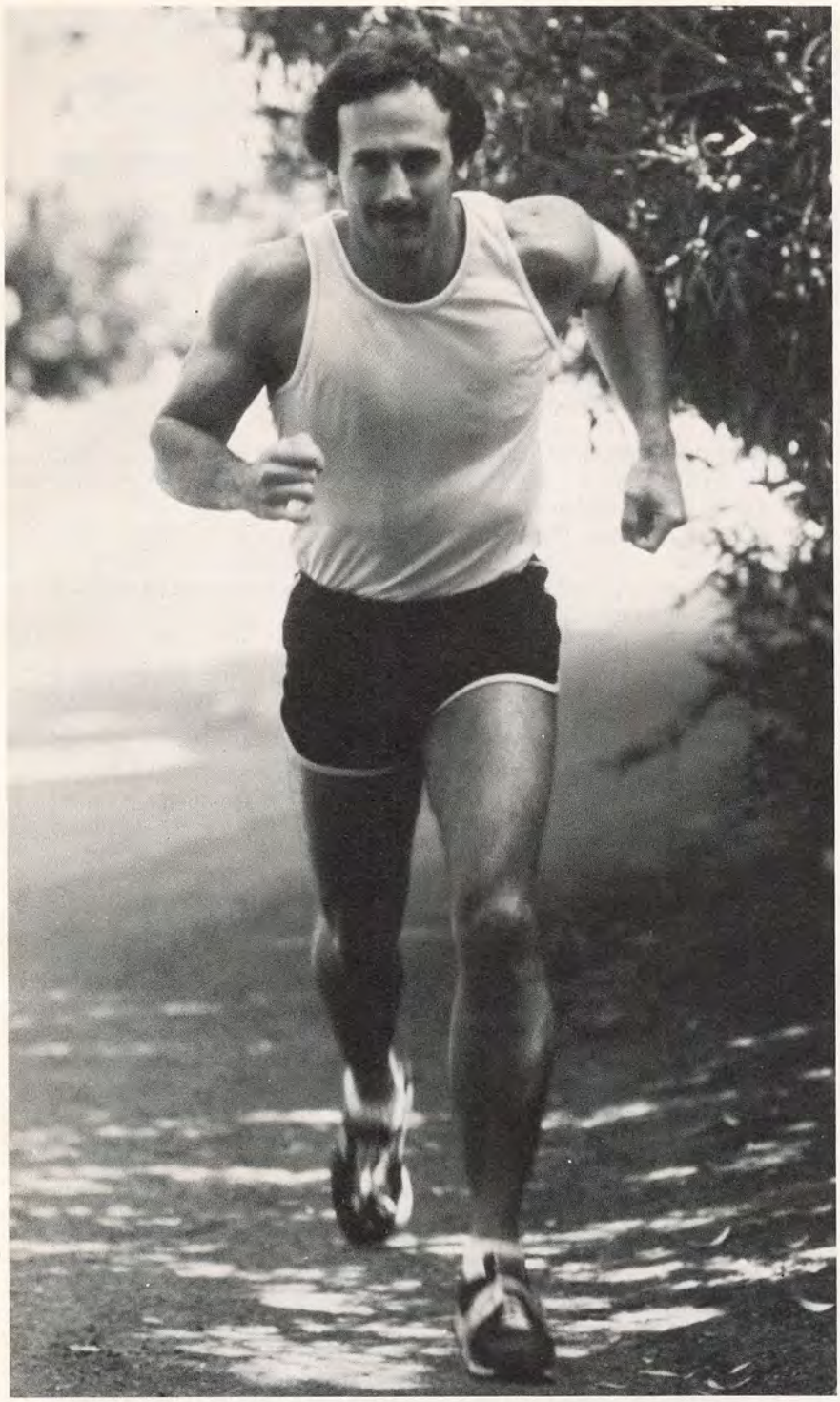

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AS THE BALL BOUNCES

by ROBERT LIPSYTE
ILLUSTRATED by FRANK SPRINGER

EPISODE 5:
THE GREAT GREEN HOPE SOCKS THE EGGPLANT

Last month: Batt and Bee Bullinger divorced, in a desperate attempt to save their billion-dollar sports Empire from the diabolical Senator Camp. But the senator trumped that move with a wily stroke of his own. He had the President appoint him executor of the Bullinger's divorce settlement—then divided the Empire into offense (Bee's share) and defense (Batt's responsibility). The Rev. Bo Nevada, God's guard, continued his public harrassment of Kit and Kim, teenage battery mates. And lovely biomedical engineer Emily Hug prepared to resurrect the late, great NBA star Whipsaw Welles—as the dreaded Bullwhacker!

A BLOOD-RED DAWN CLAWS the leaden sky above the Bulldome, home of five major league teams and three all-pro universities, as Bubba Bullinger crouches alongside the Bullturf running track to watch his beautiful older sister, Brat, kick into the power finish that once made her the highest-paid female amateur athlete in America.

As she blazes by, Bubba blurts, "Let's make a deal."

"With you?" She cuts sharply, stops on a dime. "How can I trust a person who deals in questionable chemicals?"

Bubba picks up the dime and pockets it. "You call hope-inducing, pain-relieving, strength-increasing, stamina-extending chemicals questionable?"

"Dope!" Brat's fierce, dark eyes narrow. "I share Daddy's belief that coke is as great a menace to sports as agents or the antitrust act." Brat tosses her shoulder-length black hair. "What do you want?"

"Riddle me this: In which athlete is offense the best defense?"

"Beats me."

"A fighter, sis. And if we controlled the heavyweight champion, old Mom and Pop Sports would have to stop treating us like kids."

"Keep talking," orders Brat.

"Follow me," suggests Bubba, a sly smile twisting his soft yet handsome features.

The rival siblings wend their wary way out of the Bulldome to the adjoining bubble, the experimental greenhouse of the Agricultural Science-Future Department of Beatrice State. Armed guards obsequiously touch their caps and usher them through heat-and-light-equalization chambers to an enclosed area marked Vegetable Square Garden.

There, in a boxing ring planted amid nine-foot celery stalks, a powerfully built man is slamming thundering rights and lefts into the shiny, purple body of a 250-pound eggplant.

Brat gasps for breath. "Those watermelon thighs. Those black-olive eyes. Who is that?"

"The world's first vegetarian contender, Broccoli 'Brocky' Baloni. I own him."

"Does Daddy know about this?" asks Brat.

"Not yet. He's been so busy lately. But he's bound to find out soon and when he does . . . ."

"He'll try to take Brocky away from you," predicts Brat.

"That's why I need you. For a piece of Brocky. And part of his contract."

"Introduce me now," begs Brat, her supple body athrob.

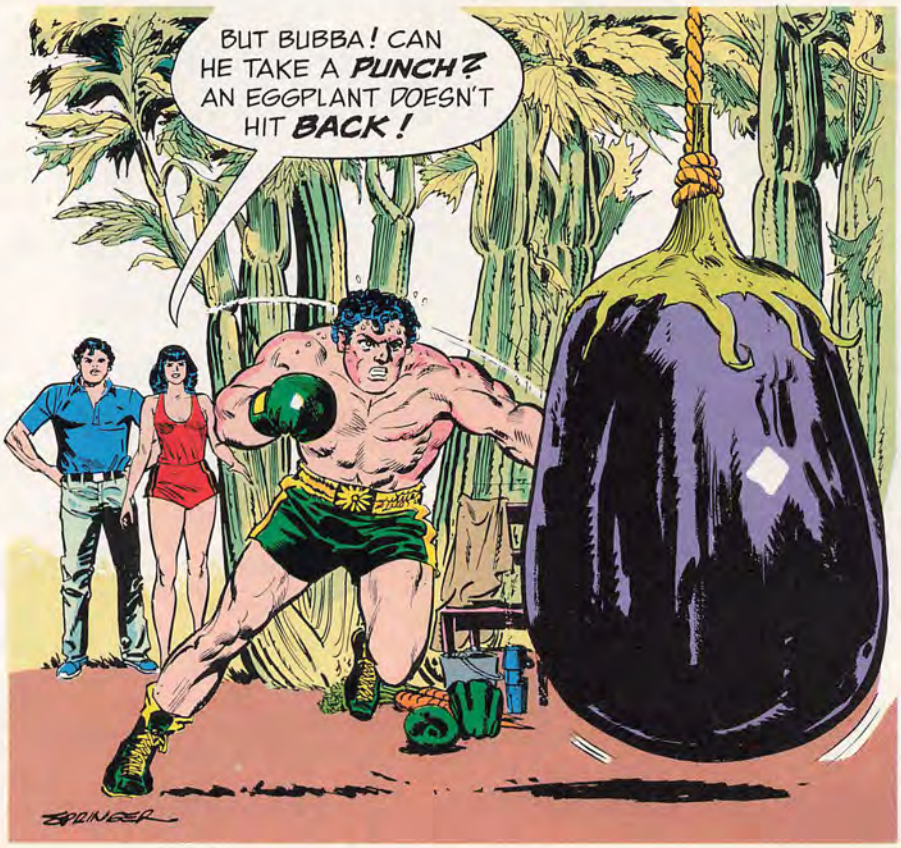
"Can't," says Bubba. "I had sausage for breakfast and he'd smell it on my breath. But once you promise to help me. . . ." He lets the sentence dangle invitingly.

With effort, Brat regains control. "But can he take a punch? An eggplant doesn't hit back."

"Brocky has the strength of the earth, of sunlight and rain and chlorophyll," says Bubba. "I call him the Great Green Hope."

MEANWHILE, KIT KIMBERLEY, TEENAGE pitcher, and Kim Kitteridge, teenage catcher, nervously enter a television studio. They seem too young, too small, too vulnerable to be the sensational rookie battery that has virtually double-handedly made the Bats a winner. Perspiration glistens on their pale, pert faces.

They stand quietly, holding hands, while a tall, bearded man in a purple satin



basketball jacket finishes his telecast. It is the Rev. Bo Nevada, the NBA star known as God's guard. He is saying, "Chalk this on your locker-room wall, fans. THE BIG GUY DUNKS. It'll remind you that if He were playing today He'd lead the league in everything. And it'll remind you to get open for Him because He's looking to pass you the ball."

"That's a wrap, Rev.," shouts the director. The bearded man smiles, high-crosses the crew and strides toward Kit and Kim.

"Believe me, kids, coming here today won't hurt your stats with the Last Scorekeeper. I'll get right to the point. I know you want to help Batt Bullinger save the world's greatest sports Empire from the jackals and vultures that would strip it bare."

"Like you," snaps Kim.

The Rev. Bo chuckles. "You catchers are a breed apart. Look. No matter what I've said from the pulpit, I don't care if you kids are straight or gay, but. . . ."

"It's not that simple," whines Kit.

". . . my concern is the moral ambiguity. You've captured the imagination of America, two adorable little gamers working in harmony for victory. But no one knows what you do with each other in the sanctity of your private home."

"That's the American Way," says Kim.

"But it leads to nagging questions, free thinking, personal choice. Now here's the deal. Either you come clean on my next telecast. . . ."

"Mr. Bullinger has forbidden us to reveal our private lives," says Kit.

". . . or I will mount a national crusade—even if it means sacrificing my own team—to destroy the Empire."

"That's no choice," snarls Kim.

"You got it," says Bo, nodding. "However, there is a way you can keep your privacy private and still save the Empire."

"How?" cries Kit.

"Make sure you don't win the World Series."

"Dump the Fall Classic?" gasps Kim.

"Batt would understand," says Bo. "Baseball is merely a game within The Game. And if there's one thing America can't afford now, it's sports heroes it can't put its finger on."

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE COCKtail lounge of a suburban pistol range, a hulking, brooding man in a body cast knocks back a Hi-Energy Bullwhip and growls, "All you got to do is turn your back for one minute, Major. For 500 bucks."

His drinking companion, an off-duty security guard at the Bulldome, asks, "What you gonna do once you get into that passageway?"

"Climb to the top of the Bulldome, Major."

"You can't do it, Crowbar!" The Major's voice is low, intense. "You may be just the gutted shell of the most gratuitously violent football player who ever crushed a spleen, but you still represent the hopes and dreams of millions."

"How so?" asks Crowbar, intrigued.

"Every one of us wife-whipped, kid-kicked, boss-bugged nobodies called you brother. You busted butt for us all. You dumped rump because we couldn't. You handed out hurt in our names. Even half of you is better than none. Please, Crowbar, don't hang up."

The hulking man is touched. He leans forward, whispers, "I'm not going to off myself."

The Major's cackle drowns out the chatter of .25's and .32's, the occasional meaty belch of a .45. "I knew it. You're working for Batt's no-good junkie son, Bubba. You're gonna take out the old Bull. Why not? After he snapped you in half, merely for trying to fix the Super Bowl. . . ."

"It was a clean shot from a great competitor," says Crowbar, touching his neck brace. "Batt can beat you 10 ways before brunch."

"You still worship him," says the Major, with wonder. "How you gonna bring yourself to do it?"

"Once the whistle blows," says Crowbar, his voice strained, "a pro does what he's got to do."

"Gotcha," chortles the Major, pouring Crowbar another Bullwhip from a pitcher. "Say when."

"I'll hit him the instant after the final out of the World Series."

"I'll turn my back for 30 seconds. Cost you two grand." He shrugs at Crowbar's frown. "Everything's higher at the World Series." ■

NEXT MONTH:

During the seventh—and deciding—game of the World Series, Kit and Kim collaborate on the ultimate masterpiece; and Crowbar Crane finds his target.

Numbers

THE BOYS OF OCTOBER

Steve Garvey, at .346, leads all active hitters (at least 75 at-bats) in postseason competition.

	AB	R	H	RBI	HR	Avg.
1. Steve Garvey, LA ('74, '77-78, '81)	182	29	63	22	10	.346
2. George Brett, KC ('76-78, '80-81)	103	19	35	17	7	.340
3. Pete Rose, Cin. ('70, '72-73, '75-76), Phila. ('80-81)	236	26	75	21	5	.318
4. Mickey Rivers, Yanks ('76-78)	120	14	37	4	0	.308
5. Chris Chambliss, Yanks ('76-78)	104	12	32	15	3	.308
6. Lou Piniella, Yanks ('76-78, '80-81)	141	15	43	19	3	.305
7. Reggie Jackson, Oak. ('71-75), Yanks ('77-78, '80-81)	237	37	71	44	17	.300
8. Dave Concepcion, Cin. ('70, '72, '75-76, '79)	101	13	30	13	2	.297
9. Amos Otis, KC ('76-78, '80-81)	78	9	23	11	3	.295
10. Bill Russell, LA ('74, '77-78, '81)	180	13	53	18	0	.294
11. George Foster, Cin. ('72, '75-76, '79)	76	11	22	12	3	.289
12. Hal McRae, Cin. ('70, '72), KC ('76-78, '80-81)	118	13	34	11	1	.288
13. Willie Stargell, Pitt. ('70-72, '74-75, '79)	133	18	37	20	7	.278
14. Bucky Dent, Yanks ('77-78, '80)	83	4	23	15	0	.277
15. Ron Cey, LA ('74, '77-78, '81)	142	19	39	24	6	.275
16. Dusty Baker, LA ('77-78, '81)	135	19	37	20	4	.274
17. Garry Maddox, Phila. ('76-78, '80-81)	84	7	23	9	0	.274
18. Richie Hebner, Pitt. ('70-72, '74-75), Phila. ('77-78)	99	12	27	15	4	.273
Steve Yeager, LA ('74, '77-78, '81)	99	12	27	14	5	.273
20. Johnny Bench, Cin. ('70, '72-73, '75-76, '79)	169	27	45	20	10	.266
21. Larry Bowa, Phila. ('76-78, '80-81)	103	10	27	5	0	.262
22. Joe Rudi, Oak. ('71-75)	140	8	36	15	3	.257
23. Bake McBride, Phila. ('77-78, '80-81)	86	8	21	8	3	.244
24. Davey Lopes, LA ('74, '77-78, '81)	178	28	43	22	6	.242
25. Ken Griffey, Cin. ('73, '75-76)	75	11	18	11	0	.240
26. Mike Schmidt, Phila. ('76-78, '80-81)	105	14	25	14	3	.238
27. Tony Perez, Cin. ('70, '72-73, '75-76)	161	16	38	24	6	.236
28. Reggie Smith, Bost. ('67), LA ('77-78, '81)	107	17	65	17	6	.234
29. Graig Nettles, Minn. ('69), Yanks ('76-78, '80-81)	156	14	36	23	5	.231
30. Frank White, KC ('76-78, '80-81)	86	8	19	7	1	.221
31. Al Oliver, Pitt. ('70-72, '74-75)	84	8	18	14	3	.214
32. Rick Monday, Oak. ('71), LA ('77-78, '81)	81	9	17	2	1	.210
33. Willie Randolph, Pitt. ('75), Yanks ('76-77, '80-81)	139	18	29	11	4	.209
34. Joe Morgan, Cin. ('72-73, '75-76, '79), Hou. ('80)	147	22	27	11	3	.184
35. Mark Belanger, Balt. ('69-71, '73-74, '79)	126	17	23	7	1	.183
36. Cesar Geronimo, Cin. ('72-73, '75-76, '79), KC ('81)	120	9	20	11	3	.167
Gene Tenace, Oak. ('71-75)	108	10	18	14	4	.167

Compiled by Dave Brown

SATURDAY'S HEROES

The glamour position at Southern California has always been tailback, so it's not unusual that two Trojans are in the top six all-time NCAA rushing leaders. Brigham Young's forte has been producing passers. Two out of the top five all-time passers have been Cougars.

Rushing	Yds.
1. Tony Dorsett, Pittsburgh (1973-76)	6,082
2. Charles White, USC (1976-79)	5,598
3. Archie Griffin, Ohio State (1972-75)	5,177
4. George Rogers, South Carolina (1977-80)	4,958
5. Ed Marinaro, Cornell (1969-71)	4,715
6. Marcus Allen, USC (1978-81)	4,682
7. Ted Brown, N.C. State (1975-78)	4,602
8. Terry Miller, Oklahoma State (1974-77)	4,582
9. Earl Campbell, Texas (1974-77)	4,443
10. Amos Lawrence, North Carolina (1977-80)	4,391
11. Joe Morris, Syracuse (1978-81)	4,299
12. Jerome Persell, Western Mich. (1976-78)	4,190
13. Stump Mitchell, Citadel (1977-80)	4,062
14. Charles Alexander, LSU (1975-78)	4,035
15. Darrin Nelson, Stanford (1977-78,'80-81)	4,033

Passing Yards	
1. Jim McMahon, BYU (1977-78,'80-81)	9,536
2. Mark Herrmann, Purdue (1977-80)	9,188
3. Joe Adams, Tennessee St. (1977-80)	8,649
4. Jack Thompson, Washington St. (1975-78)	7,818
5. Marc Wilson, BYU (1977-79)	7,637
6. John Reaves, Florida (1969-71)	7,549
7. Jim Plunkett, Stanford (1968-70)	7,544
8. Gene Swick, Toledo (1972-75)	7,267
9. Ed Luther, San Jose State (1976-79)	7,190
10. Chuck Hixson, SMU (1968-70)	7,179
11. Steve Ramsey, North Texas St. (1967-69)	7,076
12. Rich Campbell, California (1977-80)	6,933
13. Art Schlichter, Ohio State (1978-81)	6,584
14. Steve Brown, Appalachian St. (1977-80)	6,533
15. Billy Stevens, Texas-El Paso (1965-67)	6,495

Scoring	Pts.
1. Tony Dorsett, Pittsburgh (1973-76)	356
2. Glenn Davis, Army (1943-46)	354
3. Art Luppino, Arizona (1953-56)	337
4. Steve Owens, Oklahoma (1967-69)	336
5. Wilford White, Arizona State (1947-50)	327
6. Ed Marinaro, Cornell (1969-71)	318
Pete Johnson, Ohio State (1973-76)	318
8. Ted Brown, N.C. State (1975-78)	312
9. Eddie Talboom, Wyoming (1948-50)	303
10. Anthony Davis, USC (1972-74)	302
11. Billy Sims, Oklahoma (1975-79)	300
12. Charles White, USC (1976-79)	296
Nolan Jones, Arizona State (1958-61)	296
14. Bill Burnett, Arkansas (1968-70)	294
15. Tony Franklin, Texas A&M (1975-78)	291

HOME SWEET HOME

In the NFL, each team plays at least three home-and-away series a year. If a team was to win by 10 points at home and lose by 13 on the road in such a matchup, its home-field advantage would be 23 points. Conversely, if it was to *lose* by 3 at home and *win* by 7 on the road it would have a home-field *disadvantage* of 10 points. By taking a team's home-and-away series for the last five years and averaging its home/away point differential in those pairings—the +/− margin of victory at home plus the +/− margin of defeat on the road—you get its home advantage.

	Home/Away Differential	Home Advantage
1. Detroit	+265	+13.3
2. Houston	+180	+12.0
3. New England	+238	+11.9
4. Cincinnati	+164	+10.9
5. Chicago	+182	+ 9.6
San Diego	+182	+ 9.6
7. Jets	+195	+ 9.3
8. Miami	+182	+ 9.1
9. Seattle*	+147	+ 8.6
10. Minnesota	+160	+ 8.4
11. Giants	+171	+ 7.4
12. Denver	+139	+ 7.3
13. Dallas	+139	+ 7.0
14. Tampa Bay*	+121	+ 6.7
15. Green Bay	+125	+ 6.3
16. Pittsburgh	+ 90	+ 6.0
17. Washington	+119	+ 6.0
18. San Francisco	+ 87	+ 5.8
19. Oakland**	+109	+ 5.7
20. Kansas City	+114	+ 5.2
21. St. Louis	+105	+ 5.0
22. Atlanta	+ 69	+ 4.6
23. Buffalo	+ 82	+ 3.9
24. Philadelphia	+ 51	+ 2.6
25. Los Angeles	+ 20	+ 1.3
26. Baltimore	+ 2	+ 0.1
27. Cleveland	− 14	− 0.9
28. New Orleans	− 58	− 3.9

***Did not begin home-and-away play until 1978**
****To play elsewhere this year**
Compiled by Jeff Magalif

OUT OF THE POCKET

Last season, quarterbacks accounted for almost one in every 10 rushing TDs in the NFL (41 of 441). Below are the 1981 rushing statistics for quarterbacks who threw at least 115 passes. Yardage does not include sacks.

	Att.	Yds.	Avg.	TDs
Ken Anderson, Cin.	46	320	7.0	1
David Woodley, Mia.	63	272	4.3	4
Vince Evans, Chi.	43	218	5.1	3
Doug Williams, TB	48	209	4.4	4
Joe Theismann, Wash.	36	177	4.9	2
Eric Hipple, Det.	41	168	4.1	7
Terry Bradshaw, Pitt.	38	162	4.3	2
Brian Sipe, Clev.	38	153	4.0	1
Marc Wilson, Oak.	30	147	4.9	2
Jim Zorn, Sea.	30	140	4.7	1
Richard Todd, Jets	32	131	4.1	0
Ron Jaworski, Phila.	22	128	5.8	0
Steve Fuller, KC	19	118	6.2	0
Pat Haden, LA	18	104	5.8	0
Neil Lomax, St. Louis	19	104	5.5	2
Danny White, Dall.	38	104	2.7	0
Joe Montana, SF	25	95	3.8	2
Matt Cavanaugh, NE	17	92	5.4	3
Bill Kenney, KC	24	89	3.7	1
Bert Jones, Balt.	20	85	4.3	0
Dan Fouts, SD	22	56	2.5	0
David Whitehurst, GB	15	51	3.4	1
Steve Grogan, NE	12	49	4.1	2
Phil Simms, Giants	19	42	2.2	0
Jim Plunkett, Oak.	12	38	3.2	1
Joe Ferguson, Buff.	20	29	1.5	1
Archie Manning, NO	2	28	14.0	0
Scott Brunner, Giants	14	20	1.4	0
Craig Morton, Den.	8	18	2.3	0
Tommy Kramer, Minn.	10	13	1.3	0
Lynn Dickey, GB	19	6	0.3	0
Dan Pastorini, LA	7	5	0.7	0
Jim Hart, St. Louis	3	2	0.7	0
Steve Bartkowski, Atl.	11	2	0.2	0
Dave Wilson, NO	5	1	0.2	0
Ken Stabler, Hou.	10	− 3	−0.3	0
Don Strock, Mia.	14	−26	−1.9	0

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The Good Doctor

After watching the Italians run around the field with the World Cup, I have a question: How come the World Cup is so small?

T. T., *Tarrytown, New York.*

It's a small world.

Asked if American Leaguers take the All-Star Game seriously, Carlton Fisk said, "We don't put on our game faces for this one." What is a game face? Where is it kept? What does it look like?

B. F., *Durant, Oklahoma*

Game faces were first used by the Sioux Indians for hunting. In a buffalo hunt, for example, the Indians would approach the herd holding buffalo masks in front of their faces to confuse the prey. In 1979, this practice was revived in pro sports when the Mizuno Corporation manufactured a line of polylatex masks with fierce expressions for players who lacked the energy to maintain a scowl for a full game. Game faces are now used by about 50 per cent of major leaguers.

What's been the most exciting bout since Larry Holmes and Gerry Cooney?

F. X., *Altoona, Pennsylvania*

Earl Weaver and Terry Cooney.

A New York Times *article contained the following information: "With his knuckleball dancing and doing tricks, Atlanta's Phil Niekro defeated Cincinnati. . . ." There was no elaboration despite the curiosity raging in the minds of the readers. Could you tell me what sort of dancing and tricks Niekro's knuckler performed?*

S. H., *Kalamazoo, Michigan*

In the first three innings, Niekro's knuckleball danced the Charleston and rolled over and played dead. It later began tap dancing and attempted a few balletic leaps and pirouettes. In the amazing sixth inning, it pulled a canary out of Niekro's hat and in the ninth it revealed a talent for ventriloquism by making rude noises seem to issue from the home-plate umpire. The ball was then ejected from the game.

Would you please settle an argument? My friend says that basketball players are the highest-jumping athletes in the world, while I say volleyball players are. Who are the highest-jumping athletes in the world?

T. J., *Boise, Idaho*

The highest-jumping athletes in the world are the members of the Leningrad Volleyball Club of the USSR. After winning the all-Soviet volleyball championships last season, the team members went out to celebrate and got so high they were jumping for joy.

Who was the first ballplayer ever admitted to the Baseball Hall of Obscurity in Cooperstown?

R. P., *Saratoga, New York*

In opening ceremonies on July 12, 1936, Bennett "Scag" Mushlander, a soft-hitting outfielder for the Boston B's, was semi-immortalized in the Hall of Obscurity, located in a small alley behind the more famous Baseball Hall of Fame. Placed on exhibit was Mushlander's locker containing souvenirs of his three-month major league career: his little-remembered No. 65 uniform, his foot powder, his shower clogs, his hip flask and the wallet allegedly stolen from a teammate, which resulted in a six-month suspended sentence. An idealistic experiment, dedicated to the humane proposition that even mediocre and poor athletes deserve a measure of dignity and respect, the Hall of Obscurity closed within a month.

Who is the world's best drag racer?

E. V., *Omaha, Nebraska*

George Golpeen of Provo, Utah. He would have swept the triple crown of drag racing last year had he not broken a spike heel and fallen 20 feet before the finish line in the mile run.

Who holds the NBH record for most times thrown out of a game?

R. C., *New Orleans, Louisiana*

Carmine Eng of the Beverly Hills Unlisteds set the mark for most tossouts in a season with 74 ejects in 1974. Though not as naturally offensive as many players, Eng kept a book on each ref, knew their boiling points and consequently knew just what to say at the wrong time. The consecutive-removal mark was set by Fred "Aroma" Finley, the Pittsburgh Pits' crammer, who was thumbed from 16 consecutive games in 1916. A superstitious man, Finley had a good game and thereafter refused to change any article of clothing. His record might well have gone beyond 16 had he not been killed by his teammates. Of course, the total lifetime NBH yank record set by all-time great Harvey "Hands" Hundley, said to have possessed an arsenal of more than 50 separate offensive gestures, still stands at the awesome figure of 3,006.

Could you tell me Bucky Dent's parents' names and if he has any brothers or sisters? Thank you.

J. M. O., *Stratford, South Dakota*

I'd be happy to. Bucky's father is Lucky Dent and his mother is named Ducky Dent. His two older brothers are Brent Dent and Quick-Drying-Cement Dent and he has a sister named Pepso Dent. Hey, what do you think this is, J. M. O., a fan magazine? You people in South Dakota had better start shaping up, because the Good Doctor's patience is wearing thin. ■

Are you among the sportlorn? Don't be ashamed. Help is now available. The Good Doctor knows all, tells some. Send your problems, questions and gripes to The Good Doctor, Inside Sports, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

The Fan

BY JOSEPH A. ECCLESINE

How We Saw The Series Before TV

As you camp in front of your television for the World Series this October, don't feel too sorry for Gramps and the rest of us oldtimers who had to follow the games without benefit of radio or TV.

Sixty years ago, before the electronic media began taking us out to the ballgame, we stood in front of newspaper offices each October to watch minute-by-minute "reenactments" of World Series games—and loved it.

In my hometown of Reading, Pennsylvania, we gathered by *The Eagle*'s own All-Electric World Series Scoreboard, a magnificent homemade multi-media contraption temporarily attached to the front of the paper's 4′ by 8′ slate bulletin board, a Penn Square landmark standing about 10 feet above the sidewalk on two sturdy iron pillars. Carefully outlined in white on the black background was a scaled-down baseball diamond, with home plate at bottom center. At each base was an electric light bulb of the early incandescent variety, which produced a trembling orange glow when lit.

Similar bulbs, to help pinpoint the action, were mounted at the pitcher's mound, at shortstop and in the outfield. There were seven bulbs at the lower left of the board to indicate if the pitch was a ball or a strike, and at the lower right there were three bulbs to tell how many were out. On each side of the playing-field area were chalked the lineups, with a bulb alongside each player's name.

The board was run by *The Eagle*'s sports editor and telegraph operator, who translated the arcane chatter of dots and dashes streaming across the country from the ballpark into an intelligible digest of what was happening. Each wore a headset and microphone for communication with the other since they operated at opposite ends of the board and often couldn't hear each other over noisy crowd reactions to the flow of the play.

The Eagle's *scoreboard: flights of imagination*

As each ball was pitched, the telegraph would spew out its nervous staccato burst of information and the telegraph operator would push the necessary buttons to translate the code into his curved-horn mike to let the sports editor in on what was happening. The latter, in turn, Howard Coselled us with essential details via a small hand megaphone.

When there was a hit, the sports editor would pull the cord that clanged a bell, and at the same time flip the switch to light the bulb indicating where the ball went. One clang meant a single, two a double, three a triple and four a home run—a rare event that would send booming masculine shouts reverberating into the far reaches of Penn Square.

If a batter hit the ball to right, for example, the rightfield bulb flickered on, the bell clanged to indicate a single and the first-base bulb lighted to show he was on first. If the fielder caught the ball, however, the bell didn't clang and a red light came on telling the spectators what happened. The spectators had a good mental picture of what was going on and could follow the play without distracting commercial interruptions.

Now, years later, as I sit in front of the TV in the comfort of an easy chair in my own home and journey to the ballpark housing the Series, I think of the old outdoor scoreboard in front of *The Eagle*.

But only briefly.

I'd much rather be where I am, savoring the luxury of looking over the pitcher's shoulder, following the ball on its 92-mph trip to the plate, the closeup of the batter hitting the ball to the shortstop, the easy, graceful charge with which he scoops it up and rifles it over to first to beat the runner by half a step, the instant slo-mo repeats zooming in on important plays from two or three different camera angles, the noises of the crowd and the occasional electricity in the air when somebody does something exciting.

Sometimes, when a player's mighty blow brings the fans to their feet, I even seem to hear the clanging of a distant bell. ■

JOSEPH A. ECCLESINE, *who lives in San Diego, hopes to see the Padres in the World Series.*

ILLUSTRATION BY GIL EISNER

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